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JAMES FULLARTON MUIRHEAD.

MUIRHEAD, JAMES FULLARTON, a British author; born in Scotland about forty years ago. He is the general editor of the English editions of Baedeker's Handbooks and the author of the one upon the United States. In the preparation of this latter work he spent three years in travelling about this country; and since its publication his time has been divided between England and the United States. A few years ago he married a sister of Honorable Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston. "The Land of Contrasts, a Briton's View of his American Kin," was published in 1898.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN.[1]

(From "The Land of Contrasts.")

THE American woman, too, has had more time than the American man to cultivate the more amiable — if you will, the more showy — qualities of American civilization. The leisured class of England consists of both sexes, that of America practically of one only. The problem of the American man so far has mainly been to subdue a new continent to human uses, while the woman has been sacrificing on the altar of the Graces. Hence the wider culture and the more liberal views are often found in the sex from which the European does not expect them: hence the woman of New York and other American cities is often conspicuously superior to her husband in looks, manners, and general intelligence. This has been denied by champions of the American man; but the observation of the writer, whatever it may be worth, would deny the denial.

The way in which an expression such as "Ladies' Cabin" is understood in the United States has always seemed to me very typical of the position of the gentler sex in that country. In England, when we see an inscription of that kind, we assume that the enclosure referred to is for ladies *only*. In America, unless the "only" is emphasized, the "Ladies' Drawing Room"

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or the "Ladies' Waiting Room" extends its hospitality to all those of the male sex who are ready to behave as gentlemen and temporarily forego the delights of tobacco. Thus half of the male passengers of the United States journey, as it were, under the ægis of woman, and think it no shame to be enclosed in a box labelled with her name.

Put roughly, what chiefly strikes the stranger in the American woman is her candor, her frankness, her hail-fellow-well-met-edness, her apparent absence of consciousness of self or of sex, her spontaneity, her vivacity, her fearlessness. If the observer himself is not of a specially refined or delicate type, he is apt at first to misunderstand the cameraderie of an American girl, to see in it suggestions of a possible coarseness of fibre. If a vain man, he may take it as a tribute to his personal charms, or at least to the superior claims of a representative of old-world civilization. But even to the obtuse stranger of this character it will ultimately become obvious — as to the more refined observer *ab initio* — that he can no more (if as much) dare to take a liberty with the American girl than with his own countrywoman. The plum may appear to be more easily handled, but its bloom will be found to be as intact and as ethereal as in the jealously guarded hothouse fruit of Europe. He will find that her frank and charming companionability is as far removed from masculinity as from coarseness; that the points in which she differs from the European lady do not bring her nearer either to a man on the one hand, or to a common woman on the other. He will find that he has to readjust his standards; to see that divergence from the best type of woman hitherto known to him does not necessarily mean deterioration; if he is of an open and susceptible mind, he may even come to the conclusion that he prefers the transatlantic type!

Unless his lines in England have lain in *very* pleasant places, the intelligent Englishman in enjoying his first experience of transatlantic society will assuredly be struck by the sprightliness, the variety, the fearless individuality of the American girl, by her power of repartee, by the quaint appositeness of her expressions, by the variety of her interests, by the absence of undue deference to his masculine dignity. If in his newly landed innocence he ventures to compliment the girl he talks with on the purity of her English and assumes that she differs in that respect from her companions, she will patriotically repel the suggested accusation of her countrywomen by assuring him,

without the ghost of a smile, "that she has had special advantages, inasmuch as an English missionary had been stationed near her tribe." If she prefers Martin Tupper to Shakespeare, or Strauss to Beethoven, she will say so without a tremor. Why should she hypocritically subordinate her personal instincts to a general theory of taste? Her independence is visible in her very dress; she wears what she thinks suits her (and her taste is seldom at fault), not merely what happens to be the fashionable freak of the moment. What Englishman does not shudder when he remembers how each of his womankind — the comely and the homely, the short and the long, the stout and the lean — at once assumed the latest form of hat, apparently utterly oblivious to the question of whether it suited her special style of beauty or not? Now, an American girl is not built that way. She wishes to be in the fashion just as much as she can; but if a special item of fashion does not set her off to advantage, she gracefully and courageously resigns it to those who can wear it with profit. But honor where honor is due! The English girl generally shows more sense of fitness in the dress for walking and travelling; she, consciously or unconsciously, realizes that adaptability for its practical purpose is essential in such a case.

The American girl, as above said, strikes one as individual, as varied. In England when we meet a girl in a ball-room we can generally — not always — "place" her after a few minutes' talk; she belongs to a set of which you remember to have already met a volume or two. In some continental countries the patterns in common use seem reduced to three or four. In the United States every new girl is a new sensation. Society consists of a series of surprises. Expectation is continually piqued. A and B and C do not help you to induce D; when you reach Z you *may* imagine you find a slight trace of reincarnation. Not that the surprises are invariably pleasant. The very force and self-confidence of the American girl doubly and trebly underline the undesirable. Vulgarity that would be stolid and stodgy in Middlesex becomes blatant and aggressive in New York.

The American girl is not hampered by the feeling of class distinction, which has for her neither religious nor historical sanction. The English girl is first the squire's daughter, second a good church-woman, third an English subject, and fourthly a woman. Even the best of them cannot rise wholly superior to the all-pervading, and, in its essence, vulgarizing,

superstition that some of her fellow-creatures are not fit to come between the wind and her nobility. Those who reject the theory do so by a self-conscious effort which in itself is crude and a strain. The American girl is, however, born into an atmosphere of unconsciousness of all this, and, unless she belongs to a very narrow coterie, does not reach this point of view either as believer or antagonist. This endues her, at her best, with a sweet and subtle fragrance of humanity that is, perhaps, unique. Free from any sense of inherited or conventional superiority or inferiority, as devoid of the brutality of condescension as of the meanness of toadyism, she combines in a strangely attractive way the charm of eternal womanliness with the latest aroma of a progressive century. It is, doubtless, this quality that M. Bourget has in view when he speaks of the incomparable delicacy of the American girl, or M. Paul Blouët, when he asserts that "you find in the American woman a quality which, I fear, is beginning to disappear in Paris and is almost unknown in London, — a kind of spiritualized politeness, a tender solicitude for other people, combined with strong individuality."

There is one type of girl, with whom even the most modest and most moderately eligible of bachelors must be familiar in England, who is seldom in evidence in the United States, — she whom the American aborigines might call the "Girl-Anxious-to-be-Married." What right-minded man in any circle of British society has not shuddered at the open pursuit of young Crœsus? Have not our novelists and satirists reaped the most ample harvest from the pitiable spectacle and all its results? A large part of the advantage that American society has over English rests in the comparative absence of this phenomenon. Man there does not and cannot bear himself as the cynosure of the female eye; the art of throwing the handkerchief has not been included in his early curriculum. The American dancing man does not dare to arrive just in time for supper or to lounge in the doorway while dozens of girls line the walls in faded expectation of a waltz. The English girl herself can hardly be blamed for this state of things. She has been brought up to think that marriage is the be-all and end-all of her existence. "For my part," writes the author of "Cecil, the Coxcomb," "I never blame them when I see them capering and showing off their little monkey-tricks, for conquest. The fault is none of theirs. It is part of an erroneous

system." Lady Jeune expresses the orthodox English position when she asserts flatly that "to deny that marriage is the object of woman's existence is absurd." The anachronistic survival of the laws of primogeniture and entail practically makes the marriage of the daughter the only alternative for a descent to a lower sphere of society. In the United States the proportion of girls who strike one as obvious candidates for marriage is remarkably small. This *may* be owing to the art with which the American woman conceals her lures, but all the evidence points to its being in the main an entirely natural and unconscious attitude. The American girl has all along been so accustomed to associate on equal terms with the other sex, that she naturally and inevitably regards him more in the light of a comrade than of a possible husband. She has so many resources, and is so independent, that marriage does not bound her horizon.

Her position, however, is not one of antagonism to marriage. If it were, I should be the last to commend it. It rather rests on an assurance of equality, on the assumption that marriage is an honorable estate — a rounding and completing of existence — for man as much as for woman. Nor does it mean, I think, any lack of passion and the deepest instincts of womanhood. All these are present and can be wakened by the right man at the right time. Indeed, the very fact that marriage (with or without love) is not incessantly in the foreground of an American girl's consciousness probably makes the awakening all the more deep and tender because comparatively unanticipated and unforeseen.

The marriages between Amerian heiresses and European peers do not militate seriously against the above view of American marriage. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that the doings of a few wealthy people in New York are not characteristic of American civilization. The "New York Times" was entirely right when it said, in commenting upon the frank statement of the bridegroom in a recent alliance of this kind that it had been *arranged* by friends of both parties: "A few years ago this frankness would have cost him his bride, if his 'friends' had chosen an American girl for that distinction, and even now it would be resented to the point of a rupture of the engagement by most American girls."

The American girl may not be in reality better educated than her British sister, nor a more profound thinker; but her

mind is indisputably more agile and elastic. In fact, a slow-going Britisher has to go through a regular course of training before he can follow the rapid transitions of her train of associations. She has the happiest faculty in getting at another's point of view and in putting herself in his place. Her imagination is more likely to be over-active than too sluggish. One of the most popular classes of the "Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home" is that devoted to imaginary travels in Europe. She is wonderfully adaptable, and makes herself at ease in an entirely strange *milieu* almost before the transition is complete. Both M. Blouët and M. Bourget notice this, and claim that it is a quality she shares with the Frenchwoman. The wife of a recent President is a stock illustration of it — a girl who was transferred in a moment from what we should call a quiet "middle-class" existence to the apex of publicity, and comported herself in the most trying situations with the ease, dignity, unconsciousness, taste, and graciousness of a born princess.

The innocence of the American girl is neither an affectation, or a prejudiced fable, or a piece of stupidity. The German woman, quoted by Mr. Bryce, found her American compeer *furchtbar frei*, but she had at once to add *und furchtbar fromm*. "The innocence of the American girl passes abysses of obscenity without stain or knowledge." She may be perfectly able to hold her own under any circumstances, but she has little of that detestable quality which we call "knowing." The immortal Daisy Miller is a charming illustration of this. I used sometimes to get into trouble with American ladies, who "hoped I did not take Daisy Miller as a type of the average American girl," by assuring them that "I did not — that I thought her much too good for that." And in truth there seemed to me a lack of subtlety in the current appreciation of the charming young lady from Schenectady, who is much *finer* than many readers give her credit for. And on this point I think I may cite Mr. Henry James himself as a witness on my side, since, in a dramatic version of the tale published in the "Atlantic Monthly" (Vol. 51, 1883), he makes his immaculate Bostonian, Mr. Winterbourne, marry Daisy with a full consciousness of all she was and had been. As I understand her, Miss Daisy Miller, in spite of her somewhat unpropitious early surroundings, was a young woman entirely able to appreciate the very best when she met it. She

at once recognized the superiority of Winterbourne to the men she had hitherto known, and she also recognized that her "style" was not the "style" of him or of his associates. But she was very young, and had all the unreasonable pride of extreme youth; and so she determined not to alter her behavior one jot or tittle in order to attract him — nay, with a sort of bravado, she exaggerated those very traits which she knew he disliked. Yet all the time she had the highest appreciation of his most delicate refinements, while she felt also that he ought to see that at bottom she was just as refined as he, though her outward mask was not so elegant. I have no doubt whatever that, as Mrs. Winterbourne, she adapted herself to her new *milieu* with absolute success, and yet without loss of her own most fascinating individuality.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER.

Müller, Friedrich Maximilian, a German philologist and Sanskrit scholar; born at Dessau, December 6, 1823. He studied philology at Leipsic, where he took his degree in 1843. Subsequently he went to Paris to continue his study of the Sanskrit and cognate languages, and especially to fit himself for editing the "Rig-Veda," the great Sanskrit poem. In 1846 he went to England for the same purpose. The first volume of the "Rig-Veda" appeared in 1849, the sixth and last in 1874. In 1850 the University of Oxford invited him to deliver courses of lectures on Comparative Philology. In 1854 he was elected Taylorian Professor; in 1856 was made a curator of the Bodleian Library, and in 1858 a Fellow of All Souls' College. In 1868 the university founded a new professorship of Comparative Philology, Max Müller being expressly named as the first professor. He resigned the professorship in 1875, intending to return to Germany; but the university induced him to remain for the purpose of editing "The Sacred Books of the East," of which sixty volumes have been published. Notable among his works are "Lectures on the Science of Language," delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863; "The Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions in India," delivered in the Chapter-House of Westminster in 1878. He has written largely in magazines and reviews. Many of these have been from time to time collected in a series of volumes entitled "Chips from a German Workshop." Among his later works are "The Science of Thought" (1887); "Biographies of Words" (1888); "Natural Religion" (1890); "Physical Religion" (1891); "Anthropological Religion" (1892); "India: What can it Teach us?" (1893). In 1857 he published a novel entitled "Deutsche Liebe."

On the Migration of Fables.

(From "Chips from a German Workshop.")

"Count not your chickens before they be hatched" is a well-known proverb in English; and most people, if asked what was its origin, would probably appeal to La Fontaine's delightful



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fable, "La Laitière et le Pot au Lait." We all know Perrette, lightly stepping along from her village to the town, and in her day-dreams selling her milk for a good sum, then buying a hundred eggs, then selling the chickens, then buying a pig, fattening it, selling it again, and buying a cow with a calf. The calf frolics about, and kicks up his legs — so does Perrette; and alas! the pail falls down, the milk is spilt, her riches gone, and she only hopes when she comes home that she may escape a flogging from her husband.

Did La Fontaine invent this fable? or did he merely follow the example of Sokrates, who, as we know from the "Phædon," occupied himself in prison, during the last days of his life, with turning into verse some of the fables — or as he calls them, the myths — of Æsop.

La Fontaine published the first six books of his fables in 1668; and it is well known that the subjects of most of these fables were taken from Æsop, Phædrus, Horace, and other classical fabulists, — if we may adopt this word "fabuliste," which La Fontaine was the first to introduce into French.

In 1678 a second of these six books was published, enriched by five books of new fables; and in 1694 a new edition appeared, containing one additional book, thus completing the collection of his charming poems.

The fable of Perrette stands in the seventh book; and was published, therefore, for the first time in the edition of 1678. In the preface to that edition, La Fontaine says: "It is not necessary that I should say whence I have taken the subjects of these new fables. I shall only say, from a sense of gratitude, that I owe the largest portion of them to Pilpay, the Indian sage."

If then La Fontaine tells us himself that he borrowed the subjects of most of his new fables from Pilpay, the Indian sage, we have clearly a right to look to India in order to see whether, in the ancient literature of that country, any traces can be discovered of Perrette with the milk-pail.

Sanskrit literature is very rich in fables and stories; no other literature can vie with it in that respect; nay, it is extremely likely that fables, in particular animal fables, had their principal source in India. In the sacred literature of the Buddhists, fables held a most prominent place. The Buddhist preachers, addressing themselves chiefly to the people, to the untaught, the uncared-for, the outcast, spoke to them as we still speak to children, in fables and parables. Many of these fables and parables must

have existed before the rise of the Buddhist religion; others, no doubt, were added on the spur of the moment, just as Sokrates would invent a myth or fable whenever that form of argument seemed to him most likely to impress and convince his hearers. But Buddhism gave a new and permanent sanction to this whole branch of moral mythology; and in the sacred canon, as it was settled in the third century before Christ, many a fable received, and holds to the present day, its recognized place. After the fall of Buddhism in India, and even during its decline, the Brahmans claimed the inheritance of their enemies, and used their popular fables for educational purposes. The best known of these collections of fables in Sanskirt is the "Pañkatantra," literally the Pentateuch or Pentamerone. From it and from other sources another collection was made, well known to all Sanskrit scholars by the name of "Hitopadesa" *i. e.*, Salutary Advice. Both these books have been published in England and Germany, and there are translations of them in English, German, French, and other languages.

The first question which we have to answer refers to the date of these collections; and dates in the history of Sanskrit literature are always difficult points. Fortunately, as we shall see, we can in this case fix the date of the "Pañkatantra" at least, by means of a translation into ancient Persian, which was made about five hundred and fifty years after Christ, though even then we can only prove that a collection somewhat like the "Pañkatantra" must have existed at that time; but we cannot refer the book, in exactly that form in which we now possess it, to that distant period.

If we look for La Fontaine's fable in the Sanskrit stories of "Pañkatantra," we do not find, indeed, the milkmaid counting her chickens before they are hatched, but we meet with the following story: —

"There lived in a certain place a Brâhman, whose name was Svabhâvakṛipaṇa, which means 'a born miser.' He had collected a quantity of rice by begging [this reminds us somewhat of the Buddhist mendicants], and after having dined of it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night, he thought, 'Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now, if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then with the

goats I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then with the cows I shall buy buffaloes; with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses; and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With that gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brâhman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Somaśarman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading, the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and full of anger, I shall call to my wife, "Take the baby; take him!" But she, distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her such a kick with my foot.' While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Therefore I say, 'He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Somaśarman.'"

I shall at once proceed to read you the same story, though slightly modified, from the "Hitopadeśa." The "Hitopadeśa" professes to be taken from the "Pañkatantra" and some other books; and in this case it would seem as if some other authority had been followed. You will see, at all events, how much freedom there was in telling the old story of the man who built castles in the air.

"In the town of Devîkoṭṭa there lived a Brâhman of the name of Devaśarman. At the feast of the great equinox he received a plate full of rice. He took it, went into a potter's shop, which was full of crockery, and overcome by the heat, he lay down in a corner and began to doze. In order to protect his plate of rice he kept his stick in his hand, and began to think: 'Now, if I sell this plate of rice, I shall receive ten cowries [kapardaka]. I shall then, on the spot, buy pots and plates, and after having increased my capital again and again, I shall buy and sell betel-nuts and dresses till I become enormously rich. Then I shall marry four wives, and the youngest and prettiest of the four I shall make a great pet of. Then the other wives will be so angry, and begin to quarrel. But I shall be in a great rage, and take a stick, and give them a good flogging.' While he said this, he flung his stick away; the plate of rice was smashed to pieces, and many of the pots in the shop were broken. The potter, hearing the noise, ran into the shop, and when he saw his pots broken, he gave the Brâhman a good scolding, and drove him out of his shop. Therefore I say, 'He who rejoices over plans

for the future will come to grief, like the Brâhman who broke the pots.'"

In spite of the change of a Brahman into a milkmaid, no one, I suppose, will doubt that we have here in the stories of the "Pañkatantra" and "Hitopadeśa" the first germs of La Fontaine's fable. But how did that fable travel all the way from India to France? How did it doff its Sanskrit garment, and don the light dress of modern French? How was the stupid Brahman born again as the brisk milkmaid, *cotillon simple et souliers plats?*

It seems a startling case of longevity, that while languages have changed, while works of art have perished, while empires have risen and vanished again, this simple children's story should have lived on, and maintained its place of honor and its undisputed sway in every school-room of the East and every nursery of the West. And yet it is a case of longevity so well attested that even the most skeptical would hardly venture to question it. We have the passport of these stories viséd at every place through which they have passed, and as far as I can judge, *parfaitement en règle.* The story of the migration of these Indian fables from East to West is indeed wonderful; more wonderful and more instructive than many of the fables themselves. Will it be believed that we, in this Christian country, and in the nineteenth century, teach our children the first, the most important lessons of worldly wisdom,— nay, of a more than worldly wisdom,— from books borrowed from Buddhists and Brahmans, from heretics and idolaters; and that wise words spoken a thousand — nay, two thousand — years ago, in a lonely village of India, like precious seed scattered broadcast over the world, still bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold in that soil which is most precious before God and man, — the soul of a child? No lawgiver, no philosopher, has made his influence felt so widely, so deeply, and so permanently as the author of these children's fables. But who was he? We do not know. His name, like the name of many a benefactor of the human race, is forgotten. We only know he was an Indian — a "nigger" as some people would call him — and that he lived at least two thousand years ago.

No doubt, when we first hear of the Indian origin of these fables, and of their migration from India to Europe, we wonder whether it can be so; but the fact is, that the story of this Indo-European migration is not, like the migration of the Indo-Euro-

pean languages, myths, and legends, a matter of theory, but of history; and that it was never quite forgotten, either in the East or in the West. Each translator, as he handed on his treasure, seems to have been anxious to show how he came by it.

Several writers who have treated of the origin and spreading of Indo-European stories and fables, have mixed up two or three questions which ought to be treated each on its own merits.

The first question is, whether the Aryans, when they broke up their pro-ethnic community, carried away with them, not only their common grammar and dictionary, but likewise some myths and legends, which we find that Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Slavs, when they emerge into the light of history, share in common? That certain deities occur in India, Greece, and Germany, having the same names and the same character, is a fact that can no longer be denied. That certain heroes, too, known to Indians, Greeks, and Romans, point to one and the same origin, both by their name and by their history, is a fact by this time admitted by all whose admission is of real value. As heroes are in most cases gods in disguise, there is nothing very startling in the fact that nations who had worshipped the same gods should also have preserved some common legend of demigods or heroes — nay, even in a later phase of thought, of fairies and ghosts. The case however becomes much more problematical when we ask whether stories also — fables told with a decided moral purpose — formed part of that earliest Aryan inheritance? This is still doubted by many who have no doubts whatever as to common Aryan myths and legends; and even those who, like myself, have tried to establish by tentative arguments the existence of common Aryan fables, dating from before the Aryan separation, have done so only by showing a possible connection between ancient popular saws and mythological ideas, capable of a moral application. To any one, for instance, who knows how, in the poetical mythology of the Aryan tribes, the golden splendor of the rising sun leads to conceptions of the wealth of the Dawn in gold and jewels, and her readiness to shower them upon her worshippers, the modern German proverb "Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde"[1] seems to have a kind of mythological ring; and the stories of benign fairies, changing everything into gold, sound likewise like an echo from the long-forgotten forest of our common Aryan home.

[1] "The morning hour has gold in its mouth" = "Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

In order to gain a commanding view of the countries traversed by these fables, let us take our position at Bagdad in the middle of the eighth century, and watch from that central point the movements of our literary caravan in its progress from the far East to the far West. In the middle of the eighth century, during the reign of the great Khalif Almansur, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa wrote his famous collection of fables, the "Kalila and Dimnah," which we still possess. The Arabic text of these fables has been published by Sylvestre de Sacy, and there is an English translation of it by Mr. Knatchbull, formerly professor of Arabic at Oxford. Abdallah ibn Almokaffa was a Persian by birth, who, after the fall of the Omeyyades, became a convert to Mohammedanism, and rose to high office at the court of the Khalifs. Being in possession of important secrets of State, he became dangerous in the eyes of the Khalif Almansur, and was foully murdered. In the preface, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa tells us that he translated these fables from Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia; and that they had been translated into Pehlevi (about two hundred years before his time) by Barzûyeh, the physician of Khosru Nushirvan, the King of Persia, the contemporary of the Emperor Justinian. The King of Persia had heard that there existed in India a book full of wisdom; and he had commanded his Vezier, Buzurjmihr, to find a man acquainted with the languages both of Persia and India. The man chosen was Barzûyeh. He travelled to India, got possession of the book, translated it into Persian, and brought it back to the Court of Khosru. Declining all rewards beyond a dress of honor, he only stipulated that an account of his own life and opinions should be added to the book. This account, probably written by himself, is extremely curious. It is a kind of "Religio Medici" of the sixth century; and shows us a soul dissatisfied with traditions and formularies, striving after truth, and finding rest only where many other seekers after truth have found rest before and after him,—in a life devoted to alleviating the sufferings of mankind.

There is another account of the journey of this Persian physician to India. It has the sanction of Firdûsi, in the great Persian epic, the "Shah Nâmeh;" and it is considered by some as more original than the one just quoted. According to it, the Persian physician read in a book that there existed in India trees or herbs supplying a medicine with which the dead could be restored to life. At the command of the King he went to

India in search of those trees and herbs; but after spending a year in vain researches, he consulted some wise people on the subject. They told him that the medicine of which he had read as having the power to restore men to life, had to be understood in a higher and more spiritual sense; and that what was really meant by it were ancient books of wisdom preserved in India, which imparted life to those who were dead in their folly and sins. Thereupon the physician translated these books, and one of them was the collection of fables, — the "Kalila and Dimnah."

It is possible that both these stories were later inventions; the preface also by Ali, the son of Alshah Farési, in which the names of Bidpai and King Dabshelim are mentioned for the first time, is of later date. But the fact remains that Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, the author of the oldest Arabic collection of our fables, translated them from Pehlevi, the language of Persia at the time of Khosru Nushirvan; and that the Pehlevi text which he translated was believed to be a translation of a book brought from India in the middle of the sixth century. That Indian book could not have been the "Pañkatantra" as we now possess it, but must have been a much larger collection of fables: for the Arabic translation, the "Kalilah and Dimnah," contains eighteen chapters instead of the five of the "Pañkatantra;" and it is only in the fifth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth chapters that we find the same stories which form the five books of the "Pañkatantra" in the *textus ornatior*. . . .

In this Arabic translation, the story of the Brahman and the pot of rice runs as follows: —

"A religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a merchant a certain quantity of butter [oil] and honey; of which, having eaten as much as he wanted, he put the rest into a jar, which he hung on a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the jar would in time be filled. Now as he was leaning back one day on his couch, with a stick in his hand, and the jar suspended over his head, he thought of the high price of butter and honey, and said to himself, 'I will sell what is in the jar, and buy with the money which I obtain for it ten goats; which producing each of them a young one every five months, in addition to the produce of the kids as soon as they begin to bear, it will not be long before there is a great flock.' He continued to make his calculations, and found that he should at this rate, in the course of two years, have more than four hundred goats. 'At the expiration of the term I will buy,' said he, 'a hundred black cattle, in the pro-

portion of a bull or a cow for every four goats. I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plow it with the beasts, and put it into tillage; so that before five years are over, I shall no doubt have realized a great fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a magnificent house, and engage a number of servants, both male and female; and when my establishment is completed, I will marry the handsomest woman I can find, who, in due time becoming a mother, will present me with an heir to my possessions, who, as he advances in age, shall receive the best masters that can be procured; and if the progress which he makes in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him; but if, on the other hand, he disappoints my hopes, the rod which I have here shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly offended parent.' At these words he suddenly raised the hand which held the stick towards the jar, and broke it, and the contents ran down upon his head and face."

You will have observed the coincidences between the Arabic and the Sanskrit versions; but also a considerable divergence, particularly in the winding up of the story. The Brahman and the holy man both build their castles in the air; but while the former kicks his wife, the latter only chastises his son. How this change came to pass we cannot tell. One might suppose that at the time when the book was translated from Sanskrit into Pehlevi, or from Pehlevi into Arabic, the Sanskrit story was exactly like the Arabic story, and that it was changed afterwards. But another explanation is equally admissible; viz., that the Pehlevi or the Arabic translator wished to avoid the offensive behavior of the husband kicking his wife, and therefore substituted the son as a more deserving object of castigation.

We have thus traced our story from Sanskrit to Pehlevi, and from Pehlevi to Arabic; we have followed it in its migrations from the hermitages of Indian sages to the court of the kings of Persia, and from thence to the residence of the powerful Khalifs at Bagdad. Let us recollect that the Khalif Almansur, for whom the Arabic translation was made, was a contemporary of Abderrahman, who ruled in Spain; and that both were but little anterior to Harun al Rashid and Charlemagne. At that time, therefore, the way was perfectly open for these Eastern fables, after they had once reached Bagdad, to penetrate into the seats of Western learning, and to spread to every part of the new empire

of Charlemagne. They may have done so, for all we know; but nearly three hundred years pass before these fables meet us again in the literature of Europe. The Carlovingian empire had fallen to pieces, Spain had been rescued from the Mohammedans, William the Conqueror had landed in England, and the Crusades had begun to turn the thoughts of Europe towards the East, when, about the year 1080, we hear of a Jew of the name of Symeon, the son of Seth, who translated these fables from Arabic into Greek. He states in his preface that the book came originally from India, that it was brought to King Chosroes of Persia, and then translated into Arabic. . . . The Greek text has been published, though very imperfectly, under the title of "Stephanites and Ichnelates." Here our fable is told as follows: —

"It is said that a beggar kept some honey and butter in a jar close to where he slept. One night he thought thus within himself: 'I shall sell this honey and butter for however small a sum; with it I shall buy ten goats, and these in five months will produce as many again. In five years they will become four hundred. With them I shall buy one hundred cows, and with them I shall cultivate some land. And what with their calves and the harvests, I shall become rich in five years, and build a house with four wings, ornamented with gold, and buy all kinds of servants and marry a wife. She will give me a child, and I shall call him Beauty. It will be a boy, and I shall educate him properly; and if I see him lazy, I shall give him such a flogging with this stick!' With these words he took a stick that was near him, struck the jar, and broke it, so that the honey and milk ran down on his beard."

This Greek translation might, no doubt, have reached La Fontaine; but as the French poet was not a great scholar, least of all a reader of Greek MSS., and as the fables of Symeon Seth were not published till 1697, we must look for other channels through which the old fable was carried along from East to West. . . .

The fact is, these fables had found several other channels, through which, as early as the thirteenth century, they reached the literary market of Europe, and became familiar as household words, at least among the higher and educated classes. . . .

But Perrette with the milk-pail has not yet arrived at the end of her journey. . . . Remember that in all our wanderings we have not yet found the milkmaid, but only the Brahman or the religious man. What we want to know is, who first brought about this metamorphosis.

No doubt La Fontaine was quite the man to seize on any jewel which was contained in the Oriental fables, to remove the cumbersome and foreign-looking setting, and then to place the principal figure in that pretty frame in which most of us have first become acquainted with it. But in this case the charmer's wand did not belong to La Fontaine, but to some forgotten worthy, whose very name it will be difficult to fix upon with certainty.

We have as yet traced three streams only, all starting from the Arabic translation of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, — one in the eleventh, another in the twelfth, a third in the thirteenth century, — all reaching Europe, some touching the very steps of the throne of Louis XIV., yet none of them carrying the leaf which contained the story of "Perrette," or of the "Brahman," to the threshold of La Fontaine's home. We must therefore try again.

After the conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans, Arabic literature had found a new home in Western Europe; and among the numerous works translated from Arabic into Latin or Spanish, we find towards the end of the thirteenth century (1289) a Spanish translation of our fables, called "Calila é Dymna." In this the name of the philosopher is changed from Bidpai to Bundobel. This, or another translation from Arabic, was turned into Latin verse by Raimond de Beziers in 1313 (not published).

Lastly we find in the same century another translation from Arabic straight into Latin verse, by Baldo, which became known under the name of "Æsopus Alter."

From these frequent translations, and translations of translations, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, we see quite clearly that these Indian fables were extremely popular, and were in fact more widely read in Europe than the Bible, or any other book. They were not only read in translations, but having been introduced into sermons, homilies, and works on morality, they were improved upon, acclimatized, localized, till at last it is almost impossible to recognize their Oriental features under their homely disguises.

I shall give you one instance only.

Rabelais, in his "Gargantua," gives a long description of how a man might conquer the whole world. At the end of this dialogue, which was meant as a satire on Charles V., we read: —

"There was here present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in the wars, — a stern soldier, and who had been in many great hazards, — named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said:

'J'ay grand peur que toute ceste entreprise sera semblable à la farce *du pot au laict* duquel un cordavanier se faisoit riche par resverie, puis le pot cassé, n'eut de quoy disner.'" (I fear me that this great undertaking will turn out like the farce of the pot of milk, which made the shoemaker rich in imagination till he broke the pot, and had to go without his dinner.)

This is clearly our story; only the Brahman has as yet been changed into a shoemaker only, and the pot of rice or the jar of butter and honey into a pitcher of milk. Fortunately we can make at least one step further, — a step of about two centuries. This step backwards brings us to the thirteenth century, and there we find our old Indian friend again, and this time really changed into a milkmaid. The book I refer to is written in Latin, and is called "Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus;" in English, the "Dialogue of Creatures Moralized." It was a book intended to teach the principles of Christian morality by examples taken from ancient fables. It was evidently a most successful book, and was translated into several modern languages. There is an old translation of it in English, first printed by Rastell, and afterwards reprinted in 1816. I shall read you from it the fable in which, as far as I can find, the milkmaid appears for the first time on the stage, surrounded already by much of that scenery which, four hundred years later, received its last touches at the hand of La Fontaine.

"Dialogo C. — For as it is but madnesse to trust to moche in surete, so it is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys, for vayne be all erthly thinges longynge to men, as sayth Davyd, Psal. xciii.: Wher of it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a *galon of mylke* to sell at a cite, and by the way, as she sate and restid her by a dyche side, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wold bye an henne, the which shulde bringe forth chekyns, and when they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them in to shepe, and the shepe in to oxen, and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she reioycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid and ravisshed inwardly in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe greate ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the chirche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to her self: 'Goo we, goo we.' Sodaynlye she smote the ground with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse, but her fote slypped, and she fell in the dyche, and there lay all her mylke, and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have."

Here we have arrived at the end of our journey. It has been a long journey across fifteen or twenty centuries, and I am afraid our following Perrette from country to country, and from language to language, may have tired some of my hearers. I shall, therefore, not attempt to fill the gap that divides the fable of the thirteenth century from La Fontaine. Suffice it to say, that the milkmaid, having once taken the place of the Brahman, maintained it against all comers. We find her as Doña Truhana in the famous "Conde Lucanor," the work of the Infante Don Juan Manuel who died in 1347; the grandson of St. Ferdinand, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise; though himself not a king, yet more powerful than a king; renowned both by his sword and by his pen, and possibly not ignorant of Arabic, the language of his enemies. We find her again in the "Contes et Nouvelles" of Bonaventure des Periers, published in the sixteenth century, — a book which we know that La Fontaine was well acquainted with. We find her, after La Fontaine, in all the languages of Europe.

You see now before your eyes the bridge on which our fables came to us from East to West. The same bridge which brought us Perrette brought us hundreds of fables, all originally sprung up in India, many of them carefully collected by Buddhist priests and preserved in their sacred canon, afterwards handed on to the Brahmanic writers of a later age, carried by Barzûyeh from India to the court of Persia, then to the courts of the Khalifs at Bagdad and Cordova, and of the Emperors at Constantinople. Some of them no doubt perished on their journey, others were mixed up together, others were changed till we should hardly know them again. Still, if you once know the eventful journey of Perrette, you know the journey of all the other fables that belong to this Indian cycle. Few of them have gone through so many changes; few of them have found so many friends, whether in the courts of kings or in the huts of beggars. Few of them have been to places where Perrette has not also been. This is why I selected her and her passage through the world as the best illustration of a subject which otherwise would require a whole course of lectures to do it justice.

Abolishing some Languages.

I have expressed my belief that the time will come when not only the various alphabets and systems of spelling, but many of the languages themselves which are now spoken in Europe —

to say nothing of the rest of the world — will have to be improved away from the face of the earth and abolished.

I know that nothing rouses the ire of a Welshman or a Gael so much as to assert the expediency — nay, the necessity — of suppressing the teaching of their language at school. It seems madness to hint that it would be a blessing to every child born in Holland, in Portugal, or in Denmark — nay, in Sweden and even in Russia — if instead of learing a language which is for life a barrier between them and the rest of mankind, they were at once to learn one of the great historical languages which confer intellectual and social fellowship with the world. If as a first step in the right direction four languages only — namely English, French, German, Italian (or, possibly Spanish) — were taught at school, the saving of time (and what is more precious than time?) would be infinitely greater than what has been effected by railways and telegraphs.

But I know that no name in any of the doomed languages would be too strong to stigmatize such folly. We should be told that a Japanese only could conceive such an idea; that for a people deliberately to give up its language was a thing never heard of before; that a nation would cease to be a nation if it changed its language; that it would, in fact, commit the "happy despatch," *à la Japonaise*. All this may be true; but I hold that language is meant to be an instrument of communication, and that, in the struggle for life, the most efficient instrument of communication must certainly carry the day as long as "natural selection," or as we formerly called it "reason," rules the world.

The following figures may be of use in forming an opinion as to the fate of the great languages of Europe: —

In 1873 *Portuguese* was spoken (in Portugal and Brazil) by about 14,000,000 people; *Italian* by 26,000,000; *French* (in France, Belgium, Switzerland, etc.) by 40,000,000; *Spanish* (in Spain and South America) by 44,000,000; *German* by 44,000,000; *Russian* by 56,000,000; *English* (in Europe, America, Australia, and the colonies) by 79,000,000.

According to De Candolle, the population doubles as follows: In America (among the German races) in 25 years; in South America in 28 years; in England in 56 years; in Russia in 100 years; in Spain in 112 years; in Italy in 135 years; in France in 140 years. Therefore in two hundred years — barring accidents — Italian will be spoken by about 54,000,000; French by 72,000,000; German by 158,000,000; Spanish (in

Europe by 37,000,000; in South America by 468,000,000) by 505,000,000; English (in Europe by 179,000,000; in the United States and the British dependencies by 1,659,000,000) by 1,838,000,000.

But I shall say no more on this; for as it is I know I shall never hear the end of it, and shall go down to posterity — if for nothing else — at least for this, the most suicidal folly in a student of language; a folly comparable only to that of Leibnitz, who actually conceived the possibility of one universal language.

The Dawn as a Source of Mythology.

The dawn is really one of the richest sources of Aryan mythology; and another class of legends, embodying the strife between winter and summer, the return of spring, the revival of nature, is in most languages but a reflection and amplification of the more ancient stories, telling of the strife between night and day, the return of the morn, the revival of the whole world. . . .

There is no sight in nature more elevating than the dawn, even to us, whom philosophy would wish to teach that *nil admirari* is the highest wisdom. . . . The darkness of night fills the human heart with despondency and awe, and a feeling of fear and anguish sets every nerve trembling. There is man, like a forlorn child, fixing his eyes with breathless anxiety upon the east, the womb of day, where the light of the world has flamed up so many times before. . . . The doors of heaven seem slowly to open, and what are called the bright flocks of the dawn step out of the dark stable, returning to their wonted pastures. Who has not seen the gradual advance of this radiant procession — the heaven like a distant sea tossing its golden waves — when the first rays shoot forth like the brilliant horses racing round the whole course of the horizon — when the clouds begin to color up, each shedding her own radiance over her more distant sisters! Not only the east, but the west, and the south, and the north, the whole temple of heaven, is illuminated, and the pious worshipper lights, in response, his own small light on the altar of his hearth, and stammers words which express but faintly the joy that is in nature and in his own throbbing heart. . . .

If the people of antiquity called those eternal lights of heaven their gods, their bright ones ("deva"), the dawn was

the first-born among all the gods — Protogeneia — dearest to man, and always young and fresh. But if not raised to an immortal state, if only admired as a kind being, awakening every morning the children of man, her life would seem to be short. She soon fades away, and dies when the fountain-head of light rises in naked splendor, and sends his first swift glance through the vault of heaven. We cannot realize that sentiment with which the eye of antiquity dwelt on these sights of nature. To us all is law, order, necessity. We calculate the refractory power of the atmosphere, we measure the possible length of the dawn in every climate, and the rising of the sun is to us no greater surprise than the birth of a child. But if we could believe again that there was in the sun a being like our own, that in the dawn there was a soul open to human sympathy — if we could bring ourselves to look for a moment upon those powers as personal, free, and adorable, how different would be our feelings at the blush of day! That Titanic assurance with which we say the sun *must* rise was unknown to the early worshippers of nature, or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and the other stars performed their daily labor, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude, chained for a time, and bound to obey a higher will, but sure to rise, like Herakles, to a higher glory at the end of their labors. . . .

Sunrise was the revelation of nature, awakening in the human mind that feeling of dependence, of helplessness, of hope, of joy and faith in higher powers, which is the source of all wisdom, the spring of all religion. But if sunrise inspired the first prayers, called forth the first sacrificial flames, sunset was the other time when, again, the heart of man would tremble, and his mind be filled with awful thoughts. The shadows of night approach, the irresistible power of sleep grasps man in the midst of his pleasures, his friends depart, and in his loneliness his thoughts turn again to higher powers. When the day departs, the poet bewails the untimely death of his bright friend; nay, he sees in his short career the likeness of his own life. Perhaps, when he has fallen asleep, his sun may never rise again, and thus the place to which the setting sun withdraws in the far west rises before his mind as the abode where he himself would go after death, where "his fathers went before him," and where all the wise and the pious rejoice in a "new life" with "Yama and Varuna." Or he might look upon the sun, not as a short-

lived hero, but as young, unchanging, and always the same, while generations after generations of mortal men were passing away. And hence, by the mere force of contrast, the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay — of immortals, of immortality! Then the poet would implore the immortal sun to come again, to vouchsafe to the sleeper a new morning. The god of day would become the god of time, of life and death. Again the evening twilight, the sister of the dawn, repeating, though with a more sombre light, the wonders of the morning, how many feelings must it have roused in the musing poet — how many poems must it have elicited in the living language of ancient times! Was it the dawn that came again to give a last embrace to him who had parted from her in the morning? Was she the immortal, the always returning goddess, and he the mortal, the daily dying sun? Or was she the mortal, bidding a last farewell to her immortal lover, burnt, as it were, on the same pile which would consume her, while he would rise to the seat of the gods?

Let us express these simple scenes in ancient language, and we shall find ourselves surrounded on every side by mythology full of contradictions and incongruities, the same being represented as mortal or immortal, as man or woman, as the poetical eye of man shifts its point of view, and gives its own color to the mysterious play of nature.

Reforms in Spelling.

Spelling and the reforms of spelling are problems which concern every student of the Science of Language. It does not matter whether language be English, German, or Dutch. In every written language the problem of reforming its antiquated spelling must sooner or later arise; and we must form some clear notion whether anything can be done to remove or alleviate a complaint inherent in the very life of a language. If my friends tell me that the idea of a reform in spelling is entirely Quixotic; that it is a mere waste of time to try to influence a whole nation to surrender its historical orthography, and to write phonetically, I bow to their superior wisdom as men of the world.

But, as I am not a man of the world, but rather an observer of the world, my interest in the subject, my convictions as to what is right and wrong, remain just the same. If I read the

history of the world rightly, the victory of reason over unreason and the whole progress of our race have generally been achieved by such fools as ourselves "rushing in where angels fear to tread;" for after a time the track becomes beaten, and even the angels are no longer afraid. I hold and have confessed much more Quixotic theories on language than this belief — that what has been done before by Spaniards and Dutchmen — what is at this very moment being done by Germans — namely to reform their corrupt spelling — may be achieved even by Englishmen and Americans.

WILHELM MÜLLER.

MÜLLER, WILHELM, a German lyric poet, father of the preceding; born at Dessau, October 7, 1794; died there, September 30, 1827. He entered the University of Berlin in 1812. In 1817 he began a two years' tour on the Continent, and on his return to Dessau became a teacher in the Normal School. He translated into German Marlowe's "Faustus" and Fauriel's "Modern Greek Popular Songs," published a collection in ten volumes of poems of the seventeenth century, and wrote many original poems, the first volume of which, entitled "Blumenlese aus den Minnesängen," appeared in 1816. He published "Lyrische Spaziergänge" in 1827. After his death a new volume, "Vermischte Schriften," was published, and in 1837 a collection of his poems was edited by Schwab. Another volume, "Ausgewählte Gedichte," appeared in 1864.

MINE.

BROOKLET, cease that song of thine!
Mill-wheels, stop your whirr and whine!
All ye merry wood-songsters fine,
Make no sign;
Silent be and close your eyne!
Every line
I'll design —
It shall but *one* rhyme enshrine:
For the miller's lovely maid is mine!
Mine!
Springtime, are there then no fairer flowers thine?
Sunlight, canst thou then no brighter shine?
Ah, alone I must repine
With that sweetest of all words, "Mine,"
Understood by none in all this world divine!

WITHERED FLOWERS.

AH, all ye flowers
That she once gave,
Ye shall be buried
With me in the grave.

Why gaze ye sadly
 Upon me so,
As if with pity
 Ye saw my woe?

Ah, all ye flowers
 Of pale regret,
Ah, all ye flowers,
 How came ye wet?

But tears can't freshen
 The flowers like rain,
Cannot make dead passion
 To bloom again.

The winter 's dying,
 And spring will appear,
And flowers will blossom
 Around me here.

And flowers will cover
 My new-made grave, —
Ah, all the flowers
 That she once gave!

And when she wanders
 The church-yard through,
And softly murmurs,
 "*His* love was true!" —

Then, all ye flowers,
 Oh bloom, oh blow!
For May is coming,
 And gone is the snow.

THE MILLER AND THE BROOK.

THE MILLER.

WHEN a heart so constant
 Must break and must die,
The lilies all withered
 And broken lie.

In clouds then the full moon
 Must veil her head,
And hide from all mortals
 The tears she doth shed.

In heaven the angels
Their eyes gently close:
They 're sobbing and soothing
The soul to repose.

THE BROOK.

When love has o'ermastered
Its hopes and fears,
A new star, bright shining,
In heaven appears.

Then blossom three roses,
Half white, half red,
That never shall wither
In garden bed.

And in heaven the angels
Their pinions will clip,
And earthwards each morning
Will fairily trip.

THE MILLER.

Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Thou 'rt faithful and true;
Ah, brooklet, but thou know'st not
What love can do.

Ah, down there, far down there,
'T is cool and deep.
Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Now sing me to sleep.

CRADLE SONG OF THE BROOK.

SWEETLY sleep, sweetly sleep!
I 'll thy vigil keep!
Wanderer, so weary, thou 'rt now at home.
Securely rest
Asleep on my breast,
Till the brooklets mingle with ocean foam.

Thy bed shall be cool
In moss-lined pool,
In the chamber of sparkling blue crystal clear;
Come, wavelets, wave,
His cradle lave,
Soothe him and rock him, my comrade so dear.

When the sound of horn
From the greenwood's borne,
I will rush and I 'll gush, that thou mayst not hear.
Peep ye not through,
Little flow'rets blue!
You make all the dreams of my sleeper so drear.

Away, away
From my margin stay,
Wicked maiden, lest from thy shadow he wake!
But throw me down,
Thy kerchief brown,
So for his eyes I 'll a bandage make!

Now good-night, now good-night!
Till all 's made right,
Forget all thy hopes, and forget thy fate!
The moon shines bright,
The mists take flight,
And the heaven above me how wide and how great!

VINETA.

FROM the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far-off evening bells come sad and slow;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

And the boatman, who at twilight hour,
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lower,
Evermore will haunt the charmèd scene.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,
Ah! a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

There a world in loveliness decaying
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free
Where I hear those angel-voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.

The Scarf.

It was a king's fair daughter,
Tall, lily-fair, blue-eyed,
Who spun a silvern girdle
Throughout the long summertide.

Upon a high chair seated
Before her castle door,
In the clear and liquid moonlight
She weaved from hour to hour.

Passed daily knights of valor,
Of valor one and all,
And each within him queried:
"To whom shall this scarf fall?"

She looked not up from her labor;
No questions answered she;
She wrought her name in the border
In black embroidery.

There came a wild storm raging,
From the mountains hither hurled,
Which the scarf tore from its framework
And into the deep sea hurled.

Unmoved remained the maiden,
As if 't were a thing of nought;
She rose from her seat, and slowly
The depths of her chamber sought.

From out of a boudoir closet
A black mourning robe she drew; —
Whoe'er for a light scarf merely
Such heavy mourning knew?

Three days and three nights stayed she
In her gloomy garb arrayed;
In the third night's depths the watchman
A loud alarum made.

At the gate conveyed a herald
This message from afar:
"The ship of the king's great navy
On the high sea scattered are.

"And the wild waves in their fury
Have dashed upon the shore
Full many an o'erwhelmed hero,
Full many a hero's store."

The king's fair daughter standeth
Beside her window there:
"On thy arm what is 't that flutters,
Herald, in the moonlight clear?"

"It is a wrought scarf silvern
I bring from the ocean's strand,
Where from a knight I wrested
The gaud out of his strong hand."

"Of this thou 'dst not be boasting
Should that knight living be!
Bear back to him thy booty —
Back to the deep blue sea.

"And when thou shalt entomb him,
Let this scarf buried be,
And then beside his pallet
Let one spot be left free."

Pastoral Song.

SHEPHERD.

Adieu, adieu, belov'd one;
And reach to me thy hand:
My herd I must be driving
Into a lower land.

The stubblefield is vacant
Where late hath hay been mown;
Here let us with blue ribbons
Bind Love and Truth in one.

Upon the hat I 'll wear them,
Thou 'lt wear them on the breast;
And when thy heart beats 'gainst them,
Shall I feel sadly blest.

When look'st thou from the mountain
Into the dark'ning night,
A fire thou wilt see burning,
Which thy belov'd keeps bright.

And when the flames reach higher,
And brighter grows their glow,
Then think 't is his heart yearning
To mount up from below.

SHEPHERDESS.

Adieu, adieu, belov'd one;
How show I thee my heart!
Within its still, small chamber
It locks both zest and smart.

When mine eyes from my window
Down in the wide field stray,
No tears from their depths falling
My feeling shall betray.

A fire when I see burning
Bright in the dense, dark night,
I 'll bless the station yonder
That my belov'd keeps bright.

And when the flames mount higher,
And brighter grows their glow,
I 'll cradle all my sorrows
Within their fiery flow.

Do not the fire extinguish,
Belov'd, ere breaks the light:
I could not gain my slumber
If I should miss thy light.

SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE.

I 've on the Rhine a sweetheart fine,
A sweetheart on the Spree,
A third at hand in Switzerland,
A fourth upon the sea.

And where I stay or whither stray,
In castle, town, or field,
I find a sweetheart in my way,
The fairest earth doth yield.

And would you all my secret hear,
Ye wandering lover-band?
Come near, come near, and lend an ear,
And soon you 'll understand.

My heart doth e'er a sweetheart bear
Through earth's ways, up and down.
Thus find I one, thus have I one,
In castle, field, and town.

O, welcome, sweetheart on the Rhine!
How far is 't to the sea?
Adieu, my love in Switzerland!
Our parting pains not me.

The Sunken City.

Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave —
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old, melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams —
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my mighty dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From full many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirits' luminous land!

MUNCHAUSEN.

MUNCHAUSEN, HIERONYMUS KARL FRIEDRICH, BARON VON; born in Bodenwerder, Hanover, Germany, May 11, 1720; died there, February 22, 1797. For many years he served as a cavalry officer in the Russian army, and passed the latter part of his life in his native town. He delighted in relating marvellous stories of his adventures in the campaign against the Turks in 1737–39, and this gained him the reputation of being one of the greatest liars that ever lived. These stories are said to have been first compiled by Rudolf Erich Raspe, a man of letters, born in Hanover in 1737, who was discharged from his offices of professor of archæology and curator of the museum in Cassel on the charge of stealing medals. He fled to England and engaged in literary pursuits in London, where he published these stories anonymously, under the title, "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia" (1785).

TRAVELS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

THE BARON RELATES HIS ADVENTURES ON A VOYAGE TO NORTH AMERICA.

I EMBARKED at Portsmouth in a first rate English man-of-war, of one hundred guns, and fourteen hundred men, for North America. Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within three hundred leagues of the river St. Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing force against (as we supposed) a rock; however, upon heaving the lead we could find no bottom, even with three hundred fathom. What made this circumstance the more wonderful, and indeed beyond all comprehension, was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board; a poor fellow, who was aloft furling the main-sheet, was flung at least three leagues from the ship; but he fortunately saved his life by laying hold of the tail of a large sea-gull, who brought him back, and



BARON VON MÜNCHAUSEN

(Friedrich Karl Hieronymus)

THE
PUBLIC
ASTOR, LENOX AND
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lodged him on the very spot from whence he was thrown. Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which the people between decks were driven against the floors above them; my head particularly was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it recovered its natural situation. Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained by the appearance of a large whale, who had been basking, asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water. This animal was so much displeased with the disturbance which our ship had given him, for in our passage we had with our rudder scratched his nose, that he beat in all the gallery and part of the quarter-deck with his tail, and almost at the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is, from the head, between his teeth, and ran away with the ship, at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, upon our return to Europe, some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water; it measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and above forty fathom of the cable, concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. (Perhaps this was the cause of his death, as that side of his tongue was much swelled, with a great degree of inflammation.) This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage. One part of our distress, however, I had like to have forgot: while the whale was running away with the ship she sprung a leak, and the water poured in so fast that all our pumps could not keep us from sinking; it was, however, my good fortune to discover it first. I found it a large hole about a foot diameter; you will naturally suppose this circumstance gives me infinite pleasure, when I inform you that this noble vessel was preserved with all its crew, by a most fortunate thought! in short, I sat down over it, and could have dispensed with it had it been larger; nor will you be surprised when I inform you I am descended from Dutch parents. [The Baron's ancestors have but lately settled there; in another part of his adventures he boasts of royal blood.]

My situation, while I sat there, was rather cold, but the carpenter's art soon relieved me.

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MEETS AN UNEXPECTED COMPANION.

I was once in great danger of being lost in a most singular manner in the Mediterranean: I was bathing in that pleasant sea near Marseilles one summer's afternoon, when I discovered a very large fish, with his jaws quite extended, approaching me with the greatest velocity; there was no time to be lost, nor could I possibly avoid him. I immediately reduced myself to as small a size as possible, by closing my feet and placing my hands also near my sides, in which position I passed directly between his jaws, and into his stomach, where I remained some time in total darkness, and comfortably warm, as you may imagine; at last it occurred to me, that by giving him pain he would be glad to get rid of me: as I had plenty of room, I played my pranks, such as tumbling, hop, step and jump, etc., but nothing seemed to disturb him as much as the quick motion of my feet in attempting to dance a hornpipe; soon after I began he put me out by sudden fits and starts: I persevered; at last he roared horribly, and stood up almost perpendicularly in the water, with his head and shoulders exposed, by which he was discovered by the people on board an Italian trader, then sailing by, who harpooned him in a few minutes. As soon as he was brought on board I heard the crew consulting how they should cut him up, so as to preserve the greatest quantity of oil. As I understood Italian, I was in most dreadful apprehensions lest their weapons employed in this business should destroy me also; therefore I stood as near the centre as possible, for there was room enough for a dozen men in this creature's stomach, and I naturally imagined they would begin with the extremities: however my fears were soon dispersed, for they began by opening the bottom of the belly. As soon as I perceived a glimmering of light I called out lustily to be released from a situation in which I was now almost suffocated. It is impossible for me to do justice to the degree and kind of astonishment which sat upon every countenance at hearing a human voice issue from a fish, but more so at seeing a naked man walk upright out of his body; in short, gentlemen, I told them the whole story, as I have done you, whilst amazement struck them dumb.

After taking some refreshment, and jumping into the sea to cleanse myself, I swam to my clothes, which lay where I had left them on the shore. As near as I can calculate, I was near four hours and a half confined in the stomach of this animal.

PAYS A VISIT DURING THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR TO HIS OLD FRIEND GENERAL ELLIOT.

During the late siege of Gibraltar I went with a provision-fleet, under Lord Rodney's command, to see my old friend General Elliot, who has, by his distinguished defence of that place, acquired laurels that can never fade. After the usual joy which generally attends the meeting of old friends had subsided, I went to examine the state of the garrison, and view the operations of the enemy, for which purpose the general accompanied me. I had brought a most excellent refracting telescope with me from London, purchased of Dollond, by the help of which I found the enemy were going to discharge a thirty-six pounder at the spot where we stood. I told the general what they were about; he looked through the glass also, and found my conjectures right. I immediately, by his permission, ordered a forty-eight pounder to be brought from a neighboring battery, which I placed with so much exactness (having long studied the art of gunnery) that I was sure of my mark.

I continued watching the enemy till I saw the match placed at the touch-hole of their piece; at that very instant I gave the signal for our gun to be fired also.

About midway between the two pieces of cannon the balls struck each other with amazing force, and the effect was astonishing! The enemy's ball recoiled back with such violence as to kill the man who had discharged it, by carrying his head fairly off, with sixteen others which it met with in its progress to the Barbary coast, where its force, after passing through three masts of vessels that then lay in a line behind each other in the harbor, was so much spent, that it only broke its way through the roof of a poor laborer's hut, about two hundred yards inland, and destroyed a few teeth an old woman had left, who lay asleep upon her back with her mouth open. The ball lodged in her throat. Her husband soon after came home, and endeavored to extract it; but finding that impracticable, by the assistance of a rammer he forced it into her stomach. Our ball did excellent service; for it not only repelled the other in the manner just described, but proceeding as I intended it should, it dismounted the very piece of cannon that had just been employed against us, and forced it into the hold of the ship, where it fell with so much force as to break its way through the bottom. The ship immediately filled and sank, with above a thousand Spanish

sailors on board, besides a considerable number of soldiers. This, to be sure, was a most extraordinary exploit; I will not, however, take the whole merit to myself: my judgment was the principal engine, but chance assisted me a little; for I afterwards found that the man who charged our forty-eight pounder put in, by mistake, a double quantity of powder, else we could never have succeeded so much beyond all expectation, especially in repelling the enemy's ball.

General Elliot would have given me a commission for this singular piece of service; but I declined everything except his thanks, which I received at a crowded table of officers at supper on the evening of that very day.

As I am very partial to the English, who are beyond all doubt a brave people, I determined not to take my leave of the garrison till I had rendered them another piece of service, and in about three weeks an opportunity presented itself. I dressed myself in the habit of a *Popish priest*, and at one o'clock in the morning stole out of the garrison, passed the enemy's lines, and arrived in the middle of their camp, where I entered the tent in which the Prince d'Artois was, with the commander-in-chief, and several other officers, in deep council, concerting a plan to storm the garrison next morning. My disguise was my protection; they suffered me to continue there, hearing everything that passed, till they went to their several beds. When I found the whole camp, and even the sentinels, were wrapped up in the arms of Morpheus, I began my work, which was that of dismounting all their cannon (above three hundred pieces), from forty-eight to twenty-four pounders, and throwing them three leagues into the sea. Having no assistance, I found this the hardest task I ever undertook, except swimming to the opposite shore with the famous Turkish piece of ordnance, described by Baron de Tott in his Memoirs, which I shall hereafter mention. I then piled all the carriages together in the centre of the camp, which, to prevent the noise of the wheels being heard, I carried in pairs under my arms; and a noble appearance they made, as high at least as the rock of Gibraltar. I then lighted a match by striking a flint stone, situated twenty feet from the ground (in an old wall built by the Moors when they invaded Spain), with the breech of an iron eight-and-forty pounder, and so set fire to the whole pile. I forgot to inform you that I threw all their ammunition-wagons upon the top.

Before I applied the lighted match I had laid the combus-

tibles at the bottom so judiciously, that the whole was in a blaze in a moment. To prevent suspicion I was one of the first to express my surprise. The whole camp was, as you may imagine, petrified with astonishment: the general conclusion was, that their sentinels had been bribed, and that seven or eight regiments of the garrison had been employed in this horrid destruction of their artillery. Mr. Drinkwater, in his account of this famous siege, mentions the enemy sustaining a great loss by fire which happened in their camp, but never knew the cause; how should he? as I never divulged it before (though I alone saved Gibraltar by this night's business), not even to General Elliot. The Count d'Artois and all his attendants ran away in their fright, and never stopped on the road till they reached Paris, which they did in about a fortnight; this dreadful conflagration had such an effect upon them that they were incapable of taking the least refreshment for three months after, but, chameleon-like, lived upon the air.

[If any gentleman will say he doubts the truth of this story, I will fine him a gallon of brandy and make him drink it at one draught.]

About two months after I had done the besieged this service, one morning, as I sat at breakfast with General Elliot, a shell (for I had not time to destroy their mortars as well as their cannon) entered the apartment we were sitting in; it lodged upon our table: the General, as most men would do, quitted the room directly; but I took it up before it burst, and carried it to top of the rock, when, looking over the enemy's camp, on an eminence near the sea-coast I observed a considerable number of people, but could not, with my naked eye, discover how they were employed. I had recourse again to my telescope, when I found that two of our officers, one a general, the other a colonel, with whom I had spent the preceding evening, and who went out into the enemy's camp about midnight as spies, were taken, and then were actually going to be executed on a gibbet. I found the distance too great to throw the shell with my hand, but most fortunately recollecting that I had the very sling in my pocket which assisted David in slaying Goliath, I placed the shell in it, and immediately threw it in the midst of them: it burst as it fell, and destroyed all present, except the two culprits, who were saved by being suspended so high, for they were just turned off; however, one of the pieces of the shell fled with such force against the foot of

the gibbet, that it immediately brought it down. Our two friends no sooner felt terra firma, than they looked about for the cause; and finding their guards, executioner, and all, had taken it into their heads to die first, they directly extricated each other from their disgraceful cords, and then ran down to the seashore, seized a Spanish boat with two men in it, and made them row to one of our ships, which they did with great safety, and in a few minutes after, when I was relating to General Elliot how I had acted, they both took us by the hand, and after mutual congratulations we retired to spend the day with festivity.

A TRIP TO THE NORTH.

We all remember Captain Phipps's (now Lord Mulgrave) last voyage of discovery to the north. I accompanied the captain, not as an officer, but a private friend. When we arrived in a high northern latitude I was viewing the objects around me with the telescope which I introduced to your notice in my Gibraltar adventures. I thought I saw two large white bears in violent action upon a body of ice considerably above the masts, and about half a league distance. I immediately took my carbine, slung it across my shoulder, and ascended the ice. When I arrived at the top, the unevenness of the surface made my approach to those animals troublesome and hazardous beyond expression: sometimes hideous cavities opposed me, which I was obliged to spring over; in other parts the surface was as smooth as a mirror, and I was continually falling: as I approached near enough to reach them, I found they were only at play. I immediately began to calculate the value of their skins, for they were each as large as a well-fed ox: unfortunately, the very instant I was presenting my carbine my right foot slipped, I fell upon my back, and the violence of the blow deprived me totally of my senses for nearly half an hour; however, when I recovered, judge of my surprise at finding one of those large animals I have been just describing had turned me upon my face, and was just laying hold of the waistband of my breeches, which were then new and made of leather; he was certainly going to carry me feet foremost, God knows where, when I took this knife [showing a large clasp knife] out of my side pocket, made a chop at one of his hind feet, and cut off three of his toes; he immediately let me drop and roared

most horribly. I took up my carbine and fired at him as he ran off; he fell directly. The noise of the piece roused several thousands of these white bears, who were asleep upon the ice within half a mile of me; they came immediately to the spot. There was no time to be lost. A most fortunate thought arrived in my pericranium just at that instant. I took off the skin and head of the dead bear in half the time that some people would be in skinning a rabbit, and wrapped myself in it, placing my own head directly under Bruin's; the whole herd came round me immediately, and my apprehensions threw me into a most piteous situation, to be sure: however, my scheme turned out a most admirable one for my own safety. They all came smelling, and evidently took me for a brother Bruin; I wanted nothing but bulk to make an excellent counterfeit: however, I saw several cubs amongst them not much larger than myself. After they had all smelt me, and the body of their deceased companion, whose skin was now become my protector, we seemed very sociable, and I found I could mimic all their actions tolerably well; but at growling, roaring, and hugging they were quite my masters. I began now to think how I might turn the general confidence which I had created amongst these animals to my advantage.

I had heard an old army surgeon say a wound in the spine was instant death. I now determined to try the experiment, and had again recourse to my knife, with which I struck the largest in the back of the neck, near the shoulders, but under great apprehensions, not doubting but the creature would, if he survived the stab, tear me to pieces. However, I was remarkably fortunate, for he fell dead at my feet without making the least noise. I was now resolved to demolish them every one in the same manner, which I accomplished without the least difficulty; for, although they saw their companions fall, they had no suspicion of either the cause or the effect. When they all lay dead before me, I felt myself a second Samson, having slain my thousands.

To make short of the story, I went back to the ship, and borrowed three parts of the crew to assist me in skinning them, and carrying the hams on board, which we did in a few hours, and loaded the ship with them. As to the other parts of the animals, they were thrown into the sea, though I doubt not but the whole would eat as well as the legs, were they properly cured.

As soon as we returned I sent some of the hams, in the captain's name, to the Lords of the Admiralty, others to the Lords of the Treasury, some to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, a few to each of the trading companies, and the remainder to my particular friends, from all of whom I received warm thanks; but from the city I was honored with substantial notice, viz., an invitation to dine at Guildhall annually on Lord Mayor's day.

The bear-skins I sent to the Empress of Russia, to clothe her majesty and her court in the winter, for which she wrote me a letter of thanks with her own hand, and sent it by an ambassador extraordinary, inviting me to share the honors of her bed and crown; but as I never was ambitious of royal dignity, I declined her majesty's favor in the politest terms. The same ambassador had orders to wait and bring my answer to her majesty *personally*, upon which business he was absent about three months: her majesty's reply convinced me of the strength of her affections, and the dignity of her mind; her late indisposition was entirely owing (as she, kind creature! was pleased to express herself in a late conversation with the Prince Dolgoroucki) to my cruelty. What the sex see in me I connot conceive, but the Empress is not the only female sovereign who has offered me her hand.

Some people have very illiberally reported that Captain Phipps did not proceed as far as he might have done upon that expedition. Here it becomes my duty to acquit him; our ship was in a very proper trim till I loaded it with such an immense quantity of bear-skins and hams, after which it would have been madness to have attempted to proceed further, as we were now scarcely able to combat a brisk gale, much less those mountains of ice which lay in the higher latitudes.

The captain has since often expressed a dissatisfaction that he had no share in the honors of that day, which he emphatically called *bear-skin day*. He has also been very desirous of knowing by what art I destroyed so many thousands, without fatigue or danger to myself; indeed, he is so ambitious of dividing the glory with me, that we have actually quarreled about it, and we are not now upon speaking terms. He boldly asserts I had no merit in deceiving the bears, because I was covered with one of their skins; nay, he declares there is not, in his opinion, in Europe, so complete a bear naturally as himself among the human species.

He is now a noble peer, and I am too well acquainted with good manners to dispute so delicate a point with his lordship.

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT ON THE BACK OF AN EAGLE.

About the beginning of his present Majesty's reign I had some business with a distant relation who then lived on the Isle of Thanet; it was a family dispute, and not likely to be finished soon. I made it a practice during my residence there, the weather being fine, to walk out every morning. After a few of these excursions I observed an object upon a great eminence about three miles distant: I extended my walk to it, and found the ruins of an ancient temple: I approached it with admiration and astonishment; the traces of grandeur and magnificence which yet remained were evident proofs of its former splendor: here I could not help lamenting the ravages and devastations of time, of which that once noble structure exhibited such a melancholy proof. I walked round it several times, meditating on the fleeting and transitory nature of all terrestrial things; on the eastern end were the remains of a lofty tower, near forty feet high, overgrown with ivy, the top apparently flat; I surveyed it on every side very minutely, thinking that if I could gain its summit I should enjoy the most delightful prospect of the circumjacent country. Animated with this hope, I resolved, if possible, to gain the summit, which I at length affected by means of the ivy, thought not without great difficulty and danger; the top I found covered with this evergreen, except a large chasm in the middle. After I had surveyed with pleasing wonder the beauties of art and nature that conspired to enrich the scene, curiosity prompted me to sound the opening in the middle, in order to ascertain its depth, as I entertained a suspicion that it might probably communicate with some unexplored subterranean cavern in the hill; but having no line I was at a loss how to proceed. After revolving the matter in my thoughts for some time, I resolved to drop a stone down and listen to the echo; having found one that answered my purpose, I placed myself over the hole, with one foot on each side, and stooping down to listen, I dropped the stone, which I had no sooner done than I heard a rustling below, and suddenly a monstrous eagle put up its head right opposite my face, and rising up with irresistible force, carried me away seated on its shoulders: I instantly grasped it around the neck, which was

large enough to fill my arms, and its wings, when extended, were ten yards from one extremity to the other. As it rose with a regular ascent, my seat was perfectly easy, and I enjoyed the prospect below with inexpressible pleasure. It hovered over Margate for some time, was seen by several people, and many shots were fired at it: one ball hit the heel of my shoe, but did me no injury. It then directed its course to Dover cliff, where it alighted, and I thought of dismounting, but was prevented by a sudden discharge of musketry from a party of marines that were exercising on the beach: the balls flew about my head, and rattled on the feathers of the eagle like hailstones, yet I could not perceive it had received any injury. It instantly reascended and flew over the sea towards Calais, but so very high that the channel seemed to be no broader than the Thames at London Bridge. In a quarter of an hour I found myself over a thick wood in France, where the eagle descended very rapidly, which caused me to slip down to the back part of its head: but alighted on a large tree, and raising its head, I recovered my seat as before, but saw no possibility of disengaging myself without the danger of being killed by the fall: so I determined to sit fast, thinking it would carry me to the Alps, or some other high mountain, where I could dismount without any danger. After resting a few minutes it took wing, flew several times round the wood, and screamed loud enough to be heard across the English Channel. In a few minutes one of the species arose out of the wood and flew directly towards us: it surveyed me with evident marks of displeasure, and came very near me. After flying several times round, they both directed their course to the southwest. I soon observed that the one I rode upon could not keep pace with the other, but inclined towards the earth, on account of my weight; its companion, perceiving this, turned round and placed itself in such a position that the other could rest its head on its rump; in this manner they proceeded till noon, when I saw the rock of Gibraltar very distinctly. The day being clear, notwithstanding my degree of elevation the earth's surface appeared just like a map, where land, sea, lakes, rivers, mountains, and the like were perfectly distinguishable; and having some knowledge of geography, I was at no loss to determine what part of the globe I was in.

Whilst I was contemplating this wonderful prospect a dreadful howling suddenly began all around me, and in a moment I was invested by thousands of small, black, deformed, frightful-

looking creatures, who pressed me on all sides in such a manner that I could neither move hand or foot: but I had not been in their possession more than ten minutes when I heard the most delightful music that can possibly be imagined, which was suddenly changed into a noise the most awful and tremendous, to which the report of cannon or the loudest clap of thunder could bear no more proportion than the gentle zephyrs of the evening to the most dreadful hurricane; but the shortness of its duration prevented all those fatal effects which a prolongation of it would certainly have been attended with.

The music commenced, and I saw a great number of the most beautiful little creatures seize the other party, and throw them with great violence into something like a snuff-box, which they shut down, and one threw it away with incredible velocity; then turning to me, he said they whom he had secured were a party of devils, who had wandered from their proper habitation; and that the vehicle in which they were enclosed would fly with unabating rapidity for ten thousand years, when it would burst of its own accord, and the devils would recover their liberty and faculties, as at the present moment. He had no sooner finished this relation than the music ceased, and they all disappeared, leaving me in a state of mind bordering on the confines of despair.

When I had recomposed myself a little, and looking before me with inexpressible pleasure, I observed that the eagles were preparing to light on the peak of Teneriffe: they descended to the top of the rock, but seeing no possible means of escape if I dismounted determined me to remain where I was. The eagles sat down seemingly fatigued, when the heat of the sun soon caused them both to fall asleep, nor did I long resist its fascinating power. In the cool of the evening, when the sun had retired below the horizon, I was roused from sleep by the eagle moving under me; and having stretched myself along its back, I sat up, and reassumed my travelling position, when they both took wing, and having placed themselves as before, directed their course to South America. The moon shining bright during the whole night, I had a fine view of all the islands in those seas.

About the break of day we reached the great continent of America, that part called Terra Firma, and descended on the top of a very high mountain. At this time the moon, far distant in the west, and obscured by dark clouds, but just afforded light

sufficient for me to discover a kind of shrubbery all around, bearing fruit something like cabbages, which the eagles began to feed on very eagerly. I endeavored to discover my situation, but fogs and passing clouds involved me in the thickest darkness, and what rendered the scene still more shocking was the tremendous howling of wild beasts, some of which appeared to be very near: however, I determined to keep my seat, imagining that the eagle would carry me away if any of them should make a hostile attempt. When daylight began to appear I thought of examining the fruit which I had seen the eagles eat, and as some was hanging which I could easily come at, I took out my knife and cut a slice; but how great was my surprise to see that it had all the appearance of roast beef regularly mixed, both fat and lean! I tasted it, and found it well flavored and delicious, then cut several large slices and put in my pocket, where I found a crust of bread which I had brought from Margate; took it out, and found three musket-balls that had been lodged in it on Dover cliff. I extracted them, and cutting a few slices more, made a hearty meal of bread and cold beef fruit. I then cut down two of the largest that grew near me, and tying them together with one of my garters, hung them over the eagle's neck for another occasion, filling my pockets at the same time. While I was settling these affairs I observed a large fruit like an inflated bladder, which I wished to try an experiment upon: and striking my knife into one of them, a fine pure liquor like Hollands gin rushed out, which the eagles observing, eagerly drank up from the ground. I cut down the bladder as fast as I could, and saved about half a pint in the bottom of it, which I tasted, and could not distinguish it from the best mountain wine. I drank it all, and found myself greatly refreshed. By this time the eagles began to stagger against the shrubs. I endeavored to keep my seat, but was soon thrown to some distance among the bushes. In attempting to rise I put my hand upon a large hedgehog, which happened to lie among the grass upon its back: it instantly closed round my hand, so that I found it impossible to shake it off. I struck it several times against the ground without effect; but while I was thus employed I heard a rustling among the shrubbery, and looking up, I saw a huge animal within three yards of me; I could make no defence, but held out both my hands, when it rushed upon me, and seized that on which the hedgehog was fixed. My hand being soon relieved, I ran to some distance, where I saw the

creature suddenly drop down and expire with the hedgehog in its throat. When the danger was passed I went to view the eagles, and found them lying on the grass fast asleep, being intoxicated with the liquor they had drank. Indeed, I found myself considerably elevated by it, and seeing everything quiet, I began to search for some more, which I soon found; and having cut down two large bladders, about a gallon each, I tied them together, and hung them over the neck of the other eagle, and the two smaller ones I tied with a cord round my own waist. Having secured a good stock of provisions, and perceiving the eagles begin to recover, I again took my seat. In half an hour they arose majestically from that place, without taking the least notice of their encumbrance. Each reassumed its former station; and directing their course to the northward, they crossed the Gulf of Mexico, entered North Ameriea, and steered directly for the Polar regions, which gave me the finest opportunity of viewing this vast continent that can possibly be imagined.

Before we entered the frigid zone the cold began to affect me; but piercing one of my bladders, I took a draught, and found that it could make no impression on me afterwards. Passing over Hudson's Bay, I saw several of the company's ships lying at anchor, and many tribes of Indians marching with their furs to market.

By this time I was so reconciled to my seat, and become such an expert rider, that I could sit up and look around me; but in general I lay along the eagle's neck, grasping it in my arms, with my hands immersed in its feathers, in order to keep them warm.

In these cold climates I observed that the eagles flew with greater rapidity, in order, I suppose, to keep their blood in circulation. In passing Baffin's Bay I saw several large Greenlandmen to the eastward, and many surprising mountains of ice in those seas.

While I was surveying these wonders of nature it occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to discover the northwest passage, if any such thing existed, and not only obtain the reward offered by government, but the honor of a discovery pregnant with so many advantages to every European nation. But while my thoughts were absorbed in this pleasing reverie I was alarmed by the first eagle striking its head against a solid transparent substance, and in a moment that which I rode experienced the same fate, and both fell down seemingly dead.

Here our lives must inevitably have terminated, had not a sense of danger and the singularity of my situation inspired me with a degree of skill and dexterity which enabled us to fall near two miles perpendicular with as little inconveniency as if we had been let down with a rope; for no sooner did I perceive the eagles strike against a frozen cloud, which is very common near the poles, than (they being close together) I laid myself along the back of the foremost and took hold of its wings to keep them extended, at the same time stretching out my legs behind to support the wings of the other. This had the desired effect, and we descended very safe on a mountain of ice, which I supposed to be about three miles above the level of the sea.

I dismounted, unloaded the eagles, opened one of the bladders, and administered some of the liquor to each of them, without once considering that the horrors of destruction seemed to have conspired against me. The roaring of waves, crashing of ice, and the howling of bears, conspired to form a scene the most awful and tremendous; but, notwithstanding this, my concern for the recovery of the eagles was so great, that I was insensible of the danger to which I was exposed. Having rendered them every assistance in my power, I stood over them in painful anxiety, fully sensible that it was only by means of them that I could possibly be delivered from those abodes of despair.

But suddenly a monstrous bear began to roar behind me, with a voice like thunder. I turned round, and seeing the creature just ready to devour me, having the bladder of liquor in my hands, through fear I squeezed it so hard, that it burst, and the liquor, flying in the eyes of the animal, totally deprived it of sight. It instantly turned from me, ran away in a state of distraction and soon fell over a precipice of ice into the sea, where I saw it no more.

The danger being over, I again turned my attention to the eagles, whom I found in a fair way of recovery, and suspecting that they were faint for want of victuals, I took one of the beef fruit, cut it into small slices and presented them with it, which they devoured with avidity.

Having given them plenty to eat and drink, and disposed of the remainder of my provision, I took possession of my seat as before. After composing myself, and adjusting everything in the best manner, I began to eat and drink very heartily; and through the effects of the mountain, as I called it, was very cheerful, and began to sing a few verses of a song which I had

learned when I was a boy: but the noise soon alarmed the eagles, who had been asleep, through the quantity of liquor which they had drank, and they arose seemingly much terrified. Happily for me, however, when I was feeding them I had accidentally turned their heads towards the southeast, which course they pursued with a rapid motion. In a few hours I saw the Western Isles, and soon after had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Old England. I took no notice of the seas or islands over which I passed.

The eagles descended gradually as they drew near the shore, intending, as I supposed, to alight on one of the Welsh mountains; but when they came to the distance of about sixty yards two guns were fired at them, loaded with balls, one of which penetrated a bladder of liquor that hung to my waist; the other entered the breast of the foremost eagle, who fell to the ground, while that which I rode, having received no injury, flew away with amazing swiftness.

This circumstance alarmed me exceedingly, and I began to think it was impossible for me to escape with my life; but recovering a little, I once more looked down upon the earth, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw Margate at a little distance, and the eagle descending on the old tower whence it had carried me on the morning of the day before. It no sooner came down than I threw myself off, happy to find that I was once more restored to the world. The eagle flew away in a few minutes, and I sat down to compose my fluttering spirits, which I did in a few hours.

I soon paid a visit to my friends, and related these adventures. Amazement stood in every countenance; their congratulations on my returning in safety were repeated with an unaffected degree of pleasure, and we passed the evening as we are doing now, every person present paying the highest compliments to my COURAGE and VERACITY.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

MURFREE, MARY NOAILLES (Charles Egbert Craddock, *pseud.*), an American novelist; born at Grantlands, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., about 1850. In early youth Miss Murfree became lame, and devoted herself to study. Her family moved to St. Louis, Mo., and she began to write stories of life in the Tennessee mountains. These were published in the "Atlantic Monthly," under the pen-name of Charles Egbert Craddock. Her stories have been published in book form, and include "In the Tennessee Mountains" (1884); "Where the Battle Was Fought" (1885); "Down the Ravine" (1885); "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" (1885); "In the Clouds" (1886); "The Story of Keedon Bluffs" (1887); "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" (1888); "In the Stranger People's Country" (1891); "His Vanished Star" (1894); "Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge" (1895); "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain" (1895); "The Juggler" (1897).

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.[1]

(From "Where the Battle was Fought.")

THE pulses of life throbbed languidly in Chattalla. Sometimes there was hardly a creature to be seen upon the Square — and then again the noontide sunshine would rest only on the figure of a belated countryman, drunk overnight, lying in the safe shadow of the Temple of Justice, and sleeping off the effects of "bust head," in the soft spring grass beneath the budding sycamore tree. Sometimes a wagon would rattle heavily across the stones; at long intervals the sound of chaffering would rise upon the air from "Jerusalem;" or perhaps the silence might be broken by the talk of a knot of gentlemen who brought chairs from the bank, and took up a position in the midst of the public pavement. If you should thread your way through this group, you would not overhear the discussion of news of the present day, local or foreign — you would catch

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such phrases as — "The enemy's artillery opened the ball," — or, "Then we executed a brilliant flank movement." And you would go on realizing that all their interest lay in the past, and that they looked upon the future as only capable of furnishing a series of meagre and supplemental episodes.

It seemed to Estwicke afterward that one of these episodes, which roused Chattalla and diverted it momentarily from its occupation of contemplating its own history, was charged with the special purpose of effecting a breach between himself and General Vayne. It operated solely upon the peculiarities of their respective temperaments, for each had in the matter as slight concern as might be.

One morning Estwicke came down by rail from the barracks, and as he entered the lower cross-hall of the court-house he encountered General Vayne marching meditatively back and forth upon the brick-paved floor.

"I have been endeavoring, sir," said General Vayne, as he offered his hand, "to drill some raw recruits of recollections. I am a witness, you know, in that Jartree suit against the life insurance company — shabby, shabby affair! Do you know, sir," lowering his voice effectively, "that the pretext upon which they refuse to pay the loss is that Major Jartree died — by — his — own — hand!" Impressive pause. "They claim that the deed was done for the sake of securing the insurance money for his children!" Still more impressive pause. "That he *died*, sir, in the act of cheating and chousing. *My* friend, Major Jartree!"

He drew himself up to his full height, twirling his moustache fiercely with his left hand, and looking frowningly intent — much as he did when he led a charge at Shiloh or Monterey.

There was an expression of embarrassment on Estwicke's face; he was about to speak, but General Vayne, roused with affronted friendship, went swiftly on: —

"I am only to testify to the life-long integrity of Major Jartree — my limited knowledge of the minutiæ of this affair will permit me to go no further. But I am glad to enter the lists on any terms. I am glad to break a lance for those orphaned children! *Six* of them, Captain Estwicke — six of those helpless children, all under fifteen years of age! No father — mother a confirmed invalid — and their half-brothers both family-men struggling along on little tid-bits of salaries. But" — with a change of voice, and waving the whole matter

into a diminishing distance with his expressive left hand, "the effort on the part of the company to avoid the obligation is utterly futile. It will only be painful to Major Jartree's friends and relatives to hear the puny, malicious attempts to tarnish his motives and character. *That* can't be done, sir, here in Chattalla, where the man was known and beloved and revered — *my* friend, Major Jartree! It is impossible for them to procure any reputable, credible testimony!"

"Perhaps you are unaware," said Estwicke, with a sudden hot flush, "that I am here to-day to testify in behalf of the insurance company."

General Vayne fell back a step.

"Most certainly, sir, I was unaware of it," he said, with slow emphasis. "And" — severely — "it seems to me you should before have stated the fact."

Now, General Vayne was the father of a daughter — otherwise Estwicke would have sharply retorted that he had found it impossible to get in a word edgewise. He trembled with the effort at repression, but still stood confronting the elder gentleman, and intimating by his expectant eye that he anticipated something more definite in the way of an apology.

In General Vayne's foolish, partisan indignation that the legal adversary of Major Jartree's orphans had any witness at all, and that he himself had been thus unwittingly and ludicrously hob-nobbing with the enemy, he would have been glad to put Estwicke off with something less than the full honors of war. But the young man's manner and attitude constrained him.

"In that case," he resumed stiffly, "I beg to withdraw anything offensive I may have said concerning the character of the testimony which the insurance company can command."

Here Estwicke should have dropped it.

"I did not have the opportunity," he persisted, however, imperiously resolved to place himself exactly right upon the record, "to intimate earlier my slight connection with the affair. I was interested and surprised by what you were saying."

And here General Vayne should have dropped it.

"And, if I may ask, what did I say to surprise you?" he demanded.

Combat was to Estwicke like the breath of his nostrils. Already restive under the many restraints imposed by the

other's seniority and paternity, his aggressive manner was only imperfectly tempered as he replied: —

"If you may ask, I may answer. I was surprised that so serious a doubt should be entertained that Major Jartree killed himself."

"Doubt, sir! That he killed himself!" exclaimed General Vayne. "If I were warned of God in a vision I could not — I could not constrain myself to believe it! My friend" — his voice trembled — "Major Jartree!"

"And, Captain Estwicke," he added, after a momentary pause, "it will be very difficult to make a jury believe *that*, in the face of Major Jartree's character, which, fortunately, he left behind him, and which cannot be taken away even — from — a — dead — man."

"I shall not attempt to make a jury believe it," said Estwicke, irritated beyond bounds. "I shall only tell the jury, under oath, what I know."

General Vayne looked at him gravely.

"I beg your pardon once more. I supposed that you were here to prove some slight collateral point. I had no idea that you intended to *try* to make the jury believe that. Let me ask you, Captain Estwicke," he continued, in a sudden tremor for the result of the case, "how you, a stranger, happen to be so fully informed about this matter?"

So much had been said of questionable intent that Estwicke fancied an implication in this, too.

"I should answer that question more appropriately from the witness stand," he replied, altogether overtaken.

"Thank you!" cried General Vayne, fierily, "I am schooled!"

He was about to pass by, but Estwicke, already penitent, hastily added: —

"I was at Bandusia Springs when he killed himself — I mean when he died."

"I perceive in you, sir, a very formidable witness against the widow and the orphan," said General Vayne, hotly.

"I assure you," returned Estwicke, losing every vestige of self-control, "other people have some rights under the law — even an insurance company — and the law accords them my testimony, such as it is."

"I wish you joy of your tilt in its behalf, and I have the honor to wish you also, sir, a very good morning." And Gen-

eral Vayne passed swiftly through the door and strode off down the pavement to the gate, twirling his long, gray moustache, and touching his hat with a military salute to the men he met, who greeted him in like manner.

There were ten windows in the Circuit Court room, all of them furnished with great, green shutters, which stood, night and day, broadly flaring. This gave them from within a bare and unnaturally glaring aspect, and might have suggested, to a mind enervated and rendered morbid by the sophistication of shades and inside blinds, a painful resemblance to eyes lidless and lashless. In the summer-time, when the grimy and cob-webbed sashes were thrown up, the thick leaves of the sycamore close at hand, with here the flash of the dew and there the flutter of a wing, afforded a pretty make-shift for upholstery, but to-day only the budding branches touched the glass and occasionally rapped sharply upon it as if to call to order the assemblage within.

Besides the Bar, many of the unprofessional "quality" of Chatalla were present, and a considerable number of heavy country fellows from the outlying districts of the county, clad in brown jeans and stolidly eyeing the town folks, lounged on the benches or strolled aimlessly in and out of the room. Close to the wall, on the left, sat rows of the litigation-loving negroes, whose habit it is to frequent the trial of all causes, great or small. Admirers of oratory are these, and never a word is lost upon them. The jury held their heads attentively askew, for already the plaintiff's *prima facie* case had been made out, and depositions were being read on the other side. Then Estwicke was called, and as he took his conspicuous place on the stand an expectant silence ensued.

The glare of the ten windows was full upon his expressive, irregular features, and his dark red hair, clipped close about his finely shaped head. His whiskers and mustache seemed to take a lighter tinge. There was a slight frown upon his face, and a grave, almost anxious, intentness in his brown eyes belied the cool, impassive manner with which he awaited the questions.

The first of these were comparatively unimportant, and elicited ready replies. They were put by the defendant's senior counsel, a muscular, wiry, hatchet-faced man of the name of Kendricks, a stranger at this bar, and bearing in his garb and manner the stamp of a metropolis. He was a practitioner of

some note in the city of Marston, and Temple Meredith had at first regarded with self-gratulation the fact of being associated with him in this case. It was calculated, Meredith thought, to impress the public with a sense of his increasing professional importance, since it could not be generally known that the influence of a kinsman, who was a director in the insurance company, had caused that corporation to secure also the young fellow's valuable services. And in fact his services were valuable. He had done most of the drudgery in preparing the case, he had studied it carefully, drawn the papers, discovered important testimony, and armed himself to the teeth with precedent. But now that it had come on for trial, and was before the public, Kendricks had resumed his position as principal performer, and left the young man, ambitious of distinction, to saw away on the second fiddle with what complacence he might. Meredith maintained his habitual serenity of aspect, but, after the manner of such young shoots who desire to be century oaks in a fortnight, he felt ill-used. It never occurred to him that this state of silent obscurity was exactly the same which Kendricks had graced some twenty years before.

Presently a sudden break occurred in the examination.

"State anything that Major Jartree may have said to you on the subject of suicide."

The witness hesitated, turned his hat in his hand, and glanced down at it, conscious of General Vayne's fierce eyes fixed upon him — conscious of no others. A flush rose into his face — and then he looked up. He was sensible of an angry contempt for himself that he had sought to shirk any man's gaze, that there should be any man whose displeasure he deprecated — and deprecated for a selfish reason. And in this instant he caught the expression of faces that had a far more unnerving effect — that smote upon his heart. The dead man's two sons sat before him — shabby-genteel young drudges, with joyless, troubled eyes, in which he read the terrible anxiety that possesses men who hold character dear, when character is called in question. And he remembered, too, the widow and the six orphans whose little all was in jeopardy.

He chafed under the sense of these influences. "Have I a conscience?" he asked himself. "Do I realize the obligations of an oath?"

In the effort to sustain his equilibrium he was unaware how much of the indifference, which he sought to foster in his mind

and heart, was expressed in his manner as he replied, "Major Jartree often spoke to me of suicide. He alluded to it as 'the solution of a problem.'"

General Vayne threw himself back impatiently in his chair, which creaked beneath the shifting of his heavy weight. There was a cruel, blanching dismay in the faces of the dead man's sons. They looked at each other in painful doubt and bewilderment, and then they looked back in increasing surprise at the witness.

This to the crowd seemed almost conclusive. The depositions of the physicians which had been read proved only that Major Jartree had for some time, under advice, used morphine, and had taken an overdose. From their showing, it might have been an accident. This testimony seemed to indicate a deliberate intention.

Estwicke was requested to give the particulars, so far as his memory might serve, of all that Major Jartree had said alluding to suicide, and the circumstances under which these conversations took place.

And as he complied, the impression he created was one which his slightest friend might regret. His glance was both hard and careless. Now and then he turned, with an idle gesture, his soft hat which he held folded in his hand. His manner seemed the exponent of a callous nature — the very tones of his voice indicated a peculiarly frivolous insensibility to the painful and even tragic elements involved in the recital. For it began to be very evident that a bankrupt, in broken health, in great depression of spirit, in frantic anxiety for his children's future and the support of an invalid wife, the dead man had sacrificed his honesty, his conscience, his life, for a pittance, and sacrificed it in vain. He had talked too much in his loneliness and his sorrows to a friendly young stranger whom he had met at the "Springs," whither his sons had sent him for a few weeks to recuperate his health and divert his mind — they felt every day even yet the hard pinching of the economies which that extravagance had entailed upon them. Though Estwicke gave every detail so lightly, as he recounted the scenes, they seemed to pass visibly before the jury. Even the least imaginative among them had a vivid mental picture of the long, mysterious, wooded Cumberland spurs, and the grim gray cliff projected against a red sunset sky, and heard the dead man's shrill tones, breaking into the still evening air, as he rose, and with uplifted hand protested, —

"A man's life is his own, Captain Estwicke, — shall he not say when it shall end!" And again there was a conversation in the freshness of the morning as they sat in the observatory, which hung over the precipice and quivered and shuddered with the wind, and here he had calculated the depth below, and argued with his companion whether it were certain death to fall. And once they drank together the sparkling chalybeate water that bubbled out from a cleft in a crag. "I wish you health, my young friend," he had said. "You are at the entrance of the great stage. I hope you have a fine *rôle* to play, and a good stock company of friends for support, and a great ovation and glorification awaiting you. I am but a supernumerary at best, and nearer the exit than you think. Instead of this health-giving water I should drink some deadly drug. And then you would see with what grace I can make my bow to an audience which has not troubled itself overmuch about me, and about which I shall trouble myself no more."

General Vayne rose and walked heavily out of the room. He went down the stairs, leaning ponderously on the balustrade, and joined Mr. Ridgeway, who chanced to be aimlessly strolling about the porch.

"Sir," said General Vayne, facing round upon his friend in the flickering shadow of the leafless sycamore boughs, "sir, the quality of sympathy is the one quality which lifts the human animal above the beasts that perish. The man who lacks it, lacks his soul."

After a pause he continued impressively. "It is a quality, sir, which ennobles a beggar and adorns a prince."

Then he fell suddenly from his rounded periods into an inconsequent heap, so to speak, of indignation.

"I — tell — you — what — it — is — sir," — he said in that effective diminuendo — "this belated invasion — this post-mortem invasion, as one might call it, is" —

He checked himself; he would not speak disparagingly of a man behind his back, — not even of the post-mortem invader, his own familiar home-made Yankee who invaded his native soil.

For a time the two elderly gentlemen sat on the front steps in silence. Then General Vayne rose and paced up and down the brick-floored hall, struggling with an inclination to return to the court-room and hear the testimony that was so repugnant to him. Finally the impulse prevailed. When he went back he

found that Estwicke was under cross-examination. This was very skillfully conducted, but elicited nothing of value, except that he had heard other men who had never committed suicide say many like things, and that he had considered these of no special import until after Major Jartree's death. There were no contradictions, no admissions, no involutions. He was the ideal witness, bold, succinct, and as transparent as crystal. As he went down from the stand, Meredith, with the *camaraderie* of youth, indicated, by a gesture of invitation, a vacant chair at his side. Estwicke hesitated; then, saying to himself that he would not truckle, he would not seem to avoid them, he sat down by the defendant's lawyers, although he thought as he did so that this was an overt act of perfect accord which he might well spare himself, and he felt as if he and they were conspirators in some dark deed against the widow and the orphans.

The plaintiff's rebutting testimony was now to be taken, and General Vayne was the first witness called.

"Will you state," said the counsel, "what was Major Jartree's character for integrity."

"Sir," exclaimed General Vayne, while the tears rushed to his enthusiastic eyes, and he made an agitated gesture as if he would clasp his missing right hand — clasping only the empty air, "I would answer for his integrity with my life — with — my — life!"

There was throughout the room an electric current of painful sympathy. The jury were surprised, thrilled, touched. The hatchet-faced Kendricks was on his feet in an instant with an objection.

"Could I say more — or less?" cried the witness, suddenly, forestalling the plaintiff's counsel, "knowing him as I did — *my* friend, Major Jartree! Only the voice of the stranger is raised against him!"

All eyes were turned toward Estwicke. He was a-tingle in every fibre, his face grew hot and scarlet, the veins in his temples were blue and swollen; he made a movement as if he were about to rise.

"Steady — steady!" said the placid and debonair Meredith, in an undertone, laying a staying hand on Estwicke's shoulder.

The contentious Kendricks was in his element. "I appeal to your Honor," he vociferated, "to protect my witness" — Estwicke gasped — "to protect my witness against these aspersions

intended to prejudice the jury against the conclusive testimony he has given."

"Aspersions!" exclaimed General Vayne, leaning forward suddenly toward the plaintiff's lawyers. "*Did* he say *aspersions?*"

There was a jostling rush forward to obtain a better view of the actors in the little drama, and the constantly contracting crowd was shaded off by a line of black faces enlivened by glittering ivories and the whites of astonished rolling eyes. A clamor of voices had arisen, and above all dominated the sheriff's stentorian, "Silence in court!"

"I'll commit somebody presently," said the judge impersonally. He had a wooden face, an impassive manner, and a brier-root pipe which he smoked imperturbably throughout the proceedings. He was a man of few words but of prompt action; at the sound of his inexpressive voice the tumult was stilled instantly.

"Will your Honor be so good as to admonish the witness that reflections on those who preceded him are not evidence and are inadmissible."

"The witness must comport himself with all due regard to this court and counsel," said the judge. Then the examination was resumed.

"What was Major Jartree's habit of conversation?"

"He often spoke figuratively. He might have been easily misunderstood by a man of different mental calibre — a literal-minded man."

"Will your Honor instruct the witness to confine himself to the necessary replies," exclaimed Kendricks, again on his feet. "The witness does not answer questions. He is only seeking to utilize Captain Estwicke's testimony, which he has heard, to make an argument. I see that we ought to have had all these witnesses put under the rule."

"Too late now," interpolated the judge, dryly.

"Instead of answering questions," pursued Kendricks, "the witness is trying to persuade the jury that all Major Jartree said to Captain Estwicke were merely flowers of rhetoric which" — with a fine sneer — "his limited mental capacity prevented him from comprehending."

"Counsel may sit down," said the impassive judge, who had weathered many a storm like this.

Kendricks sat down in — paradoxically — a towering rage, and the plaintiff's lawyer proceeded.

"What was Major Jartree's temperament?"

The witness looked inquiringly.

"State whether he was kindly disposed, or otherwise, and anything you may know of his character."

"Kind, sir? He had the kindest heart that ever beat! He was humane, and gentle, and generous! He was imbued with a fine char-r-ity." Here the witness demonstrated his own char-r-ity by pausing impressively to scowl at Estwicke. "He saw men, not as they were, but as they ought to be. He revered his fellow-creature. He beheld in man the majesty of his Maker's image!"

"I object," said Kendricks hastily. For there was a change ominous to his client's interests in the expression of the jurymen. They had all known and been "mighty sorry" for Major Jartree, who was an amiable but useless old gentleman, and nobody's enemy but his own. They recognized him in all this, but somehow he loomed before them in impressive proportions as General Vayne lent them his moral magnifying glass. "If the court please, this is not evidence," persisted Kendricks.

"Keep strictly to the point," said the judge.

"I will, your Honor," returned the witness earnestly.

"Was he a religious man?"

"He was a sincere and humble Christian," said General Vayne conclusively — in his own way he was a pious man himself.

"Can you state anything which would intimate his possible horror of the crime of suicide?"

"Sir, he entertained a deep reverence for the sanctity of life. He took ample cognizance of that stupendous right to exist which dignifies the meanest worm of the earth. I once heard him say to a grandchild who was torturing an insect — 'My dear, the beetle is your brother. Spare him!'"

He repeated this with a noble gesture of intercession and a fine oratorical effect. He fixed his magnetic eyes on the jury, who were subtly agitated by an illogical responsive fervor, and then with a sudden wild burst of indignation he exclaimed: —

"And they ask us to believe that this man, of all men, held himself, whom God had so nobly endowed, as slighter than the beetle — and took his life and falsified his character, so graciously won, to cheat an insurance company. It is monstrous — monstrous! *My* friend! Major Jartree!"

"Stop! *Stop!* STOP!" Kendricks had roared in a steadily

increasing crescendo, but throughout these vociferations General Vayne had kept steadily on, regarding them only as a strategic movement of the enemy designed to divert his attention.

"Your Honor, I insist — I *demand* that you admonish this witness as to his duty, and require him to conform to it."

"The witness *must* answer questions, and say nothing further," said the judge emphatically.

The witness turned his flushed, enthusiastic face toward the plaintiff's lawyers as an invitation to come again. They were taking heart of grace. It is not always safe to trust the appearance of a jury, but those twelve good and lawful men were beginning to assume the aspect of a row of intent and eager partisans. An influence more potent than law or right reason swayed them. The witness had fast hold of their heart-strings, and their pulses quickened under his touch.

"What was the character of Major Jartree's mind?"

"He possessed a highly cultivated understanding, sir. His power of discrimination between right and wrong was as solid as the heart of that tree, and as perfectly adjusted as the hair-trigger of your pistol, sir."

"What was his habit in the matter of prudence or rashness?"

"He was cool and deliberate. He possessed remarkable foresight. I will instance the fact that he foresaw, from the beginning, the result of the Late War" — which on the day of the surrender had been a great surprise to General Vayne.

"You are not here to instance facts," exclaimed Kendricks pettishly.

To this General Vayne paid no manner of attention, but went on eagerly.

"If he were capable of such a deed, for such a purpose — the mere supposition is abhorrent — he could but have perceived that it would of necessity defeat itself."

"I desire to ask of your Honor," said Kendricks, once more on his feet, and utterly losing control of his temper, "whether throughout the testimony of this witness I am to be subjected to the ignominy of this bravado, and my client's interests to a flagrant injustice? It is plain that the witness does not desire to give evidence. He only seeks to insinuate prejudice and to foster misapprehension in the minds of the jury."

General Vayne rose slowly from the chair. The movement at such a moment was unprecedented and unexpected, and there was a breathless pause of surprise and doubt. He was so pre-

eminently a calm man that he never found it necessary to subject his intentions to the scrutiny and question imperative with men of impulse. His gesture was appropriately deliberate as he reached up to the judge's desk and grasped the heavy glass inkstand that stood there. The next moment it was hurled wildly at the head of the defendant's counsel, impartially distributing its contents on the irreproachable shirt-bosoms of the "quality" of Chattalla, and endangering in its defective aim the row of negroes, high up on the benches, who dodged as one man. The wind of its flight, as it crashed harmless against the wall, nearly took off a darkey's ear, and impressed with his peril, and holding the threatened member in his cautious hand, he vociferated — "I tell ye now, dey 'd better leff de ole gen'al alone!"

Kendricks had — instinctively, perhaps — thrust his arm behind him. It was a significant motion. The next moment something steely and sinister gleamed in hand. But quick as he was, he was hardly quick enough. The pistol was cocked, but not levelled, when General Vayne rushed upon him. There was a swift, muscular moment of that dextrous left arm, and the learned counsel, hit fair and full between the eyes, was sprawling upon the floor, the revolver discharging in his fall, and the bullet skipping lightsomely through the little that was left of the crowd. An eager curiosity as to the subsequent proceedings rallied the audience, and it was re-enforced, in a solid phalanx, by the Grand Jury, that had been in session in the opposite room, and was roused from its absorptions by the exhilarating note of the pistol.

The judge sat astounded upon the bench. "Why, bless my soul, General!" he exclaimed weakly. And then once more, "Bless my soul!"

He gave, however, a sign of return to judicial consciousness in imposing a fine of fifty dollars upon General Vayne for contempt of court; and to the lovers of sensation it seemed that the Grand Jury was providentially close at hand, for it went back to its den and indicted the stranger for carrying concealed weapons.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "adjourn the court till two o'clock."

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" quavered Mr. Sheriff, greatly distraught. "The honorable Circuit Court stands adjourned till two of the clock!"

General Vayne's friends had hustled him out of the room. He was in the deepest humiliation. The want of dignity in his demonstration smote upon him sorely. That *he* should have so far forgotten himself! That *he* should lift his hand against his fellow-man — without a pistol in it!

When his colleague had left the room the defendant's junior counsel walked to the other door and waylaid a plethoric, eager, unwieldly old man who was hastening after General Vayne.

"Let me detain you a moment," said Meredith politely. "Mr. Ridgeway, I think?"

The old gentleman, facing about, solemnly acknowledged it.

"This is a terrible affair, Mr. Ridgeway, and for General Vayne's own sake it must not be allowed to stand as it is. As you are a friend of his, you must help me to get an apology from him."

The old gentleman seemed on the verge of apoplexy. He became scarlet in the face as he stood unsteadily before his junior. He spluttered and gasped in his excitement; his eager words struggled for precedence, and ran over each other — "Anapology? — 'napology, sir? Anapology for being shot at!"

"The pistol was discharged when Mr. Kendricks was knocked down," said Meredith. "Do you think it is fair to conclude that he would have fired it?"

"Wha — what was he doing with it, then?" spluttered the old gentleman sarcastically.

"Don't you admit the possibility that he drew it to intimidate General Vayne — he could not stand still and be struck, and he could not strike a maimed man. You don't reflect, Mr. Ridgeway, that General Vayne will occupy the intolerable position of taking advantage of that circumstance. Of course Mr. Kendricks can do nothing but submit to the indignity."

The old gentleman tugged meditatively at his tuft of beard, as if it had some cerebral connection and he sought thus to stimulate mental activity.

As the lawyer was accustomed to present only one side of a question, and Mr. Ridgeway to see only one side, neither took any notice of Mr. Kendricks's "intolerable position," one ignoring it from intention and the other from fatuity. And at this moment, that gentleman, walking the narrow bounds of his room at the hotel, was absorbed in agonizing deprecation of public opinion, which he knew would not take into account a hurled inkstand in a case in which a pistol had been drawn on an unarmed and maimed man.

In a sudden flutter of anxiety, Mr. Ridgeway acceded, with apopletic haste, to Meredith's suggestion, and the ill-assorted couple crossed the square to one of the lawyer's offices, where General Vayne sat with a friend, who, upon recognizing Meredith, rose and left the room, marvelling greatly as to his mission.

"General Vayne," said Meredith, who had previously met the elder gentleman, "I do not come from Mr. Kendricks; understand that. But I think some disinterested person should say to you, both on his account and your own, that you mistook altogether his intention. If you had been calm, you would have realized that his manner of urging his objection was a mere matter of course; it was his duty to his client's interest to seek to injure your testimony."

"Calm, sir, calm!" exclaimed General Vayne, his bald head purple. "I assure you, sir, I was as calm as I am at this moment."

"It is absurd, General," said Mr. Ridgeway, eagerly, "to attribute to a sane man an intention of seriously reflecting upon you. Your friends cannot sufficiently regret that under this delusion you should have permitted yourself to insult a gentleman" —

"And a gentleman in the discharge of a purely professional duty," added the wily young diplomatist.

General Vayne sprang up and began to walk back and forth the length of the apartment, nervously pulling his mustache.

"And in the presence of a motley throng," said the elder peacemaker.

"Bringing a court of justice into contempt," said the lawyer.

"And offering a spectacle of insubordination to the men of your command, who hold you as an exemplar," pursued Mr. Ridgeway.

The unsuspecting subject of all this craft groaned aloud.

"Inflicting a public humilation, and personal injury, and pecuniary loss upon a man who only sought to do his duty to his client," said Meredith.

The simple-hearted gentleman paused in his rapid striding to and fro, and with that agitated gesture, as if he would clasp his missing hand, he turned credulous eyes first on one of the tacticians, then on the other.

"And a stranger in the town!" exclaimed Mr. Ridgeway, capping the climax.

"I — I — will write to him," declared General Vayne,

altogether overwhelmed. He turned to the table, and placed pen, ink, and paper with that adroit left hand. "I — I — am afraid I have been very hasty — very wrong — I will write." Then, suddenly, "No, I will not write. The affront was offered in the presence of a large assemblage" — this was his way of dignifying that motley little crowd; "I will apologize publicly, sir, publicly."

He looked about him wildly for his hat, caught it up, and strode with his buoyant step into the sunshine, twirling his gray mustache, and glancing keenly about for the object of his search.

The other two had risen at the same instant, and as they were about to follow him out of the door, the young lawyer, equally surprised and elated by the readiness with which peace had been patched up, attempted to exchange a leer of congratulation with his red-faced coadjutor. The demonstration was received with an expression of blank inquiry.

"Why, God bless me!" thought young America, feeling much like a child caught making faces, and mastering the situation with an effort, "here's another!"

Kendricks had already emerged from his room at the hotel. It had required some nerve to face Chattalla again, alive, as he knew it must be, with its enjoyment of the "fight free for all," but he did not want the "cursed little town" to say he was hiding, and with this view he was strolling listlessly about the public square. There General Vayne met him. Admiring Chattalla could only see from a distance the dumb show of an oratorical apology, and catch, now and then, the echo of a rotund period. It seemed, however, that the thing was very handsomely done, and handsomely received, too; for this unexpected turn of affairs had solved the lawyer's dilemma, which had offered the equally impracticable alternatives of challenging a one-armed man, or submitting to the ignominy of a blow. His relief gave his manner an unwonted geniality, and as they parted, Chattalla, looking after them, said that this was no doubt the best solution, although the whole affair, from the inkstand to the apology, was painfully "irregular." Then knots of men fell to talking about the propriety of blows, and apologies, under "The Code."

It was a long day to Estwicke, and fraught with many anxieties, but late in the afternoon, as he pressed with the crowd out of the court-house yard, they all seemed merged in the canvassing of his position in regard to General Vayne, and how far it might effect the future. He had inwardly resented the

allusion to himself in the court-room, and he was not a man to tamely submit to an affront. But how was it possible to openly resent it from one old enough to be his father, whose hospitality he had often accepted, and with whose family he was on terms of cordial friendship? Then, too, impartially viewed, the ground of offence was untenable. He had been called a stranger, which was true, and it had been intimated that he might have misunderstood General Vayne's friend. Ought he, in justice to himself, to allow this to bar all further intercourse between them; to go to General Vayne's house no more; to relinquish, in effect, his hope of winning the woman he loved, and every dear prospect of the future?

The question was summarily settled. As he crossed the square he passed General Vayne. The elder gentleman returned his bow with a courtesy as fierce and as punctilious as if they faced each other at twelve paces. Estwicke went on, his blood on fire, swearing a mighty oath that he would take what cognizance he could of his own dignity, and that, whatever sacrifices might be involved, he would not go again to the house of a man who had offered him a public affront, confirming its deliberate intention by his manner afterward, which intimated a feeling approaching enmity.

HENRI MURGER.

MURGER, HENRI, a French novelist; born at Paris, March 24, 1822; died there, January 28, 1861. His father placed him in the office of a notary, but he soon obtained employment as secretary to Count Leo Tolstoï, and gave himself up to the pursuit of literature. For about ten years he was comparatively unknown; and is supposed to have been himself plunged into the life of dissipation which he has pictured in his "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" (1848). This work vividly describes the life of the "Quartier Latin," the "Bohemia" of Paris. Murger was the painter *par excellence* of this region and its gay and wretched life; its corrupt young blood is in all his novels; in "Claude et Marianne" (1851); in "Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse" (1851); in "Le Dernier Rendezvous" (1852); in "Le Pays Latin" (1852); in "Adeline Protat" (1853); and in "Les Buveurs d'Eau" (1854). His poems bear the collective title "Les Nuits d'Hiver." Murger died in an insane asylum.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

(From "La Vie de Bohème.")

MARCEL had been working for the last five or six years at that famous picture, which he stated was to represent the passage of the Red Sea; and for the last five or six years this masterpiece of color had been obstinately rejected by the jury. Indeed, what with going backward and forward between the artist's studio and the museum, the museum and the artist's studio, the picture knew its way so well that, had it been put on castors, it could easily have made its way to the Louvre. Marcel, who had ten times altered and retouched this canvas from top to bottom, attributed to personal enmity on the part of the members of the jury the ostracism which annually turned it away from the Salon Carré; and in abandoned moments he had composed, in honor of the Cerberus of the Academy, a little dictionary of abusive terms, adorned with ferociously bitter illustrations.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by the cruel rebuffs which greeted him at every exhibition. He rested

comfortably in the opinion that his picture was, in smaller dimensions, the proper pendant to the "Marriage at Cana," that gigantic masterpiece whose eminent beauty even the dust of three centuries has not effaced. Therefore, every year, at the time of the Salon, he sent his picture to be examined by the jury. Only, to lead the committee astray, and to make them fail in the determination they seemed to have of rejecting the "Passage of the Red Sea," he, without altering anything in the general composition, would modify some detail and change the title of the picture. Thus it once appeared before the jury under the title of "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, badly disguised by Cæsar's cloak, was recognized and rejected with all the honor due to him. Next year Marcel spread over the foreground of his canvas a stratum of white to represent snow, planted a fir-tree in a corner, and dressing up an Egyptian as a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture "Passage of the Beresina." The jury, who had that day scrubbed their spectacles on the palm-leaf-embroidered cuffs of their academicians' robes, were not taken in by this new artifice. They perfectly recognized the obstinate canvas, especially by help of a great devil of a parti-colored horse, who was rearing at sight of one of the Red Sea waves. This horse's coat served for all Marcel's experiments in color; and in familiar conversation he spoke of it as a synoptical table of low tones, because it reproduced, with all their play of light and shade, all the most varied combinations of color. Yet once again, regardless of this fact, the jury could not find black balls enough to refuse the "Passage of the Beresina." "How can they refuse it," muttered Marcel, "a serious work like this, which opens out a new horizon to military science!"

A few days later, Marcel received a visit from Father Médicis, who traded in all sorts of bric-à-brac. His business was concerned with everything — absolutely everything — that exists. He would sell you cigars for a sketch of a *feuilleton* article, slippers for a sonnet, fresh sea-fish for paradoxes. A few extracts from his account-books will give an idea of the universality of his business: —

Sold to M. L., antiquary, the compasses used by Archimedes during the siege of Syracuse, 75 fr.

Bought of M. B., one lot of social articles and the last three spelling mistakes made by the Prefect of the Seine, 6 fr. plus two pairs of Neapolitan slippers.

Sold to Mlle. O., a set of fair hair, 120 fr.
Sold to F., two love-letters, 12 fr.
Bought of M., 75 kilog. of his work entitled "Submarine Revolutions," 15 fr.

As he sat down, the Jew's pockets resounded with a silvery noise. "Here is my business," he began; "a rich amateur, who is arranging a gallery destined to make the tour of Europe, has commissioned me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. In a word, I come to buy your 'Passage of the Red Sea.'" — "For ready money?" — "For ready money." — "Go on," said Marcel, showing his picture. "I will leave you the honor of yourself fixing the price of this work, which is priceless." The Jew placed on the table fifty crowns in beautiful new money. "What!" replied the artist, "in the dress of my Pharaoh alone there is fifty crowns' worth of cobalt." — "I do not add one penny more," replied Médicis. A week later Marcel stepped into the midst of a group who were watching with curiosity the hanging of a signboard over a shop door. The "Passage of the Red Sea" had undergone one more modification, and bore a new title. A steamboat had been introduced, and it was called "At the Harbor of Marseilles." A flattering ovation had commenced among the curious when the picture was revealed. So Marcel returned home, delighted with his triumph.

A Bohemian Evening Party.

(From "The Humor of France.")

Towards the end of December the messengers of Bidault's agency were commissioned to distribute about a hundred copies of an invitation, of which the following is a faithful reproduction: —

M. ——

MM. Rodolphe and Marcel request the honor of your company on Saturday evening next, Christmas Eve.
There will be fine fun.

Programme of the Entertainment.

At 7 P. M., opening of the reception rooms; lively and animated conversation.

At 8 P. M., entrance and walk through the rooms of the talented authors of the "Mountain in Labor," comedy refused at the Odéon Théâtre.

At 8:30 P. M., M. Alexandre Schaunard, the celebrated *virtuoso*,

will perform on the piano "The Influence of Blue in the Arts," descriptive symphony.

At 9 P. M., first reading of the paper on "The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy."

At 9:30 P. M., M. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, and Monsieur Schaunard, will hold a debate comparing dephilosophy and metapolitics. In order to avoid any collision between the antagonists they will each be securely fastened.

At 10 P. M., M. Tristan, man of letters, will relate his early amours. M. Alexandre Schaunard will accompany him on the piano.

At 10:30 P. M., second reading of the paper on "The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy."

At 11 P. M., a foreign Prince will describe a Cassowary hunt.

PART II.

At midnight, Monsieur Marcel, historical painter, blindfolded, will improvise in chalk the meeting of Napoleon and Voltaire in the Elysian Fields. Monsieur Rodolphe will improvise a comparison between the author of "Zaïre" and the author of Austerlitz.

At 12:30 P. M., M. Gustave, in a decent undress, will imitate the athletic games of the fourth Olympiad.

At 1 A. M., third reading of the paper on "The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy," and collection for the tragic authors who will one day be out of work.

At 2 A. M., beginning of the games and organization of the dances, which will be continued until morning.

At 6 A. M., sunrise and final chorus.

During the whole of the entertainment the ventilators will play.

N. B. — Any person wishing to read or recite verses will be immediately turned out and delivered up to the police. You are requested not to take away the candle ends.

Let me tell you briefly the origin of the entertainment that so vastly dazzled the Bohemian world of Paris. For about a year, Marcel and Rodolphe had gone on announcing this magnificent entertainment to take place *always* next Saturday. But untoward circumstances had forced them to let the promise extend over fifty-two weeks. In consequence, they could scarcely move a step without having to endure the jeers of their friends, some of whom were actually unfeeling enough to formulate loud complaints. The affair began to get tiresome; and the two friends determined to put an end to it by liquidating the engagements they had made. And the invitation quoted above was the outcome of that decision.

"Now," said Rodolphe, "there's no possibility of retreat: we've burnt our ships, and we've just a week in which to find the hundred francs indispensable for doing the thing well."

"As they are so absolutely necessary," said Marcel, "of course they'll be forthcoming."

And with an insolent confidence in luck the two friends went to sleep, convinced that the hundred francs were already on the road — the road of the impossible.

However, two days before the evening appointed for the party, as nothing had arrived, Rodolphe thought that if he did not wish to be disgraced when the time came for the guests to arrive, it would probably be safer to assist luck. In order to facilitate matters, the two friends, by degrees, modified the sumptuous programme on which they had at first determined. And from modification to modification, after greatly curtailing the item cakes, and carefully revising and diminishing that of drinks, the total expense was reduced to fifteen francs. The problem was thus simplified but not solved.

"Well," said Rodolphe, "we must take strong measures: we can't postpone it again this time."

"Impossible," said Marcel.

"How long is it since I heard the story of Studzianka?"

"Almost two months."

"Two months? good! that's a respectable interval. My uncle shall have no cause for complaint. To-morrow I'll go and see him, and ask for the battle of Studzianka. That will mean five francs."

"And," said Marcel, "I'll sell old Médicis 'A Deserted Manor:' that will be another five francs. If I've time to put in three towers and a mill, it will very likely be ten francs, and then we shall have just the sum required."

The two friends went to sleep, and dreamed that the Princess Belgioso asked them to change their reception days, in order not to deprive her of her habitual guests.

Marcel got up very early, took a canvas, and diligently proceeded to construct "A Deserted Castle," — an article in great demand by a broker in the Place du Carrousel. Rodolphe went to call on his uncle Monetti, who excelled in narrating the retreat from Moscow. Rodolphe, when things went badly with him, procured his uncle the satisfaction of fighting his campaigns over again some five or six times a year, in consideration for a loan. If you showed a proper enthusiasm for his stories, the

veteran stove-maker and chimney-doctor was not unwilling to make it.

About two o'clock, Marcel, with downcast look, carrying a canvas under his arm, met Rodolphe in the Place du Carrousel coming from his uncle's; his appearance also betokened ill news.

"Well," asked Marcel, "what luck?"

"None. My uncle had gone to the Versailles Museum. And you?"

"That wretch of a Médicis does n't want any more 'Ruined Castles.' He asked for a 'Bombardment of Tangiers.'"

"Our reputation 's gone if we don't give the entertainment," grumbled Rodolphe. "What will my friend the influential critic think, if I make him put on a white tie and light gloves for nothing?"

They returned to the studio, a prey to the liveliest anxiety. At that moment a neighbor's clock struck four.

"We've only three hours left," said Rodolphe.

"Well," exclaimed Marcel, going up to his friend, "are you perfectly sure there 's no money to be found here?"

"Neither here nor elsewhere. Where could we have left any?"

"Let us search in the stuffing of the chairs. It is said that the *émigrés* hid their treasure in Robespierre's time. Our arm-chair may have belonged to an *émigré*. It's so hard that I've often thought it must be metal inside. Will you make an autopsy of it?"

"This is a mere farce," replied Rodolphe in a tone at once severe and indulgent.

Suddenly Marcel, who had been prosecuting his search in every corner of the studio, gave a loud shout of triumph.

"We are saved!" he exclaimed: "I felt sure there was something of value here. Look!" and he held up for Rodolphe's inspection a coin the size of a crown, half smothered in rust and verdigris.

It was a Carlovingian coin of some artistic value.

"That 's only worth thirty sous," said Rodolphe, throwing a contemptuous glance at his friend's findings.

"Thirty sous well laid out will go a long way," said Marcel. "I'll sell this Charlemagne crown to old Father Médicis. Is n't there anything else here I could sell? Yes, suppose I take the Russian drum-major's tibia. That will add to the collection."

"Away with the tibia. But it 's exceedingly annoying: there won't be a single object of art left."

During Marcel's absence, Rodolphe, feeling certain that his party would come off somehow, went in search of his friend Colline, who lived quite near.

"I want you," he said, "to do me a favor. As master of the house, I must wear a dress-coat, and I have n't got one. Lend me yours."

"But," objected Colline, "as a guest I must wear my dress-coat myself."

"I 'll allow you to come in a frock-coat."

"You know I 've never had a frock-coat."

"Well, then, the matter can be arranged like this: You needn 't come to the party, and you can lend me your dress-coat."

"But that 'll never do. I 'm on the programme. I can't stay away."

"There 'll be plenty of other things lacking," said Rodolphe. "Lend me the dress-coat; and if you want to come, come as you are, in your shirt-sleeves."

"Oh, no," said Colline, getting red. "I 'll put on my great-coat. But it 's all exceedingly annoying." And perceiving that Rodolphe had already laid hold of the dress-coat, he exclaimed:

"Stay — there are one or two little things in the pockets."

Colline's coat deserves mention. First, it was blue, and it was purely from habit that Colline talked about his black coat; and as he was the only member of the band who possessed such a garment, his friends were likewise accustomed to say when speaking of the philosopher, Colline's black coat. Further, that celebrated article of apparel had a particular shape of its own, the most eccentric that can be imagined. The abnormally long tails fastened to a very short waist possessed two pockets, veritable abysses, in which Colline was accustomed to put about thirty books he everlastingly carried about him. Thus it was said that when the libraries were closed, scholars and literary men looked up their references in the tails of Colline's coat, a library always open to readers. . . .

When Rodolphe returned he found Marcel playing quoits with five-franc pieces, to the number of three.

He had sold the coin for fifteen francs.

The two friends immediately began their preparations. They put the studio tidy, and lighted a fire in the stove. A canvas frame, ornamented with candles, was suspended from the ceiling, and did duty as a chandelier. A desk was placed in the middle

of the studio, to serve as a tribune for the speakers. In front they put the one arm-chair, which was to be occupied by the influential critic; and laid out on a table the books, novels, *feuilletons* of the authors who were to honor the entertainment with their presence. To avoid any collision between the different parties of men of letters, they divided the studio into four compartments; at the entrance were four hastily manufactured placards inscribed —

POETS.	ROMANTIC.
PROSE-WRITERS.	CLASSICAL.

The ladies were to occupy a space reserved in the middle.

"Oh!" said Rodolphe, "there are no chairs."

"There are plenty on the landing," replied Marcel. "Suppose we take those."

"Of course," said Rodolphe, and proceeded calmly to take possession of his neighbors' property.

Six o'clock struck. The two friends went out for a hasty dinner, and on their return proceeded to light up the rooms. They could not help feeling dazzled themselves. At seven o'clock Schaunard arrived, accompanied by three ladies, who had forgotten their diamonds and their bonnets. Numerous steps were heard on the staircase. The guests were arriving, and they seemed surprised to find a fire in the stove.

Rodolphe's dress-coat went to meet the ladies, and kissed their hands with a grace worthy of the Regency. When there were about twenty persons present, Schaunard asked if they could n't have something to drink.

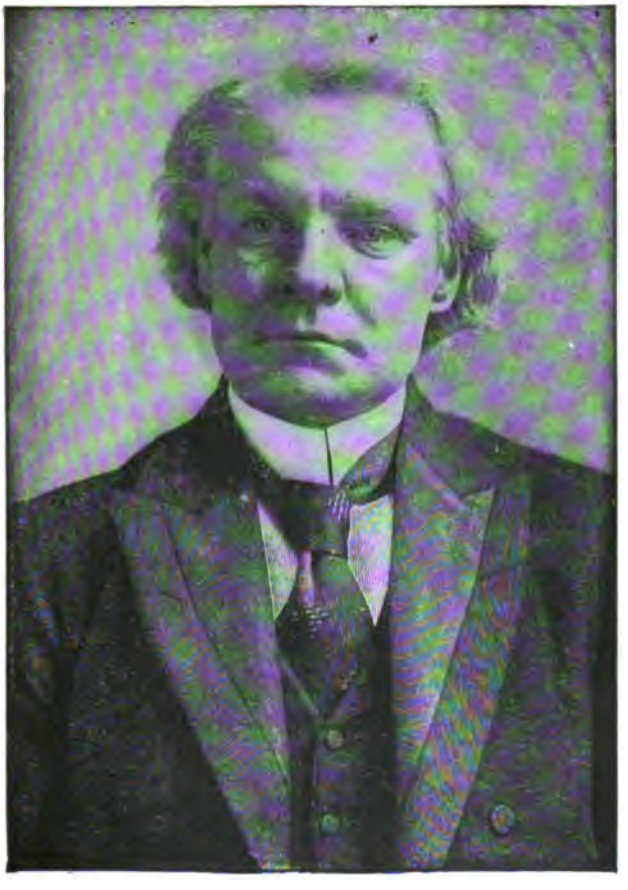
"Presently," said Marcel: "we are waiting for the influential critic before we begin on the punch."

By eight o'clock all the guests had come, and they began the programme. Between each number came a round of some sort of drink; but what it exactly was, has never transpired.

About ten o'clock the white waistcoat of the influential critic appeared. He only stayed an hour, and was very sparing of praise. At midnight, as it was very cold and there was no more fuel, the guests who were seated drew lots for throwing their chairs into the fire.

At one o'clock everybody was standing.

The greatest merriment held sway among the guests, and the memorable evening was the talk of the neighborhood for a week.



DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

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DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, an English journalist and novelist; born at West Bromwich, Staffordshire, April 13, 1847. He was educated at a private school in his native town, and became a reporter for the Birmingham "Morning News." Removing to London in 1873, he served on the staff of the "Daily News," and afterward of the "World." During the Russo-Turkish war he was special correspondent for the "Scotsman" and the "Times." On his return to London he abandoned journalism and began to write his novels, which have a wide circulation. Some years ago Mr. Murray visited the United States, and gave readings from his books and lectures on literature. Several of his works have been dramatized with success. These include "Life's Atonement" (1880); "Joseph's Coat," "Val Strange," "Coals of Fire" (1881); "Hearts," "By the Gate of the Sea," "The Way of the World," "Model Father" (1883); "Rainbow Gold," "A Bit of Human Nature" (1885); "The Weaker Vessel," "Cynic Fortune," "First Person Singular" (1886); "Schwartz" (1889); "John Vale's Guardian" (1890); and in collaboration with H. Herman, "Wild Darrie," "One Traveller Returns," "A Dangerous Catspaw" (1889); and "Paul Jones's Alias," "The Bishop's Bible" (1890); "Bob Martin's Little Girl" (1892); "A Wasted Crime" (1893); "The Making of a Novelist," "A Rising Star" (1894); "The Martyred Fool," "The Investigations of John Pym," "Mount Despair" (1895); "The Bishop's Amazement," "A Rogue's Conscience" (1896); "My Contemporaries in Fiction," "This Little World" (1897); "Tales in Prose and Verse" (1898).

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

(From "The Weaker Vessel.")

MY commanding officer and colleague was Mr. Alexander MacIlray. Our office was up four pairs of stairs in the Rue de la Paix. It has very pronouncedly blossomed out since then, and nowadays its gilded signboard is visible from half-way down the Boulevard des Capucines; but at that time we were

humble, and even a little Bohemian in our ways and aspect. Journalism has grown of late years into a recognized profession. One feels, in setting that statement upon paper, guilty of an actual banality; and yet, as I remember the business a quarter of a century back, it was very little of a recognized profession at all, and a vast number of its followers were harum-scarum, clever, sociable, lovable, and good-for-nothing people, who dressed as it pleased them, drank habitually more than was good for them, kept the insanest hours, and generally conducted themselves as though they knew they were outside the claims and privileges of ordinary society. I am of a staid and sober turn of mind, and never cared greatly for the wilder sort of revelry; but I look back with an affectionate regret to some of the old times and scenes and many of the lost faces. I daresay I am getting to be an old fogey; but I look round in vain amongst the begloved, tall-hatted, frock-coated contingent of to-day for the merriment, the jollity, the good-fellowship, the open-handedness, which went along with the ramshackle life, the billycock hat, and the smoke-scented jacket.

There never was a personage in this world less Bohemian than Mr. Alexander MacIlray. He was a particularly respectable Scot, who dressed uniformly in black, and whose gloves and linen were always perfectly clean and orderly. He seemed never to go anywhere unless called thither by affairs, and he lived without friends or acquaintances outside his business. He was by no means an ungenial little man, but he was always occupied, out of the hours of actual work, in "getting his tools together," as he phrased it.

"The besiness of a journalist, Mr. Denham, is to know everything that is to be known. Univairsal knowledge is perhaps empossible, is, in fact, empossible, for the endividual, but the mere truth that a theng is empossible has no right to debar a man from attempting it. Get your tools in order, Mr. Denham. Know everything that ye can lay your mental hand upon."

He broke out on me with this before I had known him for a week, and repeated it constantly with unction, and sometimes with a startling air of originality, as if the thought had just occurred to him and he was in haste to express it before it vanished. He had an odd way of expressing sympathy and a sense of companionship. Sometimes when we had been sitting

silent for an hour or more, each engaged in his own task, he would push his work aside, and gazing at me in a friendly fashion through his gold-rimmed glasses, would smooth his red hair with both hands and say, "Ay, ay, Mr. Denham! Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!" in a tone of cheerful certainty and conviction. Then he would turn-to again at his task of getting his tools together. I suppose he got too many tools together, and so filled his mental workshop that he had no room to move about in it. He himself did next to nothing with the paraphernalia he collected. He used to remind me sometimes of some imaginable frantically-generous ironmonger, who kept a prodigious stock of every sort of implement for every trade beneath the skies, knew the practical handling of no one of them, and gave away his stock all day among the passers-by. I got to have a superstitious belief in Mr. MacIlray's omniscience. He was a walking cyclopædia. I bepuzzled myself with problems for his puzzlement, and never caught him. People who have not met this sort of man hardly know how to believe in him. One would have thought that nothing less than a lifetime would have served a man to learn Paris, for instance, as MacIlray knew it.

"When I first came to this cetty I med up my mind that it was my duty to know it. So I just set myself down in the meddle of it, and obsairved. Then, sir, in a while I began to radiate. Now, as a matter of fact and experrience, it 's not that easy to radiate as ye might fancy. Ye want a heap of preliminary knowledge. I 'm thenking that if a man began his denner with his cheese, and worked back his way to the soup, he 'd find his digestive organs getting out of order in a whilie. There 's a way of absorbing a cetty or a subject, just as there 's a way of absorbing your denner, and ef you take the wrong ye 're like to find yourself bothered by a sperretual endigestion."

In spite of this admirable exordium I found when I came to try him that he had formulated no scheme at all for the absorption of subject or city. He used to stand in that overcrowded warehouse of his, and survey his tools with a constant satisfaction, and used to lay down philosophical theories beyond counting for the increase of his armory, and at first I used to wait for the announcement of some great task, some Herculean feat of letters or of learning to which he had set himself single-handed. The revelation never came.

He was a simple-minded little man, in spite of all his learning, and he had a boyish enthusiasm of admiration for faculties which lay outside his own range. He could flow out, measureless, upon paper, not in a stream which went anywhere, but in a sort of bog of mingled thought and fact over which no man could travel dryshod. But to get the gist of a thing inside the journalistic nutshell was altogether impossible for him, and since I was not long in perceiving the necessity of the trick, and speedily acquired the knack itself, he used to admire me in a way so candid and open that I blushed before him.

"Ay, lad!" he would say, "ye have but to get your tools together, and ye'll make a workman." Then he would go to his own labors, or dive into the packed intricacies of his inward storehouse, and would emerge an hour later with a cheerful "Ay, ay, Mr. Denham! Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!" as if I had said something to elicit his most cordial sympathies.

He worked up four pairs of stairs in the Rue de la Paix, and he lived up six pairs of stairs in an eminently respectable boarding-house in the Boulevard Haussmann. As I got to be more and more intimate with him he took very kindly to me, but it was a week or two after the reception of Clara's letter that I paid my first visit to his quarters. I had begun to think that we should never come to an end of the stairs when he paused upon the sixth landing and threw open the door which led to a tolerably spacious and very orderly apartment. His bed was snugly tucked away in one corner, and surrounded by a screen, and a great bookcase filled the opposite wall from floor to ceiling. There was not one volume of mere entertainment on its shelves, but there were grammars and dictionaries, atlases and gazeteers, dictionaries of biographies and dates, huge bound folios of the "Entr'acte," cobwebbed all over with shorthand criticisms of performances, volumes of history by the hundred, works on chemistry, metallurgy, conchology, and on the lower shelves a battalion of encyclopædias.

"Here are the tools for a journalist, Mr. Denham," he said, with a subdued pride, as he saw me examining his books. "Get the contents of those pages well into your mind, and there is no department of human effort into the consederation whereof ye will not be prepared to enter."

I suggested that the tools were there, and that it might suffice to take them down as they were wanted, but this seemed positively to shock MacIlray.

"Nenni, lad!" he exclaimed warmly. "There's nothing that a man can call his own in this wide warld but that which is packed away in the head and the soul of him. Carry your weapons about with ye, and then no man can catch y' unarmed at any moment."

I persisted in thinking that if a man would carry about with him arms enough for fifty people he might find himself embarrassed in a chance conflict which came suddenly upon him, but if my theories had been very koh-i-noors of practice it was too late to present them to MacIlray. I liked the simple-hearted, prim-spoken little book-worm very warmly, and he returned my liking. So we got on admirably together, and not infrequently I spent my evenings in his room. He gave me to understand, in a very friendly way, that I was to regard my first introduction there as a standing invitation.

"The place, such as it is, Mr. Denham, is open to ye. Wethin its compass I can say for it that ye'll find no more useful mass o' knowledge than ye see collected here. Ef ever ye're passing this way with an hour to spare and ye want to refresh your mind, ye'll just walk upstairs as ef the place belonged to ye, whether I'm en or out. I'll give word to the *concierge* below stairs to that effect."

I accepted his cordial invitation, and in a little while the house on the Boulevard Haussmann knew me almost as well as if I were an inmate.

The day before which I was forbidden by maternal authority to visit Clara came slowly nearer and more near. The nearer it grew, the more the hours lagged to my impatient fancy, but at last I stood within four-and-twenty hours of starting. I had secured a two-days' holiday, and in the afternoon — I remember that it was a Saturday, and a day of exceptional slackness — I visited Mr. MacIlray to talk over with him one or two matters which would have to be attended to in my absence, for which no definite arrangements had been made. We talked things over, and then fell into some friendly discussion, so that I lingered for an hour or two.

We were still in the full flush and glory of the summer, but the staircases of the house were dark in places, where the illumination which struck through certain gloomy little skylights and portholes could not reach. I was half-way down when I heard the silken rustle of a dress below me, and made myself small to let the wearer pass. She was in shadow, and

a narrow stream of light, with the motes dancing thickly in it, played across the dimness and half obliterated all objects which lay beyond it. I stood in a corner, and waited for a second or two whilst the wearer of the silken dress came at a very leisurely pace step by step along the stairs, until all on a sudden, with such a shock as seemed to stop my heart, I saw the face of that dead wife of Pole's spring into the radiance shot across the staircase by the sinking sun. The proud, hard, disdainful eyes blinked in the sudden light, and the woman, seeing an instant later that some one stood by to make room for her, gave me a scornful, undiscerning glance from head to foot and went slowly by.

If I had not been supported by the wall I should have fallen in the horror of my amazement. I heard the silken rustle and the deliberate footstep pace the corridor above, and I heard the click of the handle of a door, and then the door itself slammed noisily. I do not know how, by any art of words, to convey to the understanding of another the sensations which assailed me. I think that amongst the chief of them was a swift and terrible certainty that nothing in the world was real, and that I was somehow sunk in the middle of an eternal emptiness of space.

When the first shock was over, I found that I was shaking from head to foot, and that my face and hands were moist. My head was whirling so that the stairs were a kind of terror to me. I climbed to the landing, and stood there awhile, striving to collect myself, and then, rather by instinct, as I thought afterwards, than because of any definite purpose in my mind, I went back to MacIlray's room. The sound of my own knuckles as I tapped at the door, and the brusque imperativeness of his "Entrez" in reply, did something to dissipate the still lingering sense of the general unreality of things. MacIlray told me afterwards that he had never in his life seen a face on which the expression of pure horror was fixed so vividly. I can well believe that, in the memory of the reflection of my own expression which I saw in his. He darted at me, and threw one arm about me.

"For all sakes, man," he demanded, "what's the matter? Where is it? Are you hurt?"

He moved me to a chair, and kneeling down beside me passed his hands over me from head to foot with a rapid, skilful-feeling touch, like that of a practised surgeon. Then

rising, and keeping a backward glance upon me, he went swiftly to a cupboard, and producing from it a bottle of cognac, poured out a wineglassful, and returning, held it to my lips. I drank it eagerly, and the spirit burned like fire and set me coughing. It steadied my nerves, however, and set my heart at work again with a more healthful action.

"Denham, my lad," said MacIlray, standing over me, wineglass in hand, "ye look as if ye'd seen a ghost."

"I have," I answered.

He stared at me in pure amazement.

"I'm a believer in many things," he responded, "but I'm no believer in ghosts, until I can trap one for myself, and submit him to a chemical analysis. Just think it out, lad. What is it that's scared ye?"

I made a great effort and succeeded in pulling myself together.

"I saw," I answered, "a minute ago, on the stairs outside, a woman over whose grave I stood more than three months back. I had the certificate of that woman's death in my hands. I saw the tombstone erected on her grave. I myself gave the necessary orders for it, and saw them carried out."

"You're talking naturally enough," said MacIlray, looking at me with a shrewd inquiry. "Are ye sure there's nothing — ?" He tapped his forehead, "Eh?"

"If," I answered, "I am not mad, or if — and I know better — I have not been the victim of some wild hallucination, I have seen that woman. If she is an inmate of this house you cannot fail to have noticed her."

"Tell me what she's like," he said.

"Dark," I answered, "with level black eyebrows, and full red lips. She has a swarthy pallor, and she looks at you as if she would kill you if she had the power. It's a haunting face. No man who has seen it once and taken note of it could forget it. A cruel, proud, revengeful, self-disdainful face."

"Ay, man," he said, nodding at me. "There's such a woman in the house. Madame Damel she calls herself. She's uncommonly lively in the temper for a woman that's been dead and buried."

"Madame Damel," I answered confusedly. "Does she speak French?"

"Speak French?" repeated MacIlray. "It's likely she would. She's a Frenchwoman born and bred. It's her na-

tive language. I suspect, my lad, you've just been hit by some extraordinary likeness. I confess," he went on, as if he wished to soothe me, "that I would not have thought that there had been two faces like that in the world. I thank my stars at least that I never saw another like it."

"These are no two faces," I answered obstinately; "that woman is alive."

"Ay, ay," cried MacIlray, half pettishly, "that woman *is* alive. But the dead one is n't. I don't like these uncanny fancies, and I'll just tell ye what we'll do, lad. It's denner time in half an hour." A bell clanged loudly through the house at this moment. "There's the warning for it. Ye'll calm your nerves, and come down with me to denner. It happens, to my oft disturbance, that I sit opposite the lady. Ye'll have a chance for a good look at her, and ye'll sleep none the worse for being sure that you've been mistaken."

I am half ashamed to say it, but I shrank from this ordeal with an actual terror. I fought it down, however, and resolved that I would go through with it. MacIlray fell into a reverie from which he awoke with his accustomed sonorous watchword of sympathy and approval, "Ay, ay, Denham! Ay, ay, lad!" when the second bell rang.

"Ye're all right now, lad? Ye're not going to make an exhibition of yourself?" he asked me as we went downstairs together. I answered that he might rely upon me and we entered the dining-room. . . .

We were amongst the first arrivals at table. By and by others came in, to the number of twenty, and we all sat down. The space opposite MacIlray was vacant, and remained vacant until the fish was served. Then the woman whom I had seen upon the stairs came in and took her seat there. I experienced no new shock, but her face held me with an urgent fascination, and I was compelled again and again, in spite of myself, to peruse every feature of her face even when I had arrived at a fixed and rooted certainty. She spoke once or twice in the voice that I remembered, but with an accent so finished and natural that it would have been impossible to any one to whom the language had not been customary from infancy. Sometimes the intentness of my regard drew hers upon me, but she never gave me once the faintest sign of recognition. The cruel, self-despising, all-despising eyes looked straight into mine, and were withdrawn with all their old indifferent

hauteur. Certain as I was of her identity, the perfect indifference of her manner shook me once or twice, and even when it made its weakest impression upon me served to sustain the tumult of my mind.

The dinner might have lasted a year rather than an hour; but at length it was over. The ladies rose and moved away. The men settled down about the windows and lit their cigarettes. MacIlray and I were left alone, and he drew me by a gesture to the far end of the room. Standing there and looking upwards at a print, with his head critically on one side, as if he were examining it, he let fall a single word of question, —

"Well?"

"That is the woman," I responded.

"Did she ever know you," MacIlray asked, "in the days before she died and got buried?"

"She knew me," I answered, "and had reason to remember me."

"She 's a very pretty actress in that case," he said.

I had had time to think this extraordinary matter over, and I had come to my own conclusions.

"That woman," I said deliberately, laying a hand upon MacIlray's breast and looking him calmly in the face, "has entered into a conspiracy with a little Jew solicitor in London to spread abroad the false intelligence of her own death, in order that her husband, whom she hates, shall be entrapped into contracting a marriage with another woman. She promised in my hearing to make his life a burden to him, and this is the way in which she has chosen to make that promise good."

I saw a change in his face as I spoke, and I saw, though I could not tell why, that he had abandoned his mistrust.

"Hold your tongue one moment, man," he said. "Don't speak to me. Let me think. A little Jew solicitor? An over-dressed man with white teeth. Ay, ay! He 's been here."

"His name," I said, "was — "

"Wait!" cried MacIlray. "His name was " — I could see him searching in his own mind, and the light in his face told me that he had recalled it before he spoke the word — "Goldsmith."

"That is the man," I answered, "and this woman is the wife, Heaven help him, of my dearest friend!"

LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Musset, Louis Charles Alfred de, a French poet; born at Paris, November 11, 1810; died there, May 2, 1857. After leaving school he devoted himself to literature; his first volume, "Les Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie" (1830), excited attention. In 1833 appeared "La Spectacle dans un Fauteuil" and "André del Sarto;" in 1836, his "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle." In 1842 he was appointed to a position in the office of the Ministry of the Interior; he was ousted from it at the revolution of 1848, but was restored to it after the establishment of the Empire in 1852. He also wrote many prose tales and several dramatic compositions. "La Nuit de Mai," "La Nuit d'Août," "La Nuit d'Octobre," and "La Nuit de Décembre" (1837) are among his best poems. His "Works," illustrated, appeared in ten volumes, in 1866.

From "On a Slab of Rose Marble."

Yet, despite myself, I trow
 Other destiny was thine:
Far away from cloudy France,
 Where a warmer sun doth shine,
Near some temple, Greek or Latin;
 The fair daughters of the clime,
 With the scent of heath and thyme
 Clinging to their sandalled feet
Beating thee in rhythmic dance,
 Were a burden far more sweet
Than court ladies shod with satin.
Could it be for this alone
 Nature formed thee in the earth,
In whose beauteous virgin stone
 Genius might have wrought a birth
Every age had joyed to own? . . .

There should have come forth of thee
Some new-born divinity.

When the marble-cutters hewed
Through thy noble block their way,
They broke in with footsteps rude
Where a Venus sleeping lay,
And the goddess's wounded veins
Colored thee with roseate stains.
Alas! and must we hold it truth
That every rare and precious thing
Flung forth at random without ruth
Trodden under foot may lie?
The crag where, in sublime repose,
The eagle stoops to rest his wing,
No less than any wayside rose,
Dropped in the common dust to die?
Can the mother of us all
Leave her work, to fulness brought,
Lost in the gulf of chance to fall,
As oblivion swallows thought?
Torn away from ocean's rim
To be fashioned by a whim,
Does the briny tempest whirl
To the workman's feet the pearl?
Shall the vulgar, idle crowd
For all ages be allowed
To degrade earth's choicest treasure
At the arbitrary pleasure
Of a mason or a churl?

From "The Wild Mare in the Desert."

Oft in the waste, the Arab mare untamed,
After three days' wild course awaits the storm
To drain the rain-drops from the thirsty palms;
The sun is leaden, and the silent palms
Droop their long tresses 'neath a fiery sky.
She seeks her well amid the boundless wilds:
The sun has dried it; on the burning rock
Lie shaggy lions growling low in sleep.
Her forces fail; her bleeding nostrils wide
Plunge eager in the sand, — the thirsty sand
Drinks greedily her life's discolored stream.
Then stretches she at length, her great eyes film,
And the wan desert rolls upon its child
In silent folds its ever moving shroud.
She knew not, she, that when the caravan

With all its camels passed beneath the planes,
That, would she follow, bowing her proud neck,
In Bagdad she would find cool stable-stalls,
With gilded mangers, dewy clover turf,
And wells whose depths have never seen the sky.

To Pépa.

Pépa! when the night has come,
 And mamma has bid good-night,
By thy light, half-clad and dumb,
 As thou kneelest out of sight;

Laid by, cap and sweeping vest
 Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest
 Folds thy soul as folds a rose;

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,
 Peace to all the house has brought, —
Pépita! my charming child!
 What, oh, what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
 Of some lady doomed to sigh;
All that Hope a truth deems now,
 All that Truth shall prove, a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
 That produce — alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a prince's hand;
 Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
 'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
 Me; — or nothing, dear! at all.

Juana.

Again I see you, ah, my queen, —
Of all my old loves that have been,
 The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget —
Ah me, for I remember yet —
 How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this, —
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
 How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!
How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,
 And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
 Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
 Remember the dead summer-time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
 To me for a peace-offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake, —
 To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
 Awakened from his deathly sleep:
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
 A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say — why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
 Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
 So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
 And days that were, and days that flit:
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
 For you that not remember it.

Venice.

In Venice not a bark
Is stirring — all is dark,
For through the gloomy night
Breaks ne'er a light.

The lion, gaunt and grand,
Seated upon the strand,
Scans the wide waters o'er
Forevermore.

While many a ship and boat,
In groups around him float,
Like herons, lulled to sleep
Upon the deep.

Over the misty sea,
Fluttering lazily,
Streamers and sails unfurled;
Clinging and curled.

Now the moon's dreamy light
Is flooding all the night,
From many a glimmering cloud
Her airy shroud —

Just as some novice would
Draw on her ample hood,
Yet leaving still, I ween,
Her beauty seen.

And the still water flows
Past mighty porticoes,
And stairs of wealthy knights
In lordly flights.

And the pale statues gleam
In the pure light, and seem
Like visions of the past
Come back at last.

All silent, save the sound,
Of guards upon their round,
As on the battled wall
Their footsteps fall.



THE MALL FROM THE ROYAL GARDENS

(*Venice*)

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R L

More than one damsel strays
Beneath the pale moon's rays,
And waits, with eager ear,
Her cavalier;

More than one girl admiring
The charms she is attiring;
More than one mirror shows
Black dominoes.

La Vanina is lying,
With languid raptures dying,
Upon her lover's breast
Half lulled to rest.

Narcissa, Folly's daughter
Holds Festal on the water,
Until the opal morning
Is softly dawning.

Who then in such a clime
But has a madcap time?
Who but to love can give
Life, while he live?

Let the old Doge-clock strike
And hammer as it like,
And count with jealous spite
The hours of night.

But we will count instead
On full lips rosy red,
So many kisses earned;
And then returned;

Count all your charms, my dear;
Count every happy tear,
That loving hearts must borrow
From joy and sorrow.

From the "Ode to Malibran."

O Maria Felicia! the painter and bard,
Behind them, in dying, leave undying heirs:
The night of oblivion their memory spares;
And their great, eager souls, other action debarred,
Against death, against time, having valiantly warred,
Though struck down in the strife, claim its trophies as theirs.

In the iron engraved, one his name leaves enshrined;
With a golden-sweet cadence another's entwined
 Makes forever all those who shall hear it his friends.
Though he died, on the canvas lives Raphael's mind;
 And from death's darkest doom till this world of ours ends,
 The mother-clasped infant his glory defends.

As the lamp guards the flame, so the bare marble halls
 Of the Parthenon hold, in their desolate space,
The memory of Phidias enshrined in their walls.
And Praxiteles's child, the young Venus, yet calls
 From the altar, where smiling she still holds her place,
 The centuries conquered, to worship her grace.

Thus, from age after age while new light we receive,
 To rest at God's feet the old glories are gone;
And the accents of genius their echoes still weave
 With the great human voice, till their thoughts are but one:
And of thee, dead but yesterday, all thy fame leaves
 But a cross in the dim chapel's darkness — alone.

A cross, and oblivion, silence, and death!
Hark! the wind's softest sob; hark! the ocean's deep breath;
 Hark! the fisher-boy singing his way o'er the plains:
Of thy glory, thy hope, thy young beauty's bright wreath,
 Not a trace, not a sigh, not an echo remains.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS.

MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY, an English poet, essayist, and critic; born at Keswick, February 6, 1843. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was made a Fellow in 1865, and classical lecturer, 1865–68. He has published "St. Paul," a poem (1867); "Poems" (1871); "Wordsworth," in the "English Men of Letters" series (1881); "The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems" (1882); "Essays Modern" and "Essays Classical" (2 vols., 1883); "Science and a Future Life" (1893).

THE DISENCHANTMENT OF FRANCE.

(From "Science and a Future Life.")

WE may say, then, that in 1888 France possesses everything except illusions; in 1788 she possessed illusions and nothing else. The Reign of Reason, the Return to Nature, the Social Contract, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity — the whole air of that wild time buzzed with new-hatched Chimæras, while at the same time the old traditions of Catholicism, Loyalty, Honor, were still living in many an ardent heart.

What then is, in effect, the disenchantment which France has undergone? What are the illusions — the so-called, so-judged illusions — which are fading now before the influence of science? How is a foreigner to analyze the confused changes in a great people's spiritual life? Must not his own personal acquaintance with Frenchmen, which is sure to be slight and shallow, unduly influence his judgment of the nation? It seems to me that he must set aside his personal acquaintanceships, and form his opinion from current literature and current events; endeavoring so far as may be to elicit such general views of life as may be latent in the varying utterances of novelist, essayist, politician, philosopher, and poet. Thus reading and thus comparing, we shall discern a gradual atrophy of certain habits of thought, certain traditional notions; and if we class as illusions these old conceptions from which the French people seem gradually to be

awakening, we find them reducible to four main heads: the *religious*, the *political*, the *sexual*, and the *personal* illusions.

By the "religious illusion," — speaking, it will be remembered, from the point of view of the Frenchman of the type now under discussion, — I mean a belief in the moral government of the world, generally involving a belief in man's future life; in which life we may suppose virtue victorious, and earth's injustices redressed. These cardinal beliefs, now everywhere on the defensive, are plainly losing ground in France more rapidly than elsewhere. And the strange thing is, that while Christianity thus declines, it seems to leave in France so little regret behind it that its disappearance is signalized only by loud battles between "Liberalism" and "Clericalism"; not, as in England, by sad attempts at reconciliation, by the regrets and appeals of slowly severing men. A book like Châteaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme," nay, even a book like Lamennais's "Paroles d'un Croyant," would now be felt to be an anachronism. Militant Catholicism seems almost to have died out with M. Veuillot's article in the "Univers"; and an application to a high ecclesiastical authority for recent defenses of the faith brought to me only a recommendation to read the Bishops' Charges, the *mandements d'évêque*. Paradox as it may seem, M. Renan is almost the only French writer of influence who believes that Christianity — of course a Christianity without miracles — will be in any sense the religion of the future; and his recent utterances show that pious sentiment, in his hands, is liable to sudden and unexpected transformations. . . .

Let us pass on to the second class of illusions from which France seems finally to have awakened. Under the title of the "political illusion" we may include two divergent yet not wholly disparate emotions, — the enthusiasm of loyalty and the enthusiasm of equality. Each of these enthusiasms has done in old times great things for France; each in turn has seemed to offer a self-evident, nay, a Divine organization of the perplexed affairs of men. But each in turn has lost its efficacy. There is now scarcely a name but General Boulanger's in France which will raise a cheer; scarcely even a Socialistic Utopia for which a man would care to die. The younger nations, accustomed to look to France for inspiration, feel the dryness of that ancient source. "Ils ne croient à rien," said a Russian of the Nihilists, "mais ils ont besoin du martyre" (They believe in nothing, but they must have martyrdom). The Nihilists, indeed, are like the

lemmings, which swim out to sea in obedience to an instinct that bids them seek a continent long since sunk beneath the waves. Gentle anarchists, pious atheists, they follow the blind instinct of self devotion which makes the force of a naïve, an unworldly people. But there is now no intelligible object of devotion left for them to seek; and they go to the mines and to the gibbet without grasping a single principle or formulating a single hope. These are the pupils of modern France; but in France herself the nihilistic disillusionment works itself out unhindered by the old impulse to die for an idea. The French have died for too many ideas already; and just as they have ceased to idealize man's relationship to God, so have they ceased at last to idealize his relationship to his fellow-men.

But the process of disillusionment can be traced deeper still. Closer to us, in one sense, than our relation to the universe as a whole, more intimate than our relation to our fellow-citizens, is the mutual relation between the sexes. An emotion such as love, at once vague, complex, and absorbing, is eminently open to fresh interpretation as the result of modern analysis. And on comparing what may be called the enchanted and disenchanted estimates of this passion, — the view of Plato, for instance, and the view of Schopenhauer, — we find that the discordance goes to the very root of the conception; that what in Plato's view is the accident, is in Schopenhauer's the essential; that what Plato esteemed as the very aim and essence is for Schopenhauer a delusive figment, a witchery cast over man's young inexperience, from which adult reason should shake itself wholly free. For Plato the act of idealization which constitutes love is closely akin to the act of idealization which constitutes worship. The sudden passion which carries the lover beyond all thought of self is the result of a memory and a yearning which the beloved one's presence stirs within him; a memory of antenatal visions, a yearning towards the home of the soul. The true end of love is mutual ennoblement; its fruition lies in the unseen. Or if we look to its earthly issue, it is not children only who are born from such unions as these, but from that fusion of earnest spirits, great thoughts, just laws, noble institutions spring, — "a fairer progeny than any child of man."

Not one of the speculations of antiquity outdid in lofty originality this theme of Plato's. And however deeply the changing conditions of civilization might modify the outward forms or setting of love, this far-reaching conception has been immanent in

the poet's mind, and has made of love an integral element in the spiritual scheme of things. "Love was given," says Wordsworth, in a poem which strangely harmonizes the antique and the modern ideal, —

> "Love was given,
> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
> For this the passion to excess was driven, —
> That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
> The fetters of a dream, opposed to Love."

And even when the passion has not been thus directly linked with ethical aims, it has been credited with a heaven-sent, a mysterious charm; like the beauty and scent of flowers, it has been regarded as a joy given to us for the mere end of joy.

In recent years, however, a wholly different aspect of the passion of love has been raised into prominence. This new theory — for it is hardly less — is something much deeper than the mere satirical depreciation, the mere ascetic horror, of the female sex. It recognizes the mystery, the illusion, the potency of love; but it urges that this dominating illusion is no heaven-descended charm of life, but the result of terrene evolution, and that, so far from being salutary to the individual, it is expressly designed to entrap him into subserving the ends of the race, even when death to himself (or herself) is the immediate consequence. It was in England that the facts in natural history which point to this conclusion were first set forth; it was in Germany that a philosophical theory was founded (even before most of those facts were known) upon these blind efforts of the race, working through the passions of the individual, yet often to his ruin; but it is in France that we witness the actual entry of this theory into the affairs of life, — the gradual dissipation of the "sexual illusion" which nature has so long been weaving with unconscious magic around the senses and the imagination of man.

In the first place, then, human attractiveness has suffered something of the same loss of romance which has fallen upon the scent and color of flowers, since we have realized that these have been developed as an attraction to moths and other insects, whose visits to the flower are necessary to secure effective fertilization. Our own attractiveness in each other's eyes seems no longer to point to some Divine reminiscence; rather, it is a character which natural and sexual selection must needs have developed, if our race was to persist at all; and it is paralleled by elaborate and often grotesque æsthetic allurements throughout the range of organized creatures of separate sex.

Once more. The great Roman poet of "wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd," insisted long ago on the divergence, throughout animated nature, of the promptings of amorous passion and of self-preservation. Passing beyond the facile optimism of pastoral singers, he showed the peace, the strength, the life of the animal creation at the mercy of an instinct which they can neither comprehend nor disobey. *In furias ignemque ruunt.* Advancing science has both confirmed and explained this profound observation. She has discovered instances where the instinct in question conducts not merely to a remote and contingent but to an immediate and inevitable death, and where yet it works itself out with unfailing punctuality. And she has demonstrated that in the race of races the individual must not pause for breath; his happiness, his length of days must be subordinated to the supreme purpose of leaving a progeny which can successfully prolong the endless struggle. And here the bitter philosophy of Schopenhauer steps in, and shows that as man rises from the savage state, the form of the illusive witchery changes, but the witchery is still the same. Nature is still prompting us to subserve the advantage of the race, — an advantage which is not our own, — though she uses now such delicate baits as artistic admiration, spiritual sympathy, the union of kindred souls. Behind and beneath all these is still her old unconscious striving; but she can scarcely any longer outwit us: we now desire neither the pangs of passion, nor the restraints of marriage, nor the burden of offspring; while for the race we need care nothing, or may even deem it best and most merciful that the race itself should lapse and pass away.

The insensible advance of this sexual disenchantment will show itself first and most obviously in the imaginative literature of a nation. And the transition from romanticism to so-called naturalism in fiction, which is the conspicuous fact of the day in France, is ill understood if it be taken to be a mere change in literary fashion, a mere reaction against sentimental and stylistic extravagance. The naturalists claim — and the claim is just — that they seek at least a closer analogy with the methods of science herself; that they rest not on fantastic fancies, but on the *documents humains* which are furnished by the actual life of every day. But on the other hand, the very fact that this is all which they desire to do is enough to prove that even this will scarcely be worth the doing. The fact that they thus shrink from idealizing bespeaks an epoch barren in ideal. Schopen-

hauer boasted that he had destroyed "die Dame," the chivalrous conception of woman as a superior being; and such novels as those of Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, exhibit the world with this illusion gone. If, moreover, the relations between men and women are not kept, in a sense, above the relations between men and men, they will rapidly fall below them. We are led into a world of joyless vice from the sheer decay of the conception of virtue.

And thus we are brought, by a natural transition, to the fourth and last illusion from which French thought is shaking itself free, — the illusion which pervades man more profoundly than any other: the dream of his own free-will, and of his psychical unity. It is in the analysis of this personal illusion that much of the acutest French work has lately been done; it is here that ordinary French opinion is perhaps furthest removed from the English type; and it is here, moreover, as I shall presently indicate, — it is on this field of experimental psychology, — that the decisive battles of the next century seem likely to be fought. In this essay, however, I must keep clear of detail, and must touch only on the general effect of the mass of teaching. . . .

As regards the freedom of the will, indeed, it might have been supposed that the controversy had now been waged too long to admit of much accession of novel argument. Nor, of course, can any theory which we hold as to human free-will reasonably influence our actions one way or the other. Yet we know that as a matter of actual observation, Mahommedan fatalism does influence conduct; and the determinism which is becoming definitely the creed of France may similarly he traced throughout their modern pictures of life and character, as a paralyzing influence in moments of decisive choice, of moral crisis.

Love and Faith.

(From "The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems.")

Lo, if a man, magnanimous and tender,
 Lo, if a woman, desperate, and true,
Make the irrevocable sweet surrender,
 Show to each other what the Lord can do —

Each, as I know, a helping and a healing,
 Each to the other strangely a surprise,
Heart to the heart its mystery revealing,
 Soul to soul in melancholy eyes —

Where wilt thou find a riving or a rending
 Able to sever them in twain again?
God hath begun, and God's shall be the ending,
 Safe in his bosom and aloof from men.

Her thou mayst separate but shalt not sunder,
 Tho' thou distress her for a little while —
Rapt in a worship, ravished in a wonder,
 Stayed on the steadfast promise of a smile.

Scarcely she knoweth if his arms have found her,
 Waves of his breath make tremulous the air —
Or if the thrill within her and around her
 Be but the distant echo of his prayer.

Nay, and much more; for love in his demanding
 Will not be bound in limits of our breath,
Calls her to follow where she sees him standing
 Fairer and stronger for the plunge of death.

Waketh a vision and a voice within her
 Sweeter than dreams and clearer than complaint
"Is it a man thou lovest, and a sinner?
 No! but a soul, O woman, and a saint!"

Well — if to her such prophecy be given,
 Strong to illuminate when sight is dim,
Then, tho' my Lord be holy in the heaven
 How should the heavens sunder me from Him?

She and her love — how dimly has she seen him
 Dark in a dream and windy in a wraith!
I and my Lord — between me and between Him
 Rises the lucent ladder of my faith.

Ay, and thereon, descending and ascending,
 Suns at my side and starry in the air,
Angels, His ministers, their tasks are blending,
 Bear me the blessing, render Him the prayer.

SIMMENTHAL.

(From "The Renewal of Youth and Other Poems.")

FAR off the old snows ever-new
With silver edges cleft the blue
 Aloft, alone, divine;
The sunny meadows silent slept,
Silence the sombre armies kept,
 The vanguard of the pine.

In that thin air the birds are still,
No ringdove murmurs on the hill,
Nor mating cushat calls;
But gay cicalas singing sprang,
And waters from the forest sang
The song of waterfalls.

O Fate! a few enchanted hours
Beneath the firs, among the flowers,
High on the lawn we lay,
Then turned again, contented well,
While bright about us flamed and fell
The rapture of the day.

And softly with a guileless awe
Beyond the purple lake she saw
The embattled summits glow,
She saw the glories melt in one,
The round moon rise, while yet the sun
Was rosy on the snow.

Then, like a newly singing bird
The child's soul in her bosom stirred;
I know not what she sung —
Because the soft wind caught her hair,
Because the golden moon was fair,
Because her heart was young.

I would her sweet soul ever may
Look thus from those glad eyes and gray,
Unfearing, undefiled:
I love her; when her face I see,
Her simple presence wakes in me
The imperishable child.

On a Grave at Grindelwald.

(From "The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems.")

Here let us leave him; for his shroud the snow,
For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,
For a great sign the icy stair shall go
Between the heights to heaven.

One moment stood he as the angels stand,
High in the stainless eminence of air;
The next, he was not, to his fatherland
Translated unaware.

GUSTAVE NADAUD.

NADAUD, GUSTAVE, a French song-writer; born at Rubaix, February 20, 1820; died at Paris, April 28, 1893. He was educated at the Collège Rollin, in Paris; and after graduating in 1838 he engaged in work in a business house in his native town. Two years later, however, he went to Paris. He had already written a number of songs; and these, being set to music, had become very popular among his friends; so that in 1849 he gave up his mercantile business and devoted himself to the writing of songs. His collection of songs has been many times enlarged and reprinted. His works as a whole include a number of operettas, one collection of which was published under the title "Opérettes" in 1867, and another as "Théâtre de Fantaisie" in 1879; "Une Idylle" (1861), a novel; "Solfège Poétique et Musical" (1886); "Miettes Poétiques" (1888), and "Nouvelles Chansons à Dire ou à Chanter" (1889).

CARCASSONNE.

I'M GROWING old: I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain:
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know:
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill —
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue;
And, to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
 Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
 The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
 As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
 I do not know fair Carcassonne,
 I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curé's right: he says that we
 Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
 Ambition ruins all mankind:
Yet could I there two days have spent,
 While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
 When I had looked on Carcassonne,
 When I had looked on Carcassone!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
 In this my prayer if I offend:
One something sees beyond his reach
 From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
 Have travelled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan:
 And I have not seen Carcassonne,
 And I have not seen Carcassonne!

• • • • •

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
 A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
 I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
 But (Heaven forgive him) half-way on
The old man died upon the road:
 He never gazed on Carcassonne.—
 Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

LADY CAROLINA OLIPHANT NAIRNE.

NAIRNE, LADY CAROLINA OLIPHANT, a Scottish poet; born at the house of Gask in Perthshire, August 16, 1766; died there, October 26, 1845. Her family were Jacobites. From her great beauty she was called in youth "the Flower of Strathearn." Regretting the coarseness of many popular songs, she undertook to furnish new words for the beautiful tunes, and attained eminent success; her authorship was not disclosed till near her death. In 1806 she married a cousin, who in 1824 became the fifth Lord Nairne. From 1821 to 1824 she contributed to the "Scottish Minstrel" as Mrs. Bogan of Bogan. "Lays from Strathearn" were edited by Finlay Dunn (1846), and her "Life and Songs" by C. Rogers (1869).

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There 's nae sorrow there, John,
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn 's there, John:
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy 's a-comin' fast, John, —
The joy that 's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e John:
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John:
Your day it's wearin thro', John.
And I 'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John:
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We 'll meet, and we 'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

The Hundred Pipers.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We 'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it 's owre the Border awa', awa',
It 's owre the Border awa', awa',
We 'll on and we 'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away,
Wi a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet an' feather he 's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep:
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfoundered, the English saw — they saw —
Dumfoundered, they heard the blaw, the blaw;
Dumfoundered, they a' ran awa', awa',
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We 'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Caller Herrin'.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They 're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth ?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows ?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They 're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain,
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie:
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Neebor wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye 're sellin',
At ae word be in yere dealin', —
Truth will stand when a' thing 's failin'.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
They 're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

The Auld House.

Oh, the auld house, the auld house, —
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa':
How many cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse, —
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house;
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa',
The auld house, the auld house, —
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree
The bairnies liked to see;
And oh, how aften did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout — oh! whiles we greet
To think we 'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now:
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame:
Not here we 'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
How glorious it gaed doon;
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon.
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It tauld how time did pass:
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he 's proud and he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up with things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she 'd look well:
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a long pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat:
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She 's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she came ben he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know:
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na;"
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie:
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She 's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Would You be Young Again?

Would you be young again?
So would not I —
One tear to memory given,
Onward I 'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward — away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly time, fly speedily,
Come life and light.

SIR WILLIAM PATRICK FRANCIS NAPIER.

NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM PATRICK FRANCIS, a British soldier and military historian; born at Castletown, Ireland, December 17, 1785; died at Clapham Park, London, February 10, 1860. He entered the army in 1800, at the age of fifteen, and in 1807 accompanied Sir John Moore, with the rank of captain, in the expedition to Portugal, and afterward to Spain. He served during the entire Peninsular War. He was made Colonel in 1811, major-general and Knight Commander of the Bath in 1841, lieutenant-general in 1851, and general in 1859, and was for some years Governor of the island of Guernsey. His principal works are: "The History of the War in the Peninsula," (1828–40); "The Conquest of Scinde" (1845), and "The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier," his brother (1857). In 1852 he also put forth "English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula," consisting mainly of amplified passages from his earlier work.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

(From "The War in the Peninsula.")

WHEN Laborde's division arrived the French force was not less than 20,000 men; that of the British was about 15,000 infantry and 1,800 cavalry, and 40 pieces of artillery; but the cavalry was in such a condition as to be practically of little use. Marshal Soult made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by a heavy line of skirmishers. The British pickets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elora was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre.

But Moore, seeing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French column, and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget; and then throwing back the Fourth regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flanks of the troops penetrating the valley; while the Fiftieth and Forty-second regiments met those breaking through Elvina.

The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads. A severe scrambling fight occurred, and the French were forced back with great loss; and the Fifteenth Regiment, entering the valley with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the General ordered a battalion of the guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of these regiments; whereupon the Forty-second, mistaking his intention, retired; and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight in the village. Major Napier — the author's eldest brother — commanding the Fiftieth, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which being observed by the Commander-in-chief, he addressed a few animating words to the Forty-second, and caused it to return to the attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and the line of skirmishers, being thus supported, vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the Fourth Regiment galled their flank. At the same time the centre and the left of the army became engaged. Baird was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley and along the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front — no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of

skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh; the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff-officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the field.

Notwithstanding this disaster, the troops gained ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus, turning the enemy, approached the eminence on which the great battery was posted. On the left Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the Fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favor of the British; and when the night set in their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow, for the little ammunition which Marshal Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted; the river Ebo was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for retreat.

On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune. The French were still the most numerous, their ground strong; and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army: and so complete were the arrangements that no confusion or difficulty occurred. The pickets kindled fires to cover their retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak, to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the walls of Corunna.

When morning dawned the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some batteries to the heights of St. Lucia, and about midday opened a battery on the shipping in the harbor. This caused great confusion amongst the transports; several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore; but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats: the stranded vessels were burned, and the fleet got out of the harbor.

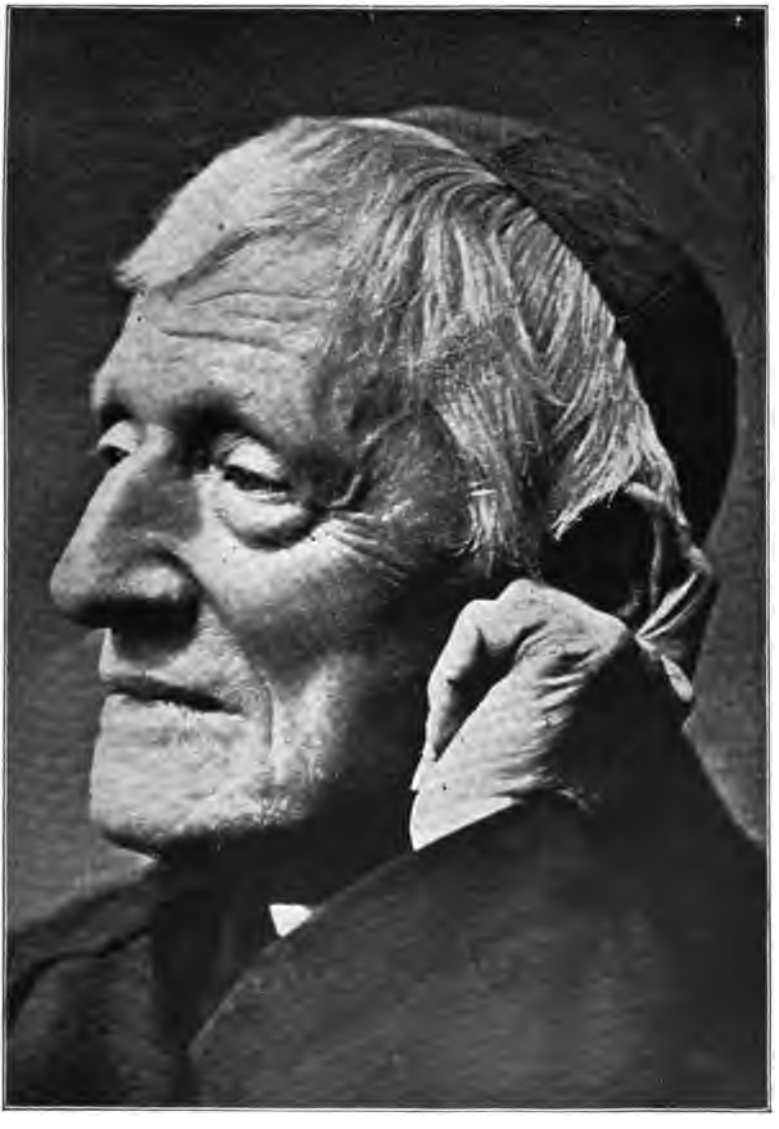
Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rear-guard under Beresford until the 18th, when, the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked; the inhabitants faithfully maintaining the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England.

The loss of the British — never officially published — was estimated at 800; of the French at 3,000. The latter is probably an exaggeration; yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh; and whether from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to a fire which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Corunna. From the spot where he fell, Sir John Moore was carried to the town by his soldiers. His blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery. He looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "No, I feel that to be impossible." Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round that he might behold the field of battle; and when the fire indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound. There was no hope. The pain increased, and he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and, addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated: and being told that they were, said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear. Once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated, but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion.

Just before life became extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, an English ecclesiastic and religious writer; born at London, February 21, 1801; died at Edgbaston, August 11, 1890. He was educated at Ealing and at Trinity College, Oxford, graduating in 1820; became a Fellow of Oriel in 1822, was ordained deacon in 1824, and priest in 1825; was vice-principal of St. Albans Hall 1825–26, tutor of Oriel 1826–28, vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, 1828–43. Here, with Pusey and others, he initiated the "Oxford Movement," and wrote "Tracts for the Times" and "Lyra Apostolica." In 1841, he retired to Littlemore, where he held a chaplaincy; resigned his preferments in 1843, and submitted to the Church of Rome in October, 1845. In 1848 he founded the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Birmingham, and became its Father Superior. In 1854–58 he was rector of the new Roman Catholic University at Dublin. In 1859 he returned to Birmingham, and opened a school at Edgbaston. In 1879 he was made Cardinal. Among his numerous publications are "Arians of the Fourth Century" (1833); "The Prophetical Office of the Church" (1837); "Essays on Justification" (1837); "Theory of Religious Belief" (1844); "The Development of Christian Doctrine" (1845); "The Dream of Gerontius" (1866); "Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent" (1870); "Causes of the Rise and Success of Arianism" (1872), and many "Sermons," "Lectures," etc. His "Apologia pro Vita Sua" (1864) was called forth by an attack from Kingsley. "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert" (1848), is also in some sense autobiographical. His only other professed work of fiction is "Callista, A Sketch of the Third Century" (1858). His "Verses on Various Occasions" (1868) exhibit great poetic talent.

THE TRANSITION.

(From the "Apologia pro Vita Sua: Being a History of My Religious Opinions.")

I HAD one final advance of mind to accomplish, and one final step to take. That further advance of mind was to be able honestly to say that I was *certain* of the conclusions at which I had already arrived. That further step, imperative when such certitude was attained, was my *submission* to the Catholic Church.

This submission did not take place till two full years after the resignation of my living in September, 1843; nor could I have made it at an earlier date, without doubt and apprehension; that is, with any true conviction of mind or certitude.

In the interval, of which it remains to speak, — viz., between the autumns of 1843 and 1845, — I was in lay communion with the Church of England: attending its services as usual, and abstaining altogether from intercourse with Catholics, from their places of worship, and from those religious rites and usages, such as the Invocation of Saints, which are characteristics of their creed. I did all this on principle; for I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once.

What I have to say about myself between these two autumns I shall almost confine to this one point, — the difficulty I was in as to the best mode of revealing the state of my mind to my friends and others, and how I managed to reveal it.

Up to January, 1842, I had not disclosed my state of unsettlement to more than three persons. . . . To two of them, intimate and familiar companions, in the autumn of 1839; to the third — an old friend too, whom I have also named above — I suppose when I was in great distress of mind upon the affair of the Jerusalem Bishropic. In May, 1843, I made it known, as has been seen, to the friend by whose advice I wished, as far as possible, to be guided. To mention it on set purpose to any one, unless indeed I was asking advice, I should have felt to be a crime. If there is anything that was abhorrent to me, it was the scattering doubts, and unsettling consciences without necessity. A strong presentiment that my existing opinions would ultimately give way, and that the grounds of them were unsound, was not a sufficient warrant for disclosing the state of my mind. I had no guarantee yet, that that presentiment would be realized. Supposing I were crossing ice, which came right in my way, which I had good reasons for considering sound, and which I saw numbers before me crossing in safety, and supposing a stranger from the bank, in a voice of authority and in an earnest tone, warned me that it was dangerous, and then was silent, — I think I should be startled, and should look about me anxiously, but I think too that I should go on, till I had better grounds for doubt; and such was my state, I believe, till the end of 1842. Then again, when my dissatisfaction became greater, it was hard at first to determine the point of time when it was too strong to suppress with

propriety. Certitude of course is a point, but doubt is a progress: I was not near certitude yet. Certitude is a reflex action; it is to know that one knows. Of that I believe I was not possessed, till close upon my reception into the Catholic Church. Again, a practical, effective doubt is a point too; but who can easily ascertain it for himself? Who can determine when it was that the scales in the balance of opinion begin to turn, and what was a greater probability in behalf of a belief becomes a positive doubt against it?

In considering this question in its bearing upon my conduct in 1843, my own simple answer to my great difficulty had been, *Do* what your present state of opinion requires in the light of duty, and let that *doing* tell; speak by *acts*. This I had done; my first *act* of the year had been in February. After three months' deliberation I had published my retractation of the violent charges which I had made against Rome; I could not be wrong in doing so much as this; but I did no more at the time: I did not retract my Anglican teaching. My second *act* had been in September in the same year: after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation, I had resigned my living. I tried indeed, before I did so, to keep Littlemore for myself, even though it was still to remain an integral part of St. Mary's. I had given to it a Church and a sort of Parsonage; I had made it a Parish, and I loved it: I thought in 1843 that perhaps I need not forfeit my existing relations towards it. I could indeed submit to become the curate at will of another; but I hoped an arrangement was possible by which, while I had the curacy, I might have been my own master in serving it. I had hoped an exception might have been made in my favor, under the circumstances; but I did not gain my request. Perhaps I was asking what was impracticable, and it is well for me that it was so.

These had been my two acts of the year, and I said, "I cannot be wrong in making them; let that follow which must follow in the thoughts of the world about me, when they see what I do." And as time went on, they fully answered my purpose. What I felt it a simple duty to do, did create a general suspicion about me, without such responsibility as would be involved in my initiating any direct act for the sake of creating it. Then, when friends wrote me on the subject, I either did not deny or I confessed my state of mind, according to the character and need of their letters. Sometimes in the case of intimate friends, whom I should otherwise have been leaving in ignorance of what others knew on every side of them, I invited the question.

And here comes in another point for explanation. While I was fighting in Oxford for the Anglican Church, then indeed I was very glad to make converts; and though I never broke away from that rule of my mind (as I may call it) of which I have already spoken, of finding disciples rather than seeking them, yet that I made advances to others in a special way, I have no doubt; this came to an end, however, as soon as I fell into misgivings as to the true ground to be taken in the controversy. For then, when I gave up my place in the Movement, I ceased from any such proceedings; and my utmost endeavor was to tranquillize such persons, especially those who belonged to the new school, as were unsettled in their religious views, and as I judged, hasty in their conclusions. This went on till 1843; but at that date, as soon as I turned my face Romeward, I gave up, as far as ever was possible, the thought of, in any respect and in any shape, acting upon others. Then I myself was simply my own concern. How could I in any sense direct others, who had to be guided in so momentous a matter myself? How could I be considered in a position even to say a word to them, one way or the other? How could I presume to unsettle them as I was unsettled, when I had no means of bringing them out of such unsettlement? And if they were unsettled already, how could I point to them a place of refuge, when I was not sure that I should choose it for myself? My only line, my only duty, was to keep simply to my own case. I recollected Pascal's words, "Je mourrai seul" [I will die alone]. I deliberately put out of my thoughts all other works and claims, and said nothing to any one, unless I was obliged.

But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them: presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them; and if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed that in so solemn a matter they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did not understand that I was as perplexed as they were, and being

of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, they were made ill by the suspense. And they too, of course, for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable. I ask their pardon as far as I was really unkind to them. . . .

I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23d, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me: Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey too came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there; and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

On the morning of the 23d I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway.

From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor: but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican Creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me. I made a profession of them upon my reception with the greatest

ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is simple fact, that for myself I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion: I am as sensitive of them as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be many difficulties in the evidence; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain particular answer is the true one. Of all points of faith, the being of God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

Different Classes of Converts.

(From "Private Judgment.")

Now the first and most ordinary kind of Private Judgment, if it deserves the name, which is recognized in Scripture, is that in which we engage without conscious or deliberate purpose. While Lydia heard St. Paul preach, her heart was opened. She had it not in mind to exercise any supposed sacred right, she was not setting about the choice of a religion, but she was drawn on to accept the Gospel by a moral persuasion. "To him that hath more shall be given," not in the way of judging or choosing, but by an inward development met by external disclosures. Lydia's instance is the type of a multitude of cases, differing very much from each other, some divinely ordered, others merely human, some which would commonly be called cases of private judgment, and others which certainly would not, but all agreeing in this, that the judgment exercised is not recognized and realized by the party exercising it, as the subject-matter of command, promise, duty, privilege, or anything else. It is but the spontaneous stirring of the affec-

tions within, or the passive acceptance of what is offered from without. St. Paul baptized Lydia's household also; it would seem then that he baptized servants or slaves who had very little power of judging between a true religion and a false; shall we say that they, like their mistress, accepted the Gospel on private judgment or not? Did the thousands baptized in national conversions exercise their private judgment or not? Do children when taught their catechism? Most persons will reply in the negative: yet it will be difficult to separate their case in principle from what Lydia's may have been; that is, the case of religious persons who are advancing forward into the truth — how, they know not. Neither the one class nor the other have undertaken to inquire and judge, or have set about being converted, or have got their reasons all before them and together, to discharge at an enemy or passer-by on fit occasions. The difference between these two classes is in the state of their hearts; the one party consist of unformed minds, or senseless and dead, or minds under temporary excitement, who are brought over by external or accidental influences, without any real sympathy for the religion, which is taught them *in order* that they may *learn* sympathy with it, and who, as time goes on, fall away again if they are not happy enough to become imbued with it; and in the other party there is already a sympathy between the external Word and the heart within. The one are proselytized by force, authority, or their mere feelings, the others through their habitual and abiding frame of mind and cast of opinion. But neither can be said, in the ordinary sense of the word, to inquire, reason, and decide about religion. And yet in a great number of these cases, — certainly where the persons in question are come to years of discretion and show themselves consistent in their religious profession afterward, — they would be commonly set forth by Protestant minds as instances of the due exercise of the right of private judgment.

Such are the greater number perhaps of converts at this day in whatever direction their conversion lies; and their so-called exercise of private judgment is neither right nor wrong in itself, it is a spontaneous act which they do not think about; if it is anything, it is but a means of bringing out their moral characteristics one way or the other. Often, as in the case of very illiterate and unreflecting persons, it proves nothing either way; but in those who are not so, it is right or wrong, as their hearts are right or wrong; it is an exercise not of reason but of heart.

Take, for instance, the case of a servant in a family; she is baptized and educated in the Church of England, and is religiously disposed; she goes into Scotland and conforms to the Kirk, to which her master and mistress belong. She is of course responsible for what she does, but no one would say that she had formed any purpose, or taken any deliberate step. In course of time, when perhaps taxed with the change, she would say in her defence that outward forms matter not, and that there are good men in Scotland as well as in England; but this is an after-thought. Again, a careless person, nominally a Churchman, falls among serious-minded Dissenters, and they reclaim him from vice or irreligion; on this he joins their communion, and as time goes on, boasts perhaps of his right of private judgment. At the time itself, however, no process of inquiry took place within him at all; his heart was "opened," whether for good or for bad, whether by good influences or by good and bad mixed. He was not conscious of convincing reasons, but he took what came to hand, he embraced what was offered, he felt and he acted. Again, a man is brought up among Unitarians, or in the frigid and worldly school which got a footing in the Church during last century, and has been accustomed to view religion as a matter of reason and form, of obligation, to the exclusion of affectionateness and devotion. He falls among persons of what is called an Evangelical cast, and finds his heart interested, and great objects set before it. Such a man falls in with the sentiments he finds, rather than adopts them. He follows the leadings of his heart, perhaps of Divine grace, but certainly not any course of inquiry and proof. There is nothing of argument, discussion, or choice in the process of his conversion. He has no systems to choose between, and no grounds to scrutinize.

Now, in all such cases, the sort of private judgment exercised is right or wrong, not as private judgment, but according to its circumstances. It is either the attraction of a Divine Influence, such as the mind cannot master, or it is a suggestion of reason, which the mind has yet to analyze, before it can bring it to the test of logic. If it is the former, it is above a private judgment, popularly so-called; if the latter, it is not yet so much as one.

A second class of conversions on private judgment consists of those which take place upon the sight or the strong testimony of miracles. Such was the instance of Rahab, of Naaman, if he may be called a convert, and of Nebuchadnezzar; of the blind

man in John ix., of St. Paul, of Cornelius, of Sergius Paulus, and many others. Here again the act of judgment is of a very peculiar character. It is not exactly an unconscious act, but yet it is hardly an act of judgment. Our belief in external sensible facts cannot properly be called an act of private judgment; yet since Protestants, we suppose, would say that the blind man or Sergius Paulus were converted on private judgment, let it even so be called, though it is of a very particular kind. Again, conviction after a miracle also implies the latent belief that such acts are signs of the Divine Presence, a belief which may be as generally recognized and maintained, and is as little a peculiar or private feeling, as the impression on the senses of the miracle itself. And this leads to the mention of a further instance of the sort of private judgments to which men are invited in Scripture, viz., the exercise of the moral sense. Our Creator has stamped certain great truths upon our minds, and there they remain in spite of the fall. St. Paul appeals to one of these at Lystra, calling on the worshippers of idols to turn from these vanities unto the Living God; and at Athens, "not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device," but to worship "God who made the world and all things therein." In the same tone he reminds the Thessalonians of their having "turned to God from idols to serve the Living and True God." In like manner, doubtless, other great principles also of religion and morals are rooted in the minds so deeply, that their denial by any religion would be a justification of our quitting or rejecting it. If a pagan found his ecclesiastical polity essentially founded on lying and cheating, or his ritual essentially impure, or his moral code essentially unjust or cruel, we conceive this would be a sufficient reason for his renouncing it for one which was free from these hateful characteristics. Such again is the kind of private judgment exercised, when maxims of principles, generally admitted by bodies of men, are acted upon by individuals who have been ever taught them, as a matter of course, without questioning them; for instance, if a member of the English Church, who had always been taught that preaching is the great ordinance of the Gospel, to the disparagement of the Sacraments, thereupon placed himself under the ministry of a powerful Wesleyan preacher; or if, from the common belief that nothing is essential but what is on the surface of Scripture, he forthwith attaches himself to the Baptists, Independents, or Unitarians. Such men indeed often

take their line in consequence of some inward liking for the religious system they adopt; but we are speaking of their proceeding as far as it professes to be an act of judgment.

A third class of private judgments recorded in Scripture are those which are exercised at one and the same time by a great number; if it be not a contradiction to call such judgments private. Yet here again we suppose staunch Protestants would maintain that the three thousand at Pentecost, and the five thousand after the miracle on the lame man, and the "great company of the priests," which shortly followed, did avail themselves, and do afford specimens, of the sacred right in question; therefore let it be ruled so. Such, then, is the case of national conversions to which we have already alluded. Again, if the Lutheran Church of Germany with its many theologians, or our neighbor the Kirk, — General Assembly, Men of Strathbogie, Dr. Chalmers, and all, — came to a unanimous or quasi-unanimous resolve to submit to the Archbishop of Canterbury as their patriarch, this doubtless would be an exercise of private judgment perfectly defensible on Scripture precedents.

Now, before proceeding, let us observe, that as yet nothing has been found in Scripture to justify the cases of private judgment which are exemplified in the popular religious biographies of the day. These generally contain instances of conversions made on the judgment, definite, deliberate, independent, isolated, of the parties converted. The converts in these stories had not seen miracles, nor had they developed their own existing principles or beliefs, nor had they changed their religion in company with others, nor had they received new truths, they knew not how. Let us then turn to Scripture a second time, to see whether we can gain thence any clearer sanction of Private Judgment as now exercised among us, than our search into Scripture has hitherto furnished.

Light in Darkness.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The Call of David.

Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion fight severe.

Go! amid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road —
Rocky road, and scarce-ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended!

Twofold praise thou shalt attain
In royal court and battle plain;
Then come heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied fate, and guilt, and woe;
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we buffet thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame —
Dust unborn may bless or blame —
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

WARNINGS.

WHEN Heaven sends sorrow,
Warnings go first,
Lest it should burst
With storming might
On souls too bright
To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
To the hid springs
Of human things?
Why may not dream
Or thought's day-gleam
Startle, yet cheer us?

Are such thoughts fetters,
While Faith disowns
Dread of earth's tones,
Recks but Heaven's call,
And on the wall
Reads but Heaven's letters?

PROSPERITY.

When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high,
The watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,

Builds courts and palace vast,
And vaunts — it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys
With fond, adoring gaze
And yearning heart thy friend —
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Toward an end.

PENANCE.

(From "The Dream of Gerontius.")

TAKE me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be.
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad, perpetual strain
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love —
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

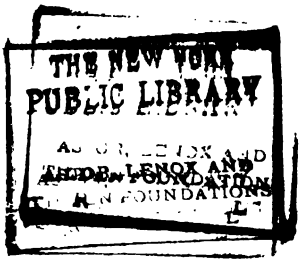
NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, an English philosopher; born at Woolsthorpe, Lancashire, December 25, 1642 (O S.); died at Kensington, near London, March 20, 1727. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1661, made large acquirements in mathematics and physics, and was elected a scholar of his college in 1664. In 1669 he was made Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and soon acquired high repute as a philosophic inquirer. In 1696 he received the appointment of Warden of the Mint, and four years later was made Master of the Mint. He retained this position during the remaining years of his life. The strictly philosophical works of Newton belong rather to the domain of science than to that of literature. Foremost among these are "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica" (usually cited as the "Principia"), first published in 1687, and "Optics, a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colors of Light" (1704). He also gave much attention to studies of a theological nature; his principal work in this department being "Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse," not published until five years after his death. The most thorough "Life of Newton" is that by Sir David Brewster (1855).

NEWTON'S CREED.

(1.) There is one God, the Father, ever living, omnipresent, almighty, the Maker of Heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man — the man Christ Jesus. — (2.) The Father is the invisible God, whom no eye hath seen, nor can see; all other beings are sometimes visible. — (3.) The Father hath life in Himself, and hath given the Son to have life in Himself. — (4.) The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus Christ is the spirit of prophecy, and



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Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God. — (5.) The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of Him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature; all other beings are movable from place to place. — (6.) All the worship — whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving — which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ is still due to Him; Christ came not to diminish the worship of His Father. — (7.) Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son. — (8.) We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life; and whatsoever we are to thank Him for, or desire that He would do for us, we ask of Him immediately in the name of Christ. — (9.) We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us; if we pray the Father aright, He will intercede. — (10.) It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son. — (11.) To give the name of God to angels or kings is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, "Thou shalt worship no other God but Me." — (12.) There is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him. This is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty; and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God, who was slain and hath redeemed us with His blood, and made us kings and priests.

From Mathematical Principles.

(Book iii. of the "Principia.")

This most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars are the centres of other like systems, these, being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One; especially since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature with the light of the sun, and from every system light passes into all the other systems: and lest the systems of the fixed stars should, by their gravity, fall on each other mutually, he hath placed those systems at immense distances one from another.

This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world,

but as Lord over all; and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called *Lord God*, ὁ *αὐτοκράτωρ*, or *Universal* Ruler: for *God* is a relative word, and has a respect to servants; and *Deity* is the dominion of God not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants. The Supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect: but a being, however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; for we say, my God, your God, the God of *Israel*, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords: but we do not say, my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of *Israel*, the Eternal of Gods; we do not say my Infinite, or my Perfect: these are titles which have no respect to servants. The word *God* usually signifies *Lord;* but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God: a true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme, or imaginary God. And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being; and from his other perfections, that he is supreme, or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration reaches from eternity to eternity; his presence from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures forever, and is everywhere present; and by existing always and everywhere, he constitutes duration and space. Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, coexistent parts in space but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man, or his thinking principle; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man, so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially;* for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other: God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed by all that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by

the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere*. Whence also he is all similar, — all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, in a manner utterly unknown to us. As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched; nor ought he to be worshipped under the representation of any corporeal thing. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the real substance of anything is we know not. In bodies, we see only their figures and colors, we hear only the sounds, we touch only their outward surfaces, we smell only the smells, and taste the savors; but their inward substances are not to be known either by our senses, or by any reflex act of our minds: much less, then, have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his most wise and excellent contrivances of things, and final causes: we admire him for his perfections; but we reverence and adore him on account of his dominion: for we adore him as his servants; and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes, is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind, metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things. All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory, God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which, though not perfect, has some likeness, however. And thus much concerning God: to discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy.

Hitherto we have explained the phenomena of the heavens and of our sea by the power of gravity, but have not yet assigned the cause of this power. This is certain, that it must proceed from a cause that penetrates to the very centres of the sun and planets, without suffering the least diminution of its force; that operates not according to the quantity of the surfaces of the particles upon which it acts (as mechanical causes use to do), but according to the quantity of the solid matter which they contain, and propagates its virtue on all sides to immense distances,

decreasing always in the duplicate proportion of the distances. Gravitation towards the sun is made up out of the gravitations towards the several particles of which the body of the sun is composed: and in receding from the sun decreases accurately in the duplicate proportion of the distances as far as the orb of Saturn, as evidently appears from the quiescence of the aphelions of the planets; nay, and even to the remotest aphelions of the comets, if those aphelions are also quiescent. But hitherto I have not been able to discover the cause of those properties of gravity from phenomena, and I frame no hypotheses: for whatever is not deduced from the phenomena is to be called an hypothesis; and hypotheses, whether metaphysical or physical, whether of occult qualities or mechanical, have no place in experimental philosophy. In this philosophy particular propositions are inferred from the phenomena, and afterwards rendered general by induction. Thus it was that the impenetrability, the mobility, and the impulsive force of bodies, and the laws of motion and of gravitation, were discovered. And to us it is enough that gravity does really exist, and act according to the laws which we have explained, and abundantly serves to account for all the motions of the celestial bodies, and of our sea.

And now we might add something concerning a certain most subtle Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies: by the force and action of which Spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere, if contiguous; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighboring corpuscles; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will, — namely, by the vibrations of this Spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves, from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles. But these are things that cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic Spirit operates.

JOHN NEWTON.

NEWTON, JOHN, an English clergyman and religious poet; born at London, July 24, 1725; died there, December 21, 1807. In 1755 he obtained the situation of Surveyor at the port of Liverpool. He had then come to be a religious man, and took an active part in the movement set on foot by Wesley and Whitefield. He aspired to holy orders; but it was not until 1764 that he was ordained as priest and appointed to the rectorship of Olney. Here he remained for sixteen years, during which he formed a close intimacy with Cowper, with whom he collaborated in the production of the "Olney Hymns," by which Newton is best known to modern readers. In 1779 Newton was appointed to the rectorship of the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, which he retained until his death. Among his works are numerous "Sermons;" a "Review of Ecclesiastical History;" and a "Narrative" of the principal incidents in his own life, especially of his religious experiences.

WALKING WITH GOD.

BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant, too.

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
Tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

The Friend Closer than the Brother.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's —
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love, indeed:
Jesus is a friend in need.

When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them Brethren, Friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears of us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we treat Him ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Him as we ought.

The Name of Jesus.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It calms his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end!
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I 'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I will Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

NIBELUNGENLIED, THE, an ancient German epic poem, the date of which is commonly placed somewhere between the years 900 and 1200. In the opinion of some critics the poem is a connected whole, the production of a single bard. Schlegel guesses the author to have been Heinrich von Ofterdingen; Von der Hagen ascribes it to Walter von der Vogelweide; and a score of other names have been suggested. Karl Lachmann (1793–1851), the ablest editor of the "Nibelungenlied," holds that it consists of twenty lays by perhaps as many different authors, originally wholly unconnected and of various periods, and put in its present form about the year 1200. Viewing the poems as a connected whole, it consists of twenty "Adventures" or lays, the action covering a space of some thirty years. For two centuries and a half the "Nibelungenlied" lay totally neglected and forgotten. In 1756 a Swiss physician found at the castle of Hohenems a manuscript of the poem which contains the famous "Klage," or lamentation for the fallen heroes; and in 1757 Bodmer published the second part under the title of "Kriemhild's Revenge," but was not aware that he was dealing with a great poem. The first complete edition of the "Nibelungenlied" appeared in 1782. In 1802 and 1803 A. W. von Schlegel delivered a course of lectures in Berlin in which he treated of the poem in detail. These lectures were not published; but among the hearers was Von der Hagen, who began a translation of the "Lied" which was published in 1807. In 1810 he issued the first critical edition of the original text. He was followed by Lachmann, whose labors in this field were epoch-making. The poem consists of two parts: the first contains nineteen "Adventures," the second twenty. The first part is joyous with wooings and weddings, with festal preparations and brilliant expeditions, until the quarrel of the queens begins the tragedy which ends in the death of Siegfried. The second part is devoted to "Kriemhild's Revenge," which results in the annihilation of all her people. It is sombre, ominous, tragic. But from the beginning, and often in the midst of the festivities, the poet sounds the warning note that forebodes this tragic conclusion. This great national epic is a noble monument erected by a sturdy people on the threshold of modern history, and has become a rallying-point for their patriotic posterity.

SIEGFRIED.

In Netherland then flourished a prince of lofty kind
(Whose father was called Siegmund, his mother Siegelind),
In a sumptuous castle down by the Rhine's fair side;
Men did call it Xanten: 't was famous far and wide.

I tell you of this warrior, how fair he was to see;
From shame and from dishonor lived he ever free.
Forthwith fierce and famous waxed the mighty man.
Ah! what height of worship in this world he wan!

Siegfried men did call him, that same champion good;
Many a kingdom sought he in his manly mood,
And through strength of body in many a land rode he.
Ah! what men of valor he found in Burgundy!

Before this noble champion grew up to man's estate,
His hand had mighty wonders achieved in war's debate,
Whereof the voice of rumor will ever sing and say,
Though much must pass in silence in this our later day.

In his freshest season, in his youthful days,
One might full many a marvel tell in Siegfried's praise:
What lofty honors graced him, and how fair his fame;
How he charmed to love him many a noble dame.

As did well befit him, he was bred with care,
And his own lofty nature gave him virtues rare;
From him his father's country grace and honor drew,
To see him proved in all things so noble and so true.

He now, grown up to youthhood, at court his duty paid:
The people saw him gladly; many a wife and many a maid
Wished he would often thither, and bide forever there;
They viewed him all with favor, whereof he well was ware.

The child by his fond parents was decked with weeds of pride,
And but with guards about him they seldom let him ride.
Uptrained was he by sages, who what was honor knew,
So might he win full lightly broad lands and liegemen too.

Now had he strength and stature that weapons well he bore;
Whatever thereto needed, he had of it full store.
He began fair ladies to his love to woo,
And they inclined to Siegfried with faith and honor true.

How Siegfried first saw Kriemhild.

Now went she forth, the loveliest, as forth the morning goes
From misty clouds outbeaming; then all his weary woes
Left him, in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, milder light.
Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess
He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising outglitters every star
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,
E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.
Well might at such a vision many a bold heart beat high.

Rich chamberlains before them marched on in order due;
Around th' high-mettled champions close and closer drew,
Each pressing each, and struggling to see the matchless maid.
Then inly was Sir Siegfried both well and ill apaid.

Within himself thus thought he: "How could I thus misdeem
That I should dare to woo thee? sure 't was an idle dream!
Yet, rather than forsake thee, far better were I dead."
Thus thinking, thus impassioned, waxed he ever white and red.

So stood the son of Sieglind in matchless grace arrayed,
As though upon a parchment in glowing hues portrayed
By some good master's cunning; all owned, and could no less,
Eye had not seen a pattern of such fair manliness.

Those who the dames attended bade all around make way;
Straight did the gentle warriors, as such became, obey.
There many a knight, enraptured, saw many a dame in place
Shine forth in bright perfection of courtliness and grace.

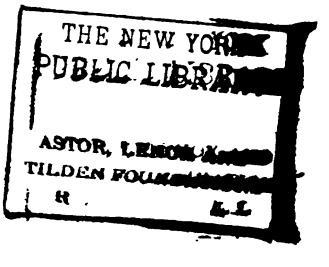
Then the bold Burgundian, Sir Gernot, spoke his thought: —
"Him who in hour of peril his aid so frankly brought,
Requite, dear brother Gunther, as fits both him and you,
Before this fair assembly; th' advice I give, I ne'er shall rue.

"Bid Siegfried come to Kriemhild; let each the other meet:
'T will sure be to our profit, if she the warrior greet.
'T will make him ours forever, this man of matchless might,
If she but give him greeting, who never greeted knight."



SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILD

From a Painting by Julius von Schnorr


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Then went King Gunther's kinsmen, a high-born haughty band,
And found and fair saluted the knight of Netherland: —
"The king to court invites you, such favor have you won;
His sister there will greet you: this to honor you is done."

Glad man was then Sir Siegfried at this unlooked-for gain;
His heart was full of pleasure without alloy of pain,
To see and meet so friendly fair Uta's fairer child,
Then greeted she the warrior maidenly and mild.

There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,
His cheek as fire all glowing; then said she modestly,
"Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!"
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;
Love's strong constraint together impelled th' enamored pair;
Their longing eyes encountered, their glances every one
Bound knight and maid forever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,
I do not know for certain, but well can understand
'T were surely past believing they ventured not on this:
Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer nor in bloom of May
Knew he such heartfelt pleasure as on this happy day,
When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,
His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, "Would this had happed to me,
To be with lovely Kriemhild as Siegfried now I see,
Or closer e'en than Siegfried: well were I then, I ween."
Never yet was champion who so deserved a queen.

Whate'er the king or country of the guests assembled there,
All could look on nothing save on that gentle pair.
Now 't was allowed that Kriemhild the peerless knight should kiss.
Ne'er in the world had drained he so full a draught of bliss. . . .

She now the minster entered; her followed many a dame;
There so her stately beauty her rich attire became,
That drooped each high aspiring, born but at once to die.
Sure was that maid created to ravish every eye.

Scarce could wait Sir Siegfried till the mass was sung.
Well might he thank his fortune that, all those knights among,
To him inclined the maiden whom still in heart he bore,
While he to her, as fitted, returned as much or more.

When now before the minster after the mass she stood,
Again to come beside her was called the champion good.
Then first by that sweet maiden thanks to the knight were given,
That he before his comrades so warrior-like had striven.

"God you reward, Sir Siegfried!" said the noble child,
"For all your high deservings in honor's bead-roll filed,
The which I know from all men have won you fame and grace."
Sir Siegfried, love-bewildered, looked Kriemhild in the face.

"Ever," said he, "your brethren I 'll serve as best I may,
Nor once, while I have being, will head on pillow lay,
Till I have done to please them whate'er they bid me do;
And this, my lady Kriemhild, is all for love of you."

The Death of Gunther, Hagen, and Chriemhild.

Then went Chriemhild to where Sir Hagen met her sight;
I wot full ruthless proved her speech unto the captive knight.
"Will you return without delay that which you took from me?
Then you may reach with life your home in Burgundy."

Thereto replied the angered chief: "Your prayer is made in vain,
Most noble daughter of a King, for I an oath have ta'en
That I will ne'er divulge the place where lies the hoard concealed;
So long as either king doth live it will not be revealed."

"Then I will make short work of it." So said the lofty wife;
And gave behest that Gunther brave should lose his life.
His head was hewn from off its trunk, which by the hair she took,
And bore it to the Trongie chief, who mournfully did look

Upon the ghastly head of his much-honored king;
Then to Chriemhild's prayers severe reproof did bring:
"Thou hast indeed thy will fulfilled with brother's blood,
And went in such a way as I did fear you would.

"Now is the noble Burgund king prepared for early grave,
Like Giseler the young and good, and Gernot the brave.
Where the said hoard lies hid is now known but to God and me;
And shall from thee, cursed wife, forever hidden be."

Said she: "You 've foul atonement made, in purpose, deed, and word;
Therefore will I possess myself of Siegfried's sword,
That which he bore on thigh when last I saw the chief,
Whose death has ever been to me a keen, heart-rending grief."

She drew it from the well-known sheath — Hagen could not prevent;
To take the warrior's life was her unmasked intent.
She swung it with both hands, and smote his head from off its trunk.
King Etzel saw the deed, and from its horror shrunk.

"Alas!" the Hun King sighing said, "How does the matter stand,
That he, the boldest of all knights, should fall by woman's hand?
He who in onslaught was the first, the bravest that bore shield;
Although he was mine enemy, I fain to sorrow yield."

Then spake the ancient Hildebrand: "She shall no gainer be
Through this same deed of deadly hate, whate'er becomes of me.
Although he brought myself unto a very gasp of breath,
I ne'ertheless will work revenge for valiant Hagen's death."

Thereon did Master Hildebrand run at the fair Chriemhild,
And smote so with his keen-edged sword that he the Hun Queen killed.
Truly she felt abounding fear, and dreadfully amazed:
What helped it that she loudly shrieked when he his arm upraised?

Where'er one looked, the dead were seen, lying in clotted gore;
In pieces hewed lay Chriemhild's corpse upon the floor.
Dietrich and Etzel now began to grieve and weep anew;
Then inwardly he wailed the loss of friends and liegemen true.

Thus were the mighty of the earth by hand of death laid low;
The people all bemoaned aloud and much of grief did know.
Thus in keen sufferings end was made of Etzel's festival: —
For joy and woe will ever be the heritage of all.

I cannot tiding give of what did afterward take place,
Further than this: Fair dames and knights were seen with weeping face,
And all the trusty yeomanry wept for their friends also.
Thus have I brought to end the Nibelungen Woe.

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL.

NOEL, RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY, an English poet; born August 27, 1834; died at Mainz, Germany, May 26, 1894. He was a son of the first Earl of Gainsborough, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. After his graduation he travelled extensively in the Orient, a circumstance which determined the character of some of his early verse. The work by which he will be longest remembered is "A Little Child's Monument" (1881). His other books of verse include "Behind the Veil, and Other Poems" (1863); "The Red Flag" (1872); "Livingstone in Africa" (1874); "The House of Ravenspurg," a drama in verse (1877); "Songs of the Heights and Deeps" (1885); "A Modern Faust, and Other Poems" (1888); "Poor People's Christmas" (1890). In prose he published "A Philosophy of Immortality" (1882); "Essays on Poetry and Poets" (1886); "Life of Lord Byron" (1890).

DEAD.

I.

WHERE the child's joy-carol
Rang sweeter than the spheres,
There, centre of deep silence,
Darkness, and tears,
On his bed
The child lay dead.

II.

There a man sat stolid,
Stupefied and cold,
Save when the lamp's flicker
To poor love told
Some mocking lie
Of quivering eye,
Or lip that said,
"*He is not dead.*"

III.

Weary Night went weeping,
Moaning long and low,
Till dim Dawn, awaking,
Found them so —
The heart that bled,
And his dim dead.

IV.

"Measure him for his coffin,"
He heard a stranger say;
And then he broke to laughing,
"God! measure my poor clay,
And shut me in my coffin,
A soul gone gray!
For hope lies dead,
Life is fled."

The King and the Peasant.

World-wide possessions, populous lands
The monarch doth inherit,
And lordlier kingdoms he commands,
Fair realms within the spirit.
The monarch had a little son,
A child of five years old,
The loveliest earth ere looked upon;
And he is lying cold.
The king is in the olive grove,
A hind sings in the tree;
Below, the infant of his love
Is babbling merrily.
The father beats the boughs, and while
Dark oval olives fly,
The boy, with many a laugh and smile,
Pursues them far and nigh.
Blue sea between the gray-green leaves
Twinkles, and the sun
Through them a playful chequer weaves
Over the little one.
The monarch gazes all unseen,
Tears burning his wan eyes;
Tenderly his love doth lean
To bless their Paradise,

As through black bars that foul the day,
And shut him out from joy:
Hear the world-envied monarch say,
"Perish, my bauble crown, my toy,
All the science, all the sway,
Power to mould the world my way,
Persuade to beauty the dull clay!
Take all; but leave, ah! leave my boy,
Give me back my life, my joy!
This poor rude peasant I would be,
Yet dare not breathe the wish that he
Were as I am, a king, of misery!"

THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE.

(From "A Little Child's Monument.")

WHENE'ER there comes a little child,
My darling comes with him;
Whene'er I hear a birdie wild
Who sings his merry whim,
Mine sings with him:
If a low strain of music sails
Among melodious hills and dales,
When a white lamb or kitten leaps,
Or star, or vernal flower peeps,
When rainbow dews are pulsing joy,
Or sunny waves, or leaflets toy,
Then he who sleeps
Softly wakes within my heart;
With a kiss from him I start;
He lays his head upon my breast,
Though I may not see my guest,
Dear bosom-guest!
In all that 's pure and fair and good,
I feel the spring-time of thy blood,
Hear thy whispered accents flow
To lighten woe,
Feel them blend,
Although I fail to comprehend.
And if one woundeth with harsh word,
Or deed, a child, or beast, or bird,
It seems to strike weak Innocence
Through him, who hath for his defence
Thunder of the All-loving Sire,
And mine, to whom He gave the fire.

Music and the Child.

(From "A Little Child's Monument.")

When the little child was going,
From his lips came softly flowing,
Flowing dreamily, the tune
Of a hymn that asks a boon
In childish accents of the Saviour,
Who, by the love in his behavior,
Showed God cherishes a child;
And whensoe'er pain made him wild,
His mother sang it; then, released,
The child himself sang on, nor ceased
On earth till he commenced in heaven.
For I think that fatal even,
While upon death's wave he drifted,
While the mist of life was lifted,
On our earth-shore he heard his mother,
And pure angels on the other;
We and they hearing the low voice of him who travelled
Between us, darkling, a wee pilgrim who the mystery unravelled! . . .

From "The Death of Livingstone."

Mortal defeat blows oft the clarion
Of resurrection o'er an indolent world
Death-dreaming, louder than hath e'er been blown
From visible triumph; the freed soul unfurled
A conquering flame, arousing the dull plain
Of common souls to kindle in his train,
Heroic-moulded; woke the silent dust
To songful flowers of helpful love and trust;
Inspired the world's dead heart to throb victoriously;
So they awake to life, who warring desperate die!
Yea, in the smile of some Divine deep Peace,
Our faithful find from storms of earth release.

THOMAS NOEL.

NOEL, THOMAS, an English poet; born at Kirkby-Mallory, in Leicestershire, May 11, 1799; died at Brighton, May 16, 1861. He was graduated as B.A. from Merton College, Oxford, in 1824, and in 1833 issued some stanzas upon proverbs and Scriptural texts, entitled "The Cottage Muse;" and in 1841 "Village Verse" and "Rhymes and Roundelayes." Noel lived for many years in great seclusion at Boyne Hill, near Maidenhead. In the autumn of 1858 he moved his home to Brighton. Miss Mitford corresponded with him frequently; among other friends were Thomas Vardon, the librarian of the House of Commons, and Lady Byron, the wife of the poet, who was a distant connection. He married Emily Halliday, by whom he had two children. His best poems are "The Rattower Legend;" "The Poor Voter's Song;" "The Pauper's Drive," often wrongly attributed to Thomas Hood, and set to music by Mr. Henry Russell in 1839; and "A Thames Voyage." Noel's poems are extensively quoted and justly praised by Miss Mitford in her "Recollections of a Literary Life."

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot:
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings: —
"*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man.
To the grave with the carcass as fast as you can.
"*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!

How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! He has made some approach
To gentility, now that he 's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkins, who stared at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a "cloddy" is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you 're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a "gem'man" to go!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain; for my soul is sad
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
"Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns."

A Thames Voyage.

On like a hawk upon the wing
Our little wherry flies;
Against her bows the ripples sing,
And the wavelets round her rise.

In view is Cookham's ivied tower;
And up yon willing reach,
Enfolding many a fairy bower,
Wave Bisham's woods of beech.

O'er Marlow's loveliest vale they look,
And its spire that seeks the skies;
And afar, to where in its meadow-nook
Medmenham's Abbey lies.

Still on, still on, as we smoothly glide,
There are charms that woo the eye —
Boughs waving green in the pictured tide,
And the blue reflected sky.

There are spots where nestle wild-flowers small
With many a mingled gleam;
Where the broad flag waves, and the bulrush tall
Nods still to the trusting stream.

The forget-me-not on the water's edge
Reveals her lovely hue,
Where the broken bank, between the sedge,
Is embroidered with her blue.

And in bays where matted foliage weaves
A shadowy arch on high,
Serene on broad and bronze-like leaves,
The virgin lilies lie.

Fair fall those bonny flowers! O how
I love their petals bright!
Smoother than Ariel's moonlit brow!
The water Nymph's delight!

Those milk-white cups with a golden core,
Like marble lamps, that throw
So soft a light on the bordering shore
And the waves that round them flow!

Steadily, steadily, speeds our bark,
O'er the silvery whirl she springs;
While merry as lay of morning lark
The watery carol rings.

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS.

NORRIS, WILLIAM EDWARD, an English novelist; born at London in 1847. He was educated at Eton, went on the Continent to study foreign languages as a preparation for diplomatic science, changed his plans, and in 1874 came to the bar, but never practised, having already tasted the success of his first book. Since that time Mr. Norris has devoted himself to the profession of literature. His home is at Torquay, alternating during the winter between Algiers and the Riviera. His first book, "Heaps of Money," appeared in 1876; it has been followed by "Mademoiselle de Mersac" (1880); "Thirlby Hall;" "Matrimony" (1881); "A Man of His Word;" "That Terrible Man;" "Her Own Doing;" "Adrian Vidal;" "No New Thing;" "Chris;" "Major or Minor;" "Miss Shafto;" "The Rogue;" "My Friend Jim;" "Misadventure;" "Radna" (1890); "Billy Bellew" (1895); "A Dancer in Yellow" (1896); "Clarissa Furiosa" (1896); "Marietta's Marriage" (1897); "The Widower" (1898).

LORD COURTNEY PERFORMS A NEIGHBORLY DUTY.

(From "Matrimony.")

I HAVE not at any time been tempted to invest a portion of my limited capital in unlimited concerns; but I can well imagine that, if I had done so, and that if my choice had fallen, say, upon the Glasgow Bank — as, of course, it would have done; for nobody ever had such luck as I have — I can well imagine, I say, that when the fatal hour struck, and the papers brought me the announcement of my ruin, I should not have been acquainted with all its details for more than an hour or so before at least half a dozen kind friends would have hastened in, with the "Times" in their hands, to break the news to me. The world is full of such well-meaning folks — people who will insist upon reading out to you from the "Illustrated London News" the provisions of your uncle's will, in which, unhappily, your name does not figure; or who, after you have been holding wet blankets in front of your fireplace for half an hour and have

collected your valuables and dispatched a messenger in hot haste for the parish engine, will send round a footman with Mr. Brown's compliments, and is Mr. Jones aware that his chimney is afire? I am even acquainted with certain persons who will not suffer one of my periodical liver-attacks to pass without letting me know, in commiserating accents, that I am looking far from well; which surely is as much as though they should tell me that I have a nose upon my face.

It was, therefore, only to be expected that, with two love affairs going on under his very eyes, Mr. Gervis should have had no lack of informants who felt it right to warn him of the turn matters were taking. Not to mention a succession of agitated missives bearing the Trouville post-mark, which, in accordance with his unvarying custom, he left unanswered, he was favored from all sides with verbal communications the purport of which was that the future both of his son and his daughter was in danger of becoming compromised, that Freddy Croft was a libertine, and Nina Flemyng, to say the least of it, a flirt. Admiral Bagshawe, meeting the owner of Southlands at the club, took occasion to speak a few neighborly words to this effect in his blunt, straightforward way; Miss Pennefather, sustained by a sense of duty, overcame her maiden modesty so far as to recount some episodes in the domestic history of Croft Manor and the Moated House; Mrs. This, Mrs. That, and Lady T'other followed suit; and, one fine afternoon, who should come driving up in a mail-phaeton, bent upon the same charitable errand, but the lord-lieutenant of the county *in propriâ personâ*?

Mr. Gervis happened to be sauntering alone among his garden walks when this portent became visible; and Lord Courtney, catching sight of him, pulled up, and handed the reins to his groom.

"How are you, Gervis? how are you?" said he, as he descended slowly to the ground.

There was a time when Lord Courtney was a great dandy, and wore the smallest patent-leather boots that ever were seen; but the gout has long since forced him to discard these vanities, just as years have robbed him of his formerly slim figure. He is still, however, a carefully dressed man. On the present occasion he wore a gray frock-coat and trousers, and had a pale yellow rose in his buttonhole. His tall white hat was, as usual, tilted slightly forwards, so that he had to throw back his head and lower his eyelids in order to see any object in front of him

— a detail which was not without influence upon the majesty of his carriage.

"Taking your afternoon stroll?" he asked affably. "If you will allow me, I will join you. Charming place you have here, Gervis — charming, upon my word!"

Mr. Gervis said it was pretty, no doubt; but it was getting horribly damp and cold in the mornings and evenings.

"Ah, well, yes — I dare say. You must expect heavy dews at this season of the year. But your position is good. I wish my house stood as well. And how do you like Lynshire? Find it a little dull perhaps? Yes; a man accustomed to society, like yourself, naturally would. But, as counties go, it is well enough — sociable, you know; and the properties don't change hands much; which is the great thing. Lady Courtney would have done herself the pleasure of calling upon the Princess Ouranoff; but she is a sad invalid, as you know; and it is rather a long drive from us to you. Somebody told me, too, that the Princess and your daughter were only to be in England for another week or so."

"The Princess has been at Trouville these two months," answered Mr. Gervis; "my daughter is still with me."

"Ah, yes; so I have understood. And I must congratulate you upon being the father of so attractive a young lady as everybody declares her to be. Some day I shall hope to have the honor of being presented to her."

I believe that at court, where he has more than once held high offices, Lord Courtney has the reputation of being a man of singularly distinguished and agreeable manners. It is certain that he can make himself very pleasant when he chooses — which, to be sure, is not every day — and he was pleased to do so now. Suiting his conversation, as he thought, to his company, he soon quitted local subjects for the wider field of European politics, with regard to which he represented himself as occupying the position of a well-informed spectator. His manner implied that he looked upon Gervis as being in some sort *du métier*, and he concealed from him neither the contents of a letter which he had received from the Prime Minister only the day before, nor the French ambassador's significant remark, as he stepped on board the steamer at Dover, on his way to take a month's leave of absence, nor certain rumors which had lately been wafted over from Berlin. As to the secret understanding of two celebrated Chancellors he felt bound to maintain a

discreet reserve; but he allowed sundry hints to escape from him which, if rightly taken, might well serve as a basis for prophecy of coming events, and if in truth he knew very little more of these matters than you or I, and if he altogether failed to impose upon the veteran diplomatist who listened to him so deferentially, his intentions were none the less excellent for that.

Not until he had paced up and down the gravel walks for the best part of an hour, and, after consulting his watch, had declared that he must really be going, did he touch upon the genuine object of his visit; and this he introduced airily, as a sort of afterthought. By the way, Lady Courtney had mentioned to him some foolish gossip which he sincerely hoped had no substratum of truth in it. And then he proceeded to repeat what was being commonly said in the county.

"I make it a rule never to interfere in the affairs of my neighbors: in fact I do not — ah — care to do so, as a general thing," concluded Lord Courtney, seeming to imply that the affairs of his neighbors were really a great deal too far beneath him to merit notice.

"With all the cares of your lord-lieutenancy upon your shoulders, you cannot be expected to find time for that amiable occupation," remarked Mr. Gervis.

"Well, no. But something is due to an old friend; and I have thought it well to — ah — put you upon your guard."

"I cannot sufficiently express my thanks."

"Not at all! I beg you won't mention it. I shall be only too glad if a few words from me should prove of service to you; and bystanders, you know, proverbially see most of the game. With regard to these — ah — Flemyngs, I cannot say much. I am not personally acquainted with them; but I have told you what people say of the girl, and in any case, I presume that you would hardly wish your boy to be entrapped into a hasty marriage at his age. Young Croft I do know; and I am sorry to have to add that I have the worst possible opinion of him. I should not envy the lot of any lady who should be condemned to live in such a — a — what shall I say? — such a den of wild beasts as Croft Manor. It occurred to me that, having been as long absent from England as you have, you might be under some misapprehension as to his status in the county — that you might imagine him a man of position, or likely to become so. I can assure you that he has not the slightest chance of ever being anything of the kind. He has of course certain advan-

tages of birth and fortune; but he has not chosen to use them, and they are not conspicuous enough to entitle him of themselves to a place in society. He is an impudent young dog, with a taste for low company now, and he will probably proceed, through the usual stages, to become a ruined drunkard, as his father was before him. Were I in your place I should forbid him my house before the mischief reached a head. Well, good-by, Gervis; glad to have seen you. I need not say that I do not wish what I have mentioned to you to go any further."

"I fully understand and respect your feelings," replied Gervis. "The responsibilities of a father are very heavy, and if one were not cheered occasionally by some such proofs of disinterested friendship as you have shown me this afternoon, I hardly know how one could bear up under them. My compliments to Lady Courtney, and many thanks for your valuable hints. Good-by. Go away, you unspeakable booby, and for the love of Heaven don't come back again: you are the least amusing of all the blockheads I have encountered hereabouts."

The concluding words, it is needless to say, were uttered after Lord Courtney had climbed into his mail-phaeton again, and it is to be hoped that that benevolent nobleman drove away under the impression that his unselfishness in discharging an irksome duty had been properly appreciated.

"A friend, or rather an enemy of yours, Lord Courtney, was here to-day," Mr. Gervis remarked casually to Freddy Croft that same evening. "How have you managed to offend him so deeply?"

"I suppose it must be that ducking he got with the fire-hose," said Freddy pensively. "I told Lynchester at the time that he would n't like it. He has hated me like poison ever since, and I 'm sorry for it, because he 's a good sort of old boy, in spite of his pomposity, and he subscribes handsomely to the hounds, though he don't often come out himself. Poor old Courtney! He is n't a bad-hearted old chap, you know."

"He said you were an impudent young dog, with a taste for low compony."

"Did he really?"

"He really did. And the worst of it is, that it 's true," said Gervis, who had from the first had a sneaking fondness for his good-humored little neighbor, and was in the habit of addressing him in a tone of familiarity wholly unknown to many of his older friends.

"Well, I don't know what you call low company," returned Freddy. "I 'm more at Southlands than anywhere else, at all events."

Whereat Mr. Gervis gave a short laugh, and rang the bell for another bottle of the claret which his guest especially affected. Freddy's private opinion was that, when the time should come for him to solicit that embarrassing interview which all men, save such as have the luck to espouse orphans, must face sooner or later, he would be met in no very austere spirit by his future father-in-law.

Mr. Gervis Expresses His Ideas on Matrimony.

(From "Matrimony.")

There is no express train from Folkestone to Beachborough, and it was not till between nine and ten o'clock that our travellers, tired and worried with the changes and delays of their journey, reached the latter place, and got into the carriage which was waiting for them at the station. Mr. Gervis did not come out to the hall-door to welcome them, on their arrival. They found him in the dining-room, sipping his Burgundy and perusing the "Pall Mall Gazette," just as of old, and he rose languidly and shook hands with each of them, without displaying the faintest curiosity as to the cause of their sudden return. Had they dined? he asked; and on hearing that they had not, he rang the bell, and told the butler that dinner would be wanted in a quarter of an hour; he then reseated himself, observed that it was abominably cold and that they must have had a rough passage, and informed Geneviève and Miss Potts that they would find fires in their bedrooms. The ladies took this hint, and retired; and as soon as they were gone, Claud, who, like most bearers of ill tidings, was impatient to get his task discharged and done with, opened fire.

"Governor," he began, "I have got some bad news for you."

"Then, my good fellow," said Mr. Gervis, "pray keep it to yourself until you have eaten something. I can wait; and so, no doubt, can your news."

"I think I had better tell you at once," said Claud.

"I think not," answered his father decisively. "Your doing so would only bring half an hour of great discomfort to me and to yourself; because, when the ladies came down, we should be obliged either to ignore something unpleasant that we all know

of, or to talk about it — both of which courses would be objectionable. Whereas, if you will go away now, and wash your face (which, let me tell you, requires it), we can get through our dinner in peace, and confront calamity later with the antidote of tobacco."

So saying, Mr. Gervis returned resolutely to his "Pall Mall." He had so completely assumed his company manner when Geneviève returned, and talked to her after so agreeably polite a fashion about music and Paris and other subjects of general interest, that she was compelled to postpone to some more propitious moment the delivery of those filial speeches which she had rehearsed by the way. Only, when she took up her bedroom candlestick, she could not help departing in one small particular from her general practice. She gave Mr. Gervis's hand a slight pressure, and said, "Good night — father."

It was the very first time in her life that she had so addressed him, and as he shut the door behind her, he returned to Claud with raised eyebrows and a queer look on his face.

"May I ask," he inquired, "whether you heard that endearing appellation?"

"Oh yes," answered Claud, laughing rather uneasily; "I heard. You don't mind, I suppose."

"Mind! My dear fellow, I am enchanted. I gather, however, from that, and from the portentous sighings of Potts, that I am about to be informed of a bereavement. Come to the billiard-room. We can smoke there; and I suppose we ought not to smoke in the library, now that we have ladies with us. I have furnaces kept up in every room in the house; and when I am alone, I spend the greater part of the night in prowling about from one to another and heaping on more coals. Allow me to direct your attention to that door-curtain," continued Mr. Gervis, who, while he had been speaking, had been slowly moving towards the billiard-room. "Feel the weight of it; observe how it is shotted at the bottom. I have defeated some of the most piercing draughts I ever encountered in that way, and I think I may say that most of my doors are now air-tight. As for the windows, the victory rests for the present with them. I have tried strips of felt, india-rubber tubing and sand-bags, all without any appreciable result, and if they do not bring about my death first, I mean to have those absurd sashes torn out and replaced by windows on the French system, which look better and can be made to shut up if necessary."

Nothing could exceed Mr. Gervis's cheerfulness and amiability. To all appearance, he had not the faintest apprehension of the impending thunder-clap. He handed his son a cigar, remarking that one of the few advantages of living in England was that one could get real Havannas there by paying three or four times the proper price for them; he pointed out a neat little cabinet on casters, containing refreshment in the shape of soda-water and various *liqueurs;* finally he dragged a chair up close to the blazing fire, and sank into it, crossing his legs, screwing up his eyes, and surveying Claud with his head very much on one side and the air of a man who expects to be entertained by some novel or amusing exhibition.

But perceiving that Claud shifted from one foot to the other, and fixed a frowning stare upon vacancy, not knowing how or where to begin, he took pity upon him, and removing his cigar from his lips — "Allow me," said he pleasantly, "to offer you a helping hand. I guessed what must be the intelligence you were bringing as soon as your telegram reached me. The Princess has, of course, found her elective affinity at last, and vanished from the scene. I have always anticipated —"

"Stop, governor," interrupted Claud; "it is n't that at all. Don't say anything more; you might be sorry for it afterwards."

"Indeed? Then I confess that I am at a loss, and must leave you to tell your tale in your own way. But pray do not worry yourself over it. I believe I may safely promise you that nothing that you can have to say will cause me much distress. I am an ironclad, — or rather I am an earthwork, into which any number of projectiles may be fired without making a breach."

Thus encouraged, Claud related, in an abridged form, all that he had heard from Hirsch-Ponetzky. He entered upon his task with some nervousness and some curiosity. He had not taken his father's boast quite literally, and indeed would have been sorry to believe him so callous; but in what way this news would affect him was more than Claud's knowledge of the man enabled him to surmise; and the glances which he stole, from time to time, at that white, impassive face told him nothing at all. But, as the recital proceeded, it became evident that Mr. Gervis was more moved than he wished to appear. He allowed his cigar to go out; something like a sigh escaped him several times; once he raised his hand involuntarily, as if to shade his eyes, but, recollecting himself, let it drop again immediately.

"So that was Ponetzky!" he said at length. "And he would have told me all about it for twenty thousand pounds, poor devil! It is curious that I should not have suspected this, — really very curious! I might have guessed, — once, long ago. Perhaps I ought to have guessed. It is a fortunate thing that I did not, you say? Well, that depends entirely upon what one's definition of fortunate things may be. My own impression is that, if I had found out the truth at once, I should have been spared a good deal of — annoyance. And, if that man had had the common decency to get himself shot by one of those yellow-faced South Americans, a good deal of annoyance would have been spared to others. But the longer I live, the more distinctly I see that everything invariably falls out for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds. I think, with your permission, I will bid you good-night now; we will talk over this again to-morrow morning. You will want to be going over to the Moated House, I suppose?"

Claud said he had thought of doing so.

"Ah — well, don't go until you have seen me. Good-night."

And so Mr. Gervis left the room with his slow, dragging step, looking, Claud thought, very old and bowed.

But at breakfast, the next morning, he had apparently recovered himself, and was unusually talkative. Varinka's name was not mentioned; but from several passing allusions, Claud, who came down late, perceived that the new order of things was no longer to be regarded as a secret, and that his father and sister had been already discussing it.

Mr. Gervis, indeed, admitted as much on the terrace, whither Claud and he repaired half an hour later. "Geneviève has been saying all sorts of kind and civil things to me," he remarked. "She thinks, it appears, that I have been a much-injured man, and that she, among others, has failed to do justice to my many sterling qualities; and so she is anxious to make a handsome reparation. She spoke very prettily. So did I. It is a pity you could not hear us."

Mr. Gervis paused, laughing a little, at the end of the terrace walk, and looked down the valley towards Beachborough and the sea, which were half hidden in the haze of a mild winter's morning. "There is something rather pleasant about these reconciliations," he resumed presently, "even though one knows that they are built upon sand."

"How built upon sand?" Claud asked.

"I mean that this is a reaction; nothing more. I have always had a — liking for your sister, and I dare say I have understood her pretty well, seeing that hers is not an incomprehensible character; but it is utterly impossible that she should either like or understand me. The last she will certainly not be able to do for a matter of ten years to come at least; by which time I shall have reverted to my original dust. At present she is pleased to take me for something that I am not, and probably never was. She tells me that that unfortunate Ponetzky is at the point of death; and I believe she is really looking forward to the day when I shall lead the Princess to the altar a second time, and bring her home to Southlands for a sort of senile honeymoon."

"You won't do that, I suppose?" said Claud interrogatively, poking holes in the flower-beds with the point of his stick.

"Do you think it likely that I shall? Do you think the Princess would enjoy living here, or that she and I could play Darby and Joan with success? I admit that, if she had been your mother, it might have been our duty to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of our children; but happily no such necessity is laid upon us. We were virtually separated within a year of our marriage; we have been separated ever since; now we are legally separated; and I think we may exchange mutual congratulations upon our release."

Mr. Gervis had resumed his walk along the terrace while he was speaking. He now took his son's arm, and led him farther away from the house.

"You are not in a hurry?" he asked; and, without waiting for an answer — "Then let us take a turn through the grounds. Some time or other we must have a talk about family matters, and as the subject is not a very pleasant one, we may as well get rid of it at once, and not recur to it. I will not deny that the news which you brought me last night startled me, and that for some hours afterwards I almost felt, like your sister, that there had been an unhappy mistake, for which nobody was very much to blame, and that, some day soon, we might shake hands all round, let bygones be bygones, and live happily ever afterwards, like the people in the story-books. I need not say, however, that common sense reasserted itself before the morning. You must know that, a good many years back, I committed the folly of falling absurdly in love with the Princess. So far, no doubt, I may count upon your sympathy. It is true that I had

not the excuse of youth; but then it is proverbial that there is no fool like an old fool; and the fact is that I was as much in love with my wife as — shall we say as you were with yours?"

"Don't use the past tense in my case, please," said Claud, laughing.

"I apologize — as much in love as you *are*. If, in the course of a year, I discovered that my angel had certain earthly proclivities, I turned my eyes away from them, like a sensible man; but when she distinctly gave me to understand that the man with whom I had seen her talking at Wiesbaden was her lover, what could I do? It seems to me that, considering what the circumstances were, I behaved remarkably well, and made far less fuss than most people would have done. Those who choose to make false statements must bear the consequences of them. The temptation to deceive me was strong, I allow; but you will hardly urge that it was my happiness that she had in view when she adopted that particular form of deception. I cannot, therefore, feel that she has left me much in her debt. To you I can speak more openly than I could to Geneviève; and I do not mind telling you that, even if this irrepressible Pole had never reappeared, I should certainly have had reasons before long for going my way, and letting the Princess go hers. She has accused me sometimes of setting spies to watch her. I never did anything of the sort; but you may imagine that there have always been plenty of good-natured people anxious to keep me informed as to all her — friendships, and the details of them. In short, if I had wished to get my marriage dissolved, I have no doubt that I could have managed it easily enough."

"Poor Varinka!" sighed Claud. "It is a pity."

"What is a pity? The pity is not that our marriage turned out badly — which it was absolutely certain to do — but that it ever took place at all." . . .

"Matrimony, my dear Claud, is a deplorable institution. As a cause of human misery, I should rank it second only to drink; and I am by no means clear that it ought not to take the first place. In the present state of society it is, I grant you, a necessity; but I can well believe that in a more enlightened age it will be looked back upon with horror, as a senseless and degrading slavery, invented by semi-civilized man as a safeguard against immorality, but not even justifying that inadequate *raison d'être*, and itself profoundly immoral in the wider and

truer acceptation of the term. For what," continued Mr. Gervis, stopping to face his astonished companion, "can be more absurd than the assumption that the woman with whom you have happened to fall in love is the one best suited to order your dinner, to sit opposite to you, all the days of your life, while you eat it, to nurse you when you are ill, to bring up your children in the way they should go, and all the rest of it? A year, or, at the most, two years of married life are sufficient to cure you effectually of a fancy which might otherwise have lasted for an indefinite time; and then what remains to you? In all probability a woman whom you would have died rather than married, if you had known what she was."

"Well, but," observed Claud, "that does not seem to prove much against matrimony as an institution; it only goes to show that one should be careful whom one marries."

"Exactly so. I speak of the institution as it works to-day — not as it would do, if raised to an ideal state of perfection. Under the ideal system, one would, of course, marry the cook, provided that she were honest, sober, industrious, and cleanly, it being clearly understood that neglect of her duties would render her liable to divorce. But now consider what matrimony in its present shape means. It is simply a leap in the dark; and naturally it is apt to result in broken shins. The absurd custom is that, as soon as a youth has become enamored of a maiden, and has received her assurance that his affection is returned, the pair of them hurry off to get married, and to destroy the sweetest and the most innocent dream of which our fallen nature is capable. When the man wakes up — which he does with marvellous celerity — he finds himself tied by the leg for life. And to what? Perhaps to a shrew, perhaps to a flirt, perhaps to a confirmed sulker or an absolute idiot. One in a hundred, we will say, discovers that he has espoused the ideal cook — the excellent creature, who will discharge her household duties with cheerfulness, devote herself to her children, and treat him, in a general way, as if he were the eldest of them. That man is happy and blessed. But the remaining ninety and nine are disappointed and disgusted. They have made an irreparable mistake, and it is a poor consolation for them to know that they have only themselves to thank for it." . . .

Claud observed that he was acquainted with a good many married men to whom this description hardly applied.

"I agree," returned Mr. Gervis, "that the majority are

unable to care very greatly about anything for long; but their lives are not the less spoilt because they have attained to a certain dull resignation. Let us, however, take the not very rare case of a man of keen sensibilities, strong affections, large capacities for happiness. Disappointment is apt to turn such a one sour."

"Perhaps it might not turn him quite so sour as he supposed," said Claud, who thought he began to see the drift of these general remarks. "But don't you think that, if he allowed it to do so, he would be making his mistake worse than there was any necessity for?"

"You have anticipated the very observation I was about to make," answered Mr. Gervis placidly. "A wise man, when he comes to review the situation, cannot fail to see that he has no right to let such a poor thing as a woman be a permanent affliction to him. Women are only adjuncts of existence; the world belongs to the men; all of whom have, or ought to have, interests wholly independent of women in it. You, for example, would have your art, in which you have now a good prospect of excelling. A woman is, after all, no worse a torment than a full-grown, able-bodied flea. In some respects, indeed, she is less troublesome; for you can get rid of a woman at any time by the simple expedient of walking into the next room, and locking the door behind you; whereas the only sure way of escaping from a flea is to tear off all your clothes — which is not always practicable upon the spur of the moment."

"I think you're rather too hard upon women, governor," Claud's love of fair play prompted him to remonstrate. "Perhaps, if we heard their side of the question, they would have a word or two say against us."

"A word or two? A word or two? A million or two of words, more likely. Doubtless all humanity is reprobate; but you recollect the result of Solomon's search — 'One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.' My own small investigations point to a similar conclusion. I confess that I have a poor opinion of women. If they do not deceive you in one way, they will in another; and even when they can no longer deceive you at all, they will not give up trying. Their whole nature is saturated with deceit; their very virtues are made of it. The qualities that render a woman charming are nothing else than adroit humbug, pretence, dissimulation. When you hear a man extolling his wife, you

may safely conclude that he is an ass, and she knows it. I tell you a woman's life is one long course of duplicity from her cradle to her grave. *Splendide mendax* she may be, upon occasion; but *mendax* — always."

The writer feels quite shocked and alarmed as he sets down these disgraceful calumnies, and cannot help venturing to remind any ladies into whose hands this work may fall that the sentiments just recorded are Mr. Gervis's, not his own. The writer yields to no man in veneration for their sex. So great is it, in fact, that he has never yet deemed himself worthy of being allied to any member of it.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, an English poet and novelist; born in 1808; died June 15, 1877. She was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In 1827 she married Honorable George Norton. In 1830 she left her husband. In verse she published "The Dandies' Rout" (1825); "The Sorrows of Rosalie" (1829); "The Undying One" (1831); "The Wife" (1835); "The Dream, etc." (1840); "The Child of the Islands" (1845); "Aunt Carry's Ballads," "Tales and Sketches" (1850); and "The Lady of La Garaye" (1862); and in prose fiction, "Stuart of Dunleath" (1851); "Lost and Saved" (1863); "Old Sir Douglas" (1868), and "The Rose of Jericho" (1870). Her husband died in 1875, and in February, 1877, she was married to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, who died in 1878.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scars:
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain — my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along — I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser, — his grasp was childish weak, —
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land — was dead!



BINGEN ON THE RHINE

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And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

The King of Denmark's Ride.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For the Rose of the Isle lay dying!

His nobles were beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little, fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve did strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT, born at Cambridge, Mass., November 16, 1827. He is the son of Andrews Norton, an eminent Unitarian scholar, and was educated at Harvard University. From 1875 to 1898 he was professor of the history of art at Harvard. He has enjoyed the intimate friendship of many of the most distinguished literary men of his day, and edited the "Letters" of J. R. Lowell; the "Orations" of G. W. Curtis; the "Correspondence" of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Goethe and Carlyle; the "Letters" of Carlyle; and has translated Dante's "Vita Nuova" and "Divina Commedia." His other works include "Considerations on Some Recent Social Theories" (1853); "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy" (1860); "Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages: Venice, Siena, Florence" (1880).

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.[1]

No blessing can befall a community greater than the choice of it by a good man for his home; for the example of such a man sets a standard of conduct, and his influence, unconsciously not less than consciously exerted, tends to lift those who come within its circle to his own level. In the quiet annals of this little town there are many incidents of local and personal interest; but the incident of chief importance to its inhabitants of this generation and of coming times was its selection in 1865, by George William Curtis, for his summer home. Hither for twenty-seven summers he came to find refreshment among these hills and woods, to show himself the best of neighbors, and to exhibit those social virtues and charms which would have made him beloved and admired by any society which he might have chosen to adorn.

It is well that the Club named in his honor should set up a tablet to commemorate his residence in Ashfield, in this hall

[1] An Address delivered at Ashfield, Mass., on occasion of the dedication of a bronze tablet bearing an inscription in honor of Mr. Curtis, in the Town Hall, August 12th, 1896.

where his presence has been so familiar, and where his voice has been so often heard. It is well that the town should accept this tablet, to be sacredly preserved so long as its own ever-renewed life shall last, as a permanent record of great services rendered to it. It is well that we, the town's people, should meet to dedicate this tablet, the inscription upon which records our lasting and grateful affection for the good man whose name it bears.

Happily there are many men in the world, even in a little community like this, whom we, speaking in familiar phrase, should call, and rightly call, good men, — men who perform fairly well the simple duties of life; who try to be, or, at least, intend to be, estimable husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, neighbors; but there are few anywhere whose goodness stands, year in, year out, the wear and tear of common days, whose virtues are never dimmed by slow-collecting rust, or by the dust which rises from even worthy toil and unavoidable cares. So, too, it often happens that among many virtues the one is lacking which is required to give savor to all the rest; that some black drop in the blood betrays itself in moroseness; that feebleness of imagination (the great defect of man) shows itself in failure of sympathetic consideration for those who most stand in need of patient and tender regard.

No, the good man, in the full sense of the word, the man whose virtues never suffer eclipse, and whose goodness is not merely good, but beautiful, is no less rare than great a blessing to his kind. Happiest and most blessed of men is the good man whose temperament and character combine to make him as pleasant as he is good; whose virtues are the sweet flowering of his native disposition, trained by experience and perfected by self-discipline; whose character is based on simplicity of heart, and who fulfils the New Commandment because for him it is the most natural mode of self-expression. And if to such a man be added great gifts alike of body and of soul, the fine form expressing the fine spirit, the sweet voice attuned to the sweet disposition; if in him outward grace be the type of grace of mind, and physical vigor the emblem of intellectual power; if he be endowed with poetic imagination, quickening the moral and invigorating the intellectual elements of the nature; and if all be crowned by a spirit of devotion to public interests, — then we have such a man as he who fills our memories and our hearts to-day.

You have seen him in his daily walk during almost thirty years; can you recall one act, one word of his that was not friendly and pleasant? I, who knew him from youth to age, I, whose life was blessed by his friendship for forty-three years, find in my memory of him such pleasantness that my words come short to express it. No one could meet him without being better for the meeting. "He makes you feel pleasant," an old Ashfield man said of him.

In his relations with others, whether in private life or in public affairs, he was singularly exemplary; I mean he set an example of simple excellence to us all, fitted to the various needs and conditions of our lives. And yet his modesty was such, and his simplicity so entire, that he walked among us quite unconscious of the virtue which proceeded from him, never assuming an air of superiority, or claiming the distinction which was his due.

Seldom has there been so general a favorite as he, and seldom a man who received more flattery with less harm to the simplicity of his nature. When he returned home from Europe in 1850, a youth of twenty-six, with keen perceptions of the delights of life, with accomplishments and graces and tastes that opened every door to him, with literary ambitions which were soon to be gratified by the brilliant success of his first book, with the youth of both sexes crowding round him at Newport, at Saratoga, at New York, to follow his alluring lead, and to catch from him, if they might, the secret of his charm, — at this time he stood at the parting of the ways. As Izaak Walton said of his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, "His company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind." He was flattered and caressed, and for a time he floated on the swift current of pleasure. It would have been so easy to yield to the temptations of the world! But his pure, youthful heart cherished other ideals. He heard the voice of duty saying, "Come, follow me," and he obeyed. The path along which she led was difficult. The times were dark. He recognized the claim which, in a democracy like ours, the country has on every one of her sons for the best service which he can render. He had a most public soul, and he gave himself, without reserve, to the cause of justice, of freedom, and of popular intelligence.

His first books, poetic records of Eastern travel, had shown that he possessed literary gifts of a high order, with a style fluent, facile, and elegant, capable of conveying clearly the impressions

of a sensitive and open spirit. And the books which followed them gave proof of his delicate sensibilities, and quick and discriminating perceptions. They showed him to be a lover of nature and of the arts, a shrewd observer of men, an acute critic of life, a delicate and tender humorist. The way of simple literary distinction lay open to him. He felt its charm. Conflict was averse to his nature. But the times called for strenuous action, and with full consciousness of the attractions of the ease and pleasure which he was relinquishing, he turned from the pursuit of literature as an end in itself, and devoted his literary gifts and accomplishments to political and patriotic service.

In August, 1856, just forty years ago, at the height of the struggle between the forces of freedom and those of slavery before the war, Mr. Curtis, then thirty-two years old, delivered, at Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., an oration on "The duty of the American scholar." It was at once a profession of faith and an appeal to the young scholars of the land to be true to those moral principles which, in a period of material prosperity, are apt to be subordinated to mere temporary interests. It was the first of that long series of speeches which secured to Mr. Curtis a place in the front rank of orators. He had spoken often before in public, but on this occasion he found and manifested his unequivocal vocation as a master of the art of persuasive and powerful eloquence. To all her other gifts to him Nature had added those of the orator. He was of a fine presence and easy grace of carriage, tall of stature, of strongly marked and expressive features, with the masculine nose and long upper lip that mark the born public speaker. His voice (it still echoes in our ears) was of wide compass, sweet and rich in tone, perfectly under control, and its harmony was enhanced by his free bearing and effective gesture. Not often has a finer instrument of speech been vouchsafed to a man.

"Do you ask me," said he, in his discourse at Middletown, — "do you ask me our duty as scholars? Gentlemen, as the American scholar is a man, and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. . . . He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights, which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of

events is incessant, and when the good deed is slighted the bad deed is done. Young scholars, young Americans, young men, we are all called upon to do a great duty. Nobody is released from it. It is a work to be done by hard strokes everywhere. Brothers, the call has come to us."

From the date of this oration to the end of his life Mr. Curtis never put off the harness or relinquished the arms of public service. He took an active part in the local politics of the county in which he lived, he became a prominent figure in the politics of the State of New York, he exercised a powerful influence by voice and by pen in shaping the policy of the Republican party and of the national administration. When the war came, that war which to the generation born since its close seems so remote, but which to us, who lived through it, is in a sense always present, giving poignancy to the disappointment of many of the high-raised hopes of that heroic time, — when the war came, Curtis threw himself into the contest with passionate zeal, — passionate, but not blind or irrational. In the bitter sacrifices of the war he shared. In 1862 one of his younger brothers fell dead at Fredericksburg, at the head of his regiment, thus gloriously ending a stainless life of twenty-six years. His brother-in-law, the fair young Colonel Robert Shaw, dying at the head of his black regiment in the assault on Fort Sumter, and "buried with his niggers," became the immortal type to all generations of Americans of the hero of human brotherhood. Of the work which had to be done at home, no less essential than that in the field, no man did more, or more effectively, than Curtis. As political editor of "Harper's Weekly," he exercised an influence not second to that of any other public writer of the time in shaping and confirming popular opinion and sentiment. Nor did his service in this respect end with the war.

Sound in judgment, of clear foresight, of convictions based upon immutable principles, absolutely free from motives of jealousy or ignoble ambition, with no personal ends to serve, neither seeking nor desiring public office or other station than that which he held, he acquired not only general public confidence and esteem, but secured also the respect of those who most widely differed from him. No man of such influence, especially with the reasonable class of his fellow-citizens, could, indeed, escape the enmity of selfish politicians whose interests he opposed and against whose schemes he contended. More

than once he became the object of bitter denunciation. He was charged with weakness, with folly, with treachery to his party. The charges never disturbed his serenity, nor drew from him a reply of passion or of personal retort. He was indeed not open to any attack that could break in on the quiet of his soul or ruffle the evenness of his temper. I do not believe that in any controversy in which he was engaged he ever used an ungenerous word or cast a personal imputation upon his opponent. He did not spare the base, the treacherous, and the malignant, but he never dealt an unfair blow, nor in the heat of conflict forgot "the law in calmness made." Wordsworth, in the "Character of the Happy Warrior," has drawn the portrait of our friend, as one —

> "Whose high endeavors are an inward light
> That makes the path before him always bright.
>
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
> Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
> Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
> Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace."

As he, in fine, who —

> "Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value must be won."

It was not, however, to service only as a political writer and speaker that Mr. Curtis devoted himself during his long years of incessant toil. Month after month, from the Easy Chair of "Harper's Magazine," he was scattering broadcast seeds of civilization which took root far and wide. In this long series of brief essays treating of a thousand topics, always fresh, always timely, the grace and skill of his literary art were abundantly displayed. He found here a free field for the expression of his humor, his sentiment, his fancy, his good sense, his critical judgment, his strong moral convictions, his wide sympathies. Manners and customs, arts, letters, passing events, life and death, all the concerns of men, furnished subjects for the wise

and pleasant discourse in which his own delightful nature was delightfully mirrored. But ephemeral in topic and slight in fabric as were most of these little papers, they were more than merely literary essays, — they were bodies of doctrine; and it would be hard to estimate too highly the influence they exerted in refining the taste, quickening the moral sensibilities, and raising the standard of feeling in a mulitude of readers who stood in need of that culture which their brief lessons were eminently fitted to impart. It was an inestimable benefit to many a youth of scant opportunities for association with the best, to have this monthly intercourse with such a teacher.

Conscious of his power and of his influence, aware that from his editor's seat he was helping to shape the policy of parties, to mould the character and to determine the destiny of the nation, it is not strange, however surprising to men of a lower order, that Mr. Curtis never sought for public office, and was never tempted by repeated offers of high station in the public service. Most men would have found it too hard to resist the charm of distinction, and of opportunity for the display of talent upon the conspicuous field which these offers opened to him. The allurement was, indeed, great, but it was not overmastering. He compared one duty with another, and he chose that for which experience had proved his competence. He was helped in his choice by his preference for simple modes of life, and for quiet domestic joys and social pleasures. He loved his home and his friends too well to quit them for strange courts and brilliant company. And so from year to year he maintained tranquilly his industrious, laborious, unselfish, useful career, with steady increase of his powers, with steady growth in the respect and regard in which he was held by the public, and with the ever-deepening love of his friends.

Of all the many public questions of importance which claimed attention in the years following the war, none was of greater concern than the reform of the civil service. The "spoils system" had become rooted in the practice of the government, both local and national, and in the popular theory of its administration. This system, by which public office was held to be not a place of trust to be awarded only to such as were competent by character and intelligence to discharge its duties, but a place of emolument given as reward or incentive for partisan or personal services, — this debasing and corrupting system had in the course of years become the source of

evils which threatened the very foundation of our institutions. One of the least of these evils was the lowering of the quality of the public service and the degradation of the character of the public servant. To hold public office was no longer a badge of honor, but a token of loss of personal independence and a badge of servitude to a patron. The system poisoned the moral springs of political effort and action; it perverted the nature and the results of elections; it fostered corruption in every department of the government, and tended to vitiate the popular conception of the duty of a citizen in a republic, and of the very ends for which the government exists. To contend against this system, intrenched as it was behind the lines of long custom, defended by the host of selfish, unprincipled, and ignorant politicians, and openly supported by both the great parties alike, seemed an almost hopeless task. But Mr. Curtis did not shrink from the contest. He had faith in the good sense of the mass of the people, if once they could be roused from their temper of optimistic indifference. The fight had already begun when he entered it, but he had scarcely entered it before he became its leader.

In 1871 he was appointed by General Grant upon the commission to form rules for admission to the public service and regulations to promote its efficiency. He was made chairman of the commission, and their report — the basis of all that has been done in the establishment of the reform — was mainly his work. But the opposition to the project of reform was strenuous, was persistent. The aims of the reformers were often baffled, often defeated. But they were not disheartened. In 1880 the New York Civil Service Reform Association was founded; in 1881, the national League for the same end, — and of both was Mr. Curtis chosen president. In both he held this office till his death. The duties were arduous, and were performed by him with consummate fidelity and ability. He was a magnificent standard-bearer. Slowly, but steadily, the cause advanced. He did not live to see its triumph, but he never doubted that it would win the victory.

It was in the summer of 1864 that Mr. Curtis first came to Ashfield. He spent but a few days here as my guest; but he saw enough of the pleasant village, and the beautiful country in which it lies, to induce him to come back to it with his family the next summer, and thenceforth to make it his summer home. Resident here during a good portion of each year, for

almost the full term of a generation, his life became closely associated with that of this community, and Ashfield has the right to claim him as her child by adoption and his own choice.

The last thirty years, which have witnessed perhaps greater changes in the world than any other similar period ever knew, have brought many changes to our little town. When Mr. Curtis first came here it was more secluded and remote and more tranquil than it is to-day. It possessed much of the character of an earlier time. It had, indeed, already lost a good part of its population and something of that independence of the rest of the world, which, if the ten-mile-square township had been detached from the earth in the earlier years of the century, and sent spinning in space in an orbit of its own, would have enabled it to maintain itself comfortably on its own resources, mental and material. The seventy varieties of industry which had then been practised by its people had already diminished by more than half. There was hardly a farmhouse in which the whirr of the spinning-wheel and the clash of the loom was still heard.

Its little trade with the outer world was still carried on mainly by the numerous peddlers, who resorted to Mr. Bement's store, as a centre from which to draw supplies to replenish the stock of their inexhaustible carts. The old-fashioned tavern, with its long tradition of good cheer, with its sanded floor and hospitable bar-room, afforded accommodation to a few tavellers; and from its stables, early every morning, the coach set out on its slow journey along the variously picturesque road to the railroad at South Deerfield, whence it returned late in the afternoon. The invasion of summer boarders had not begun. The Academy was in a condition of suspended animation, and its old building was sadly out of repair. There was no public library, and the subscription library which had once existed, existed no longer. The two Orthodox churches, separated only by the width of the street, but divided from each other by the gulf of a bitter quarrel of long standing, rang their rival bells in harsh discord every Sunday, and each congregation prayed for good-will on earth, and devoted their schismatic brethren to eternal damnation. The Hoosac Tunnel, which was to open a way toward the sunset, was hardly begun, and many a year was to pass before the thread of electric wire should tie Ashfield to the restless world beyond. For most of the people life was monotonous, for many of them it was, as it still is, a life

of few active pleasures, and of heavy toil; and many a man and woman fretting against the narrow limits of the farm, and restless with the dreams of a wider life, were tempted to bid their little native town farewell, and to try their fortunes in the world which they saw in vision from the mountain-top.

But Ashfield is a place where Nature is beautiful, and where man, even yet, has done but little to deface her beauty. Mr. Curtis, lover of nature and of country pleasures, was attracted by the loveliness of the region; and, tired of the bustle, the interruptions, the noise, the multifarious distractions of cities, was no less attracted by its tranquillity and repose. He did not come here to spend an idle and indolent vacation. There was no interruption in his work as editor of a journal, or as active and leading participant in political affairs. But though he sought no exemption from labor here, he found refreshment in the fields and woods and in the placid flow of the days; he had the welcome society of a few familiar friends, and he enjoyed the easy and simple relations which he speedily established with his neighbors. They, in their turn, so soon as their natural suspicion of a strange famous settler among them was overcome, learned to hold him in affectionate respect. They, you, all learned to know him as one of the friendliest and most simple-hearted of men, ready to take share in your interests, eager to promote every object for the benefit of the community, helpful in difficulty, a reconciler of differences among neighbors, a wise and sympathetic counsellor; kind always and generous, for —

> "July was in his sunny heart,
> October in his liberal hand."

Who that has lived in Ashfield during these years whose life has not been enriched by his presence and his words? Who that attended them will forget the autumn lectures which he gave annually to increase the means for the purchase of books for the library? Who that heard his speeches at the Academy dinners, but must remember them as the most eloquent discourse to which he ever listened. Never, not before the most brilliant audiences, not before the most crowded and excited assembly, did Mr. Curtis speak with more splendid and impressive use of his great power as an orator, than in this little, bare hall of ours, before the scant audience of

three hundred or four hundred plain people. I can recall especially two occasions when he rose to such heights of noble and impassioned speech as I never knew him to surpass, — once when, indignant with the base attacks made on Mr. Lowell, he spoke of the character of the true American, and in words that came glowing from his heart, set forth his friend as the living exemplar of that character; and once, when having himself been exposed to slander, to abuse, and worst of all to the misconstruction and misjudgment of friends on whom he had relied, he depicted with manly self-assertion the duty and the position of the independent in politics, in religion, or in whatever field of party strife. These were memorable occasions, and it is well that they and others like them, which have made this modest hall one of the sacred buildings of the Commonwealth, should be commemorated by a permanent record upon its walls.

Of all the pleasures and benefits which the retirement of Ashfield afforded him there was perhaps none which Mr. Curtis more highly valued than the opportunity which the comparative leisure that he found here gave to him for studious reading, — such reading as might keep the springs of his imagination fresh and full, and might increase and perfect his usefulness as a public counsellor. "Histories," says Bacon, "make men wise," and Curtis was a wide reader of them. Few men had a more exact acquaintance with the political history of the United States, and he was hardly less familiar with that of Old England than of New. But he did not confine himself to these, and the volumes of Gibbon and of Motley stood as near to his hand as those of Hume, Macaulay, or Bancroft. Important as the history of the United States may be, he knew that it was not to be correctly understood or rightly interpreted except as a small fragment of that of mankind, and especially of that of the great English race; he knew that such instruction in our own history as is too often given in our public schools was a source, not so much of useful knowledge, as of dangerous ignorance, illusion, and conceit, and that no people can be bred on its own history exclusively without falling into childish and barbaric misconceptions as to its true place in the ranks of civilized communities, and without losing the benefit of those lessons, drawn from the long, sad experience of mankind, upon the laying to heart of which its own progress and security depend.

But Mr. Curtis' days here were not wholly studious. The morning was for work; the afternoon for a walk with friendly companions, or for a long drive over roads, each one of which possesses its special charm of landscape, — it may be the wide open view of hill and dale to where Monadnock rises on the northern horizon, a pyramid of Nature, the monument of solitary past ages to which the pyramids of man seem but of yesterday, or it may be where the shady road runs between bright meadows whose walls are the venerable records in stone of the hard, laborious lives of the fathers of the town.

How many are the happy evenings that I recall of gay or serious talk, of poetry, of music, of all the various pleasures of friendliest social intercourse, and then the lighted lantern, and the late Good-Night!

It was a wholesome and simple, pleasant life. And controlling it all, diffused through it, was the sweet, high, generous spirit of him who was its central figure, loving and beloved of young and old.

"That comely face, that manly brow,
That cordial hand, that bearing free,
I see them still, I see them now;
Shall always see!

"And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feeling warm,
Whatever shown, howe'er inspired
Is grace, is charm?"

The path between his door and mine is no longer worn as of old, the summer has lost its chief delight, but Ashfield is forever dearer for its memories of him; and not in my own heart only, but in all our hearts, fellow-townsmen, the remembrance shall abide to quicken what is best within us, to make us kinder and pleasanter to each other, more public-spirited, better citizens and better men.

Even while he was alive and walking with us his figure had an ideal stamp. There was no need of the haze of time and remoteness to give nobility to its outlines, or to bring it into the eye and prospect of our souls apparelled in more precious habit than it wore in daily life. The actual man, our neighbor, editor of "Harper's Weekly," member of political conventions, occupied, as we all are, with commonplace cares and

duties, modest, simple as the simplest, one of ourselves, — he, even in the prose of life, was a poetic figure, bearing himself above the dust and worry of the earth, and living as a denizen of a world, such as that place which Plutarch says the poets feign for the abode of the gods, — a secure and quiet seat free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with storms, unclouded, and illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light such as befits a blessed and immortal nature.

Four years have passed since Mr. Curtis' death. The sense of personal bereavement and of public loss does not grow less as time goes on. New questions have arisen and new perils threaten us. The times have grown darker. No lover of his country can look forward without anxiety. At this moment of popular delusion, of confusion of parties, of excited passions; at this moment, when only a choice of evils seems to lie before us, — we long to hear (alas! that we should long in vain) that clear voice of prudent and sagacious counsel to which we were wont to listen for instruction and guidance, enforcing upon the intelligence and the conscience of the people the truth that national safety and prosperity rest securely only upon the foundation of moral rectitude.

The perils that confront us are not transient, nor to be overcome by a spasmodic effort and the result of an election. The infuriate clamor for war, the eager cry for free silver and fiat money, the demand for subsidy under the name of protection, may be suppressed; but they are only the symptoms of disease, and to suppress them is no more a remedy for the disease, than to check a fit of coughing by an opiate is the remedy for consumption. The disease is the ignorance and the consequent lack of public morality of a large part of the people of our republic. To contend with this ignorance, to enlighten it, and in enlightening it to vanquish it, is our task. A long, a difficult, an uncertain fight lies before us. It is the fight of civilization against barbarism in America. It is the new form of the old good fight, fought ever in different ages under different names.

I was wrong just now in saying that we could not hear the voice of Curtis. He speaks: "Whatever in human nature is hopeful, generous, aspiring, — the love of God and trust in man, — is arrayed on one side." On that side he stood. On that side let us stand.

NOVALIS.

NOVALIS (the pseudonym of FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON HARDENBERG), a German lyric poet and philosopher; born at Wiederstedt, Mansfield, May 2, 1772; died at Wissenfels, March 25, 1801. His father was director of the salt-works in Saxony, and the son was trained for a similar career. He studied at the universities of Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, and the mining-school at Freiberg. He manifested decided capacities for natural sciences and mathematics, united to a profoundly mystical turn of mind. His writings, with the exception of a few short pieces, notably, "Hymns to the Night," were a kind of rhythmical prose, and altogether fragmentary. They were published, edited by his friends Tieck and Friedrich von Schlegel, in 1802.

FROM "HEINRICH VON OFTERDINGEN."

THE evening was cheerful and warm. The moon stood in mild glory above the hills, and caused wondrous dreams to arise in all creatures. Herself a dream of the sun, she lay above the introverted dream-world, and led Nature, divided with innumerable boundaries, back into that fabulous prime, when each germ still slumbered within itself, and, solitary and untouched, longed in vain to unfold the dark fulness of its measureless being. The wonder-story of the evening mirrored itself in Heinrich's mind. It seemed to him as if the world reposed uncovered within him, and exhibited to him, as to a guest, all its treasures and its hidden charms. The grand and simple appearance around him seemed to him so intelligible. He thought Nature incomprehensible to man, only because she piles up around him the nearest, the most intimate, with such lavishness of manifold expression. The words of the old man had opened a hidden tapestry-door within him. He saw that his little chamber was built contiguous to a lofty minster, out of whose floor of stone arose the grave fore-world, while from the dome, the clear, glad future, in the form of angel-children, hovered singing above it. Mighty voices trembled through the

silvery song, and through the wide portals all creatures entered in, each expressing its inner nature in a simple petition, and a dialect peculiar to itself. How did he wonder that this luminous view, which was now already become indispensable to his existence, had so long been foreign to him! Now he overlooked at once all his relations with the wide world around him, and comprehended all the strange conceptions and suggestions which he had often experienced in the contemplation of it. The story told by the merchants of the youth who studied nature so diligently, and who became the son-in-law of a king, came into his mind, and a thousand other reminiscences of his life associated themselves, of their own accord, by a magic thread.

While Heinrich gave himself up to his meditations, the company had approached the cave. The entrance was low; the old man took a torch, and clambering over some stones, entered first. A quite perceptible current of air streamed toward him, and the old man assured them that they might follow with safety. The most timid went last, and held their weapons in readiness. Heinrich and the merchants walked behind the miner, and the boy strode briskly by his side. The way, at first, was through a somewhat narrow passage, but soon terminated in a very extensive and lofty cave, which the glare of the torches was unable wholly to illume. One saw, however, in the background, several openings, which lost themselves in the wall of rock. The floor was soft and tolerably even; likewise the walls and the ceiling were not rough or irregular. But what especially engaged the attention of all, was the countless multitude of bones and teeth which strewed the floor. Some of them were perfectly preserved, in others there were marks of corruption, and those which here and there protruded from the walls seemed to have become petrified. Most of them were of unusual size and strength. The old miner rejoiced in these relics of a primeval age; only the peasants had misgivings about them, for they regarded them as manifest traces of beasts of prey at hand, although the old man pointed out to them most convincingly the evidences of an inconceivable antiquity, and asked them if they had ever noticed any signs of ravages among their herds, or of the plunder of human neighbors, and whether they could regard these bones as those of known animals or men? The old man wished now to penetrate farther into the mountain, but the peasants deemed it advisable for them to retreat, and to await his entrance before the cave. Heinrich, the merchants,

and the boy remained with the miner, and provided themselves with ropes and torches. They soon reached a second cave, and the old man did not forget to mark the passage through which they had entered, by a figure composed of bones, which he placed before it. This cave resembled the first, and was equally rich in animal remains.

Heinrich experienced a strange awe; it struck him as if he were wandering through the fore-courts of the inner earth-palace. Heaven and earth were suddenly far removed from him; and these dark, wide halls appeared to belong to a wondrous subterranean kingdom. He thought within himself, were it not possible that a separate world stirs this monstrous life beneath our feet? that unheard-of births have their being and their doings in the fastnesses of the earth, which the interior fire of the dark womb works up into gigantic forms of spirit-power? Might not, some time, these awful strangers, driven forth by the in-pressing cold, appear among us, while perhaps, at the same time, heavenly guests — living, speaking Powers of the star-world — became visible above our heads? Are these bones the remains of emigrations toward the surface, or signs of a flight into the deeps?

Suddenly, the old man called to the rest, and showed them a human footstep quite fresh on the floor of the cave. No others appeared; so he thought they might follow this trace without fear of meeting with robbers. . . .

After some searching, they found in an angle of the side-wall, on the right, a sloping passage, into which the footsteps appeared to lead. Soon they thought they could perceive a brightness, which grew stronger the nearer they approached. A new vault, of greater extent than the former, opened itself before them, in the background of which they saw, sitting by a lamp, the figure of a man, who had a large book lying before him on a stone tablet, in which he seemed to be reading. He turned himself toward them, rose, and came to meet them. He looked neither old nor young; no traces of time were perceptible in him, except his straight gray hairs, which were parted on the forehead. He had soles bound to his feet, and seemed to have no other clothing except a wide mantle which was folded about him, and made more prominent his large and noble form. It seemed as if he were receiving expected guests in his dwelling.

"It is kind in you to visit me," he said; "you are the first

friends I have seen here, as long as I have lived in this place. It would seem that people are beginning to consider more attentively our large and wondrous house." The old man replied: "We did not expect to find here so friendly a host. We were told of wild beasts and goblins, and find ourselves very agreeably deceived. If we have disturbed you in your devotions and profound contemplations, pardon thus much to our curiosity." "Can any contemplation be more delightful," said the unknown, "than that of glad and congenial human faces? Do not think me a misanthrope, because you find me in this solitude. I have not fled the world, I have only sought a place of rest, where I might pursue my meditations undisturbed." "Do you never repent your resolution? and are there not hours when you feel afraid, and when your heart longs for a human voice?"

"Not now. There was a time, in my youth, when ardent enthusiasm induced me to become a recluse. Dim presentiments occupied my youthful imagination. I hoped to find full nourishment for my heart in solitude. Inexhaustible seemed to me the fountain of my inner life. But I soon perceived that one must bring with him abundance of experiences, that a young heart cannot be alone, nay, that it is only by manifold converse with his kind, that man can acquire a certain self-subsistence. . . .

"The dangers and vicissitudes of war, the high poetic spirit which accompanies a war-host, tore me from my youthful solitude, and determined the fortunes of my life. It may be, that the long tumult, the numberless events which I witnessed, have expanded yet farther my taste for solitude. Innumerable reminiscences are entertaining company, — the more entertaining, the more varied the glance with which we overlook them, and which now first discovers their true connection, the deep meaning of their sequence, and the import of their phenomena. The true understanding of human history does not unfold itself till late, and rather under the still influences of recollection, than under the more powerful impressions of the present time. The nearest events seem but loosely connected, but they sympathize all the more wonderfully with remote ones; and only then, when one is in a condition to overlook a long series, and neither to take everything literally, nor, with wanton vagaries, to confound the true order, does one perceive the secret concatenation of the former and the future, and learn to compound history out of hope and memory. Only he, however, to whom the entire

fore-time is present, can succeed in discovering the simple rule of history. We attain only to imperfect, cumbrous formulas, and may be glad if we can but find for ourselves an available prescript, which shall give us satisfactory solutions for our own short life. But I may venture to affirm that every careful contemplation of the fates of life affords a deep and inexhaustible enjoyment, and, of all thoughts, exalts us above earthly ills. Youth reads history only from curiosity, like an entertaining wonder-tale; to riper age it becomes a heavenly, consoling, and edifying friend, who by her wise discourses gently prepares us for a higher, more comprehensive career, and by means of intelligible images, makes us acquainted with the unknown world. The Church is the dwelling-house of History, and the still church yard her emblematic flower-garden. Only aged, god-fearing men should write of history, whose own history is nearly at an end, and who have nothing more to hope for, but to be transplanted into the garden. Not gloomy and troubled will their account be; — rather, a ray from the cupola will exhibit everything in the most correct and beautiful light, and a holy Spirit will hover over those strangely moved waters." . . . "When I consider all these aright, it seems to me as if the historian should be a poet also, for only poets understand the art of presenting events in their true connection. In their narratives and fables, I have observed with silent pleasure a delicate feeling for the mysterious spirit of life. There is more truth in their wonder-stories than in learned chronicles. Although the personages and their fortunes are fictitious, the sense in which they are invented is true and natural. It is to a certain extent indifferent, as it regards our entertainment and our instruction, whether the persons in whose destinies we trace our own actually lived or not. What we want is an intuition of the great, simple soul of the phenomena of time. If this wish is satisfied, we do not trouble ourselves about the accidental existence of the external figures." . . .

"Since I have inhabited this cave," continued the recluse, "I have learned to meditate more of the olden time. It is indescribable how this study attracts. I can imagine the love which a miner must have for his handicraft. When I look at these strange old bones which are gathered together here in such a mighty multitude; when I think of the wild time in which the foreign, monstrous animals, impelled, perhaps, by fear and alarm, crowded in dense masses into these caves, and

here found their death; when, again, I ascend to the times in which these caverns grew together, and vast floods covered the land, I appear to myself like a dream of the future, like a child of the everlasting peace. How quiet and peaceful, how mild and clear is Nature at the present day, compared with those violent, gigantic times! The most fearful tempest, the most appalling earthquake in our days, is but a faint echo of those terrific birth-throes. It may be, that the vegetable and animal world, and even the human beings of that time, if any there were on single islands in this ocean, had a different structure, more firm and rude. At least, one ought not to charge the traditions, which tell of a race of giants, with fabrication."

"It is pleasant," said the old man, "to observe the gradual pacification of nature. There appears to have formed itself, gradually, a more and more intimate agreement, a more peaceful communion, a mutual assistance and animation; and we can look forward to ever better times. Possibly here and there the old leaven may still ferment, and some violent convulsions may ensue, but we can discern, notwithstanding these, an almighty striving after a freer, a more harmonious constitution; and, in this spirit, each convulsion will pass by and lead us nearer to the great goal. It may be, that Nature is no longer so fruitful as formerly, that no metals or precious stones are formed in these days, that no more rocks and mountains arise, that plants and animals no longer swell up to such astonishing size and strength. But the plastic, ennobling, social powers of Nature have increased all the more. Her disposition has become more receptive and delicate, her fantasy more manifold and emblematic, her touch lighter and more artistic. She approaches human kind; and if once she was a wild-teeming rock, she is now a still, germinating plant, a mere human artist." . . .

Heinrich and the merchants had listened attentively to this conversation, and the former, especially, experienced new developments in his prophetic soul. Many words, many thoughts, fell like quickening fruit-seed into his bosom, and transported him quickly from the narrow sphere of his youth to the height of the world. The hours just past lay like long years behind him, and it seemed to him as if he had never thought or felt otherwise than now.

The recluse showed them his books; they were old histories

and poems. Heinrich turned over the leaves of the large and beautifully illuminated manuscripts. The short lines of the verses, the titles, single passages, and the neat pictures which appeared here and there, like embodied words, for the purpose of seconding the imagination of the reader, excited mightily his curiosity. The recluse remarked his inward joy, and explained to him the singular representations. The most manifold life-scenes were depicted there. Battles, funeral solemnities, wedding-festivals, shipwrecks, caves and palaces, kings, heroes, priests, old men and young, men in foreign costume, and strange animals, appeared in various alternations and connections. Heinrich could not see his fill, and would have desired nothing better than to stay with the recluse, who attracted him irresistibly, and to be instructed by him concerning these books. Meanwhile the old man asked if there were any more caves, and the recluse answered that there were several very spacious ones in the vicinity, and that he would accompany him thither. The old man was ready, and the recluse, who had noticed the pleasure which Heinrich had in his books, induced him to remain behind, and to entertain himself with these during their absence. Heinrich was glad to remain with the books, and thanked him heartily for the permission. He turned over the leaves with infinite joy. At length there fell into his hands a book written in a foreign language, which appeared to him to bear some resemblance to the Latin and to the Italian. He longed very much to know the language, for the book particularly pleased him, although he understood not a word of it. It had no title, but he found, in seeking, several pictures. They seemed to him strangely familiar, and as he gazed more attentively, he discovered his own form quite distinguishable among the figures. He started and thought he had been dreaming, but after repeated inspection, he could not doubt the perfect similitude. He could scarcely believe his senses when, presently, he discovered in one of the pictures the cave, with the recluse and the old man by his side. By degrees, he found in other pictures the Eastern maid, his parents, the count and countess of Thuringia, his friend the court-chaplain, and many others of his acquaintance. But their garments were different, and they appeared to belong to another age. A great number of figures he knew not how to name, yet they seemed familiar to him. He saw his similitude in various situations. Toward the end of the book, he appeared

larger and nobler. A guitar was lying on his arm, and the countess was handing him a garland. He saw himself at the Imperial court, on ship-board, in close embrace with a slender, lovely maiden, in battle with wild-looking men, in friendly converse with Saracens and Moors. A man of earnest aspect appeared frequently in his company. He conceived a profound reverence for this lofty figure, and was rejoiced to see himself arm in arm with him. The last pictures were dark and unintelligible; but some of the forms of his dream surprised him with intense delight. The conclusion appeared to be wanting. Heinrich was much troubled, and wished nothing more ardently than to be able to read the book and to possess it entire. He viewed the pictures again and again, and was confused when he heard the company returning. An unaccountable shame came over him. He did not dare to make known his discovery, and merely asked the recluse, as unconcernedly as possible, respecting the title and the language. He learned that it was written in the Provençal tongue. "It is a great while since I have read it," said the recluse: "I do not remember exactly the subject. All I know is, that it is a romance of the wonderful fortunes of a poet, in which poetry is represented and lauded in manifold relations. The conclusion is wanting to this copy, which I brought with me from Jerusalem, where I found it among the effects of a deceased friend, and kept it as a memorial of him."

Song of Zulima, the Arabian Captive.

Still must childhood's happy dream
 Haunt me 'neath these hostile skies?
Ever shall hope's fitful gleam
 Wave before my weary eyes?
Ever shall they rove in vain
O'er the wide and restless main?

Couldst thou see the myrtle bowers,
 See the cedar's dusky hair,
Where my sisters, crowned with flowers,
 Linger in the dewy air!
Couldst thou see them lead the dance
'Neath the pale moon's silver glance!

Youthful lovers bowed the knee,
 Noble warriors from afar;
Tender songs arose to me
 Ever with the evening-star.

For love and honor death to dare
Was the manly watchword there,—

There, where smiling heavens lend
 To the seas a golden glow,
Where the warm, balsamic waves
 Round the shelving woodlands flow;
Where 'mid thousand fruits and flowers
Wild birds haunt the leafy bowers.

Fades the dream of youth and love;
 Far away my native halls;
Lowly lies the myrtle grove;
 Mouldering stand the castle walls.
Sudden as the lightning's brand,
Pirates scathed the smiling land.

Lurid flames flashed wild and high;
 Clashing sabres, stamping steeds,
Mingle with the midnight cry:
 None the suppliant victim heeds.
Father, brothers, could not save;
Pirates bore us o'er the wave.

Still my heart is fondly yearning,
 As I pace the barren strand;
Still mine eyes through tears are turning
 To that far-off mother-land,
Ever wandering in vain
O'er the wide and restless main.



ZULIMA

From a Painting by N. Sichel

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FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

O'BRIEN, FITZ-JAMES, an Irish American poet and sketch-writer; born at Limerick in 1828; died at Cumberland, Maryland, April 6, 1862. He was educated at the University of Dublin. In 1852 he came to New York, where he entered upon a brilliant career as a contributor to magazines, writing with facility both in prose and verse. Toward the close of 1861 he joined a New York regiment, and was appointed upon the staff of General Lander. At a skirmish on February 26, 1862, he received a wound in the shoulder, of which he died on April 6th. A volume made up from some of his "Poems and Stories," edited by William Winter, was published in 1881.

ANIMULA.

(From "The Diamond Lens.")

WITH an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, Simon drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! how the mild lamplight was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and — must I confess it? — with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly, — so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents, — and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters

are conveyed away safely. He added that, in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond with the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken, — to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man Simon was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws: why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was

probable that the weapon, if levelled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantly.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument, which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass, — having first removed from it all traces of wine, — cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself; but after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger.

These arrangements made, I walked out, leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning, — the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door, — peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded, — the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates, — a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surface of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination, — a process

necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens; and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hair's-breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued; but as the lens approached the object a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life, — perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted, but still some living organism. I found my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say human, I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity, — but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This indeed was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any

price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly. Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bed of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees — as I must call them — unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion,

startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion, — but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true that, thanks to the marvellous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together, — to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

The Lost Steamship.

"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!
 Tell me, what is that far away,—
There, where over the isle of sand
 Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
 Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife:
 Tell me what is it, fisherman, pray?"

"That good sir, was a steamer stout
As ever paddled around Cape Race;
And many 's the wild and stormy bout
She had with the winds in that selfsame place:
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me about her all that you can;
And here 's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had aboard, —
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true, —
How did it fare with her human hoard?
Lost she many, or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I 'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship;
'T was ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;
And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sank in twelve feet of water or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
Their orisons wailed on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild,—
Of tearful faces I saw but one:
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the captain's son.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew —
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim —
Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow with his bride,
Standing amidships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-by,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die —
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were gripped by a man with a drowning cry,
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done,
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down,—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;
The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer, — the second mate."

"Now, lonely fisherman, who are you
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?"
His answer came in an under-breath, —
"Master, I was the second mate!"

Of Loss.

Stretched, silver-spun, the spider's nets;
The quivering sky was white with fire;
The blackbird's scarlet epaulets
Reddened the hemlock's topmost spire.

The mountain in his purple cloak,
His feet with misty vapors wet,
Lay dreamily, and seemed to smoke
All day his giant calumet.

From farm-house bells the noonday rung,
The teams that ploughed the furrows stopped;
The ox refreshed his lolling tongue,
And brows were wiped, and spades were dropped;

And down the field the mowers stepped,
With burning brows and figures lithe,
As in their brawny hands they swept
From side to side the hissing scythe;

Till sudden ceased the noonday task,
The scythe 'mid blades of grass lay still,
As girls with can and cider-flask,
Came romping gayly down the hill.

And over all these swept a stream
Of subtle music — felt, not heard —
As one conjures in a dream
The distant singing of a bird.

I drank the glory of the scene,
Its autumn splendor fired my veins;
The woods were like an Indian Queen
Who gazed upon her old domains.

And, ah! methought I heard a sigh
Come softly through her leafy lips;
A mourning over days gone by,
That were before the white man's ships.

And so I came to think on Loss —
I never much could think on Gain —
A poet oft will woo a cross
On whom a crown is pressed in vain.

I came to think — I know not how —
 Perchance through sense of Indian wrong —
Of losses of my own, that now
 Broke for the first time into song.

A fluttering strain of feeble words
 That scarcely dared to leave my breast;
But, like a brood of fledgling birds,
 Kept hovering round their natal nest.

"O loss!" I sang, "O early loss!
 O blight that nipped the buds of spring!
O spell that turned the gold to dross!
 O steel that clipped the untried wing.

"I mourn all days, as sorrows he
 Whom once they called a merchant-prince,
Over the ships he sent to sea,
 And never, never heard of since.

"To ye, O woods, the annual May
 Restores the leaves ye lost before;
The tide that now forsakes the bay
 This night will wash the widowed shore.

"But I shall never see again
 The shape that smiled upon my youth;
A misty sorrow veils my brain,
 And dimly looms the light of Truth.

"She faded, fading woods, like you!
 And fleeting shone with sweeter grace,
And as she died the colors grew
 To softer splendors in her face.

"Until one day the hectic flush
 Was veiled with death's eternal snow;
She swept from earth amid a hush,
 And I was left alone below!"

While thus I moaned, I heard a peal
 Of laughter through the meadows flow,
I saw the farm-boys at their meal,
 I saw the cider circling go.

And still the mountain calmly slept,
 His feet with valley-vapors wet;
And slowly circling, upward crept
 The smoke from out his calumet.

Mine was the sole discordant breath
 That marred this dream of peace below;
"O God," I cried, "give, give me death,
 Or give me grace to bear thy blow!"

Elisha Kent Kane.

Aloft upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced:
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth:
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb;
And his own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came;
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph; Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand; the large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
"Honor to Kane!"

In vain — in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling till the rafters rung

With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased,
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but, as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered being that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And, in the burning day
Wastes, peak by peak, away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into Heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life.
We will not weep for him who died so well,
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his life: —
Such homage suits him well,
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.
What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amidst the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow;
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey; the insufficient share
Of loathsome food;
The lethargy of famine, the despair
Urging to labor, nervously pursued;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the postrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand



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R L

Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew;
The whispers of rebellion — faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder: — such the throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate!
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate,
Equal to every trial — every fate —
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state:
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode does chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian Knight, Elisha Kane!

ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER, ADAM GOTTLOB, a Danish dramatist and poet; born at Frederiksburg, near Copenhagen, November 14, 1779; died there, January 20, 1850. In 1803 he published a volume of poems. This was followed by his drama of "Aladdin." He thoroughly mastered the German language, into which he translated those of his works which were originally written in Danish. He went to Italy, where he became intimate with the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. Returning to Denmark in 1810, he was made Professor of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen. His "Works," which include dramas, poems, novels, and translations, fill forty-one volumes in German and twenty-one in Danish. He is best known by his dramas, many of which have been translated into English by Theodore Martin and others. Among the best of his works are "Aladdin;" "Hakon Jarl" (1807); "Palnatoke;" "Axel and Valborg" (1810); "Correggio" (1811); "Canute the Great;" "The Varangians in Constantinople;" "Land Found and Lost," based upon the early voyages of the Northmen in America; "Dina" (1842); and "The Gods of the North." A complete edition of his "Poetiske Skrifter" (Poetical Writings) was published at Copenhagen in thirty-two volumes (1857–65).

THE DEDICATION OF ALADDIN.

TO GOETHE.

BORN in far northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy-land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the ancient saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair;
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring smile fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-apparelled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North, I flew;
I was possessed
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold,
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
Dim, colorless, became
My childhood's visions grand;
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eye a keener vision gave,
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far off ride,
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger-minstrel's song;

Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave stern mien,
By sad Melpomene
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerly as a friend:
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Naught has the bard
Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not, trivial as the tribute is,
With scorn regard.

Song.

(From "Aladdin.")

The moon shines bright aloft
O'er wood and dingle,
The birds in cadence soft
Their warblings mingle;
The breezes from the hill
Come sighing, sighing,
And to their voice the rill
Sends sweet replying.

But one flower in the wold
Droops wan and sickly;
Death at its heart is cold—
'T will perish quickly.
But yonder, chaplets twine
Forever vernal,
And in God's presence shine
Through springs eternal.

O moonlight pale! thy rays
Soon, softly creeping,
Shall paint my paler face
In death-trance sleeping.
Smile then on Death, that he
May gently take me,
And where no sorrows be,
Ere morn awake me!

Droops on its stem the flower:
Come, sweetly stealing,
Angel of death, and shower
Soft dews of healing!
Oh, come! Beneath thy blight
My soul shall quail not!
Yonder is endless light,
And joys that fail not!

Song.

(From "Correggio.")

The fairy dwells in the rocky hall,
The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;
The waters tumble as white as snow,
From the rocks above to the pool below:
"Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,
And you shall be my own love alway!

"From the bonds of the body thy soul I 'll free;
Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me,
Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,
And ivory white thy bones I 'll wash.
Deep, deep shalt thou rest in my oozy home,
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam."

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,
But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain.
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,
And she hands him a goblet of water fair;
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels amain
The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,
He has drunken of death's deceitful flood;
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red, —
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.

The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanched and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree:
In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,
His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

Noureddin Reads from an Old Folio.

(From "Aladdin.")

Life's gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,
From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.
Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.
'T is ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite, and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.
Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long-reluctant powers;
Fain wouldst thou grasp — Hope's portal shuts amain,
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair.

Oehlenschläger's only Hymn.

Teach me, O forest, that I may
Like autumn leaves fade glad away,
A fairer spring forecasting;
There green my tree shall glorious stand,
Deep-rooted in the lovely land
Of summer everlasting.

O little bird of passage, thou
Teach me in faith to hie me now
To shores that are uncharted;
When all is winter here, and ice,
Then shall eternal Paradise
Open to me, departed.

Teach me, thou butterfly so light,
To break from out my prison plight
That is my freedom robbing;
On earth I creep with lowly things,
But soon the golden-purple wings
Shall high in air be throbbing.

O Thou who smilest from yon sky,
Master and Saviour, Christ the high,
Teach me to conquer sorrow.
Let Hope's bright flag enhearten me;
Although Good Friday bitter be,
Fair is the Easter morrow.

On Leaving Italy.

Once more among the old, gigantic hills with vapors clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind, the rocks ascend before. . . .

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth — why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle's and the vulture's cry, the nightingale's no more.

Where is the laurel? Where the myrtle's bloom? Bleak is the path around.
Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing? Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom a weight appears to flow?
Methinks the muses come to call me home from yonder rocks of snow.

I know not how — but in yon land of roses my heart was heavy still;
I startled at the warbling nightingale, the zephyrs on the hill.

They said the stars shone with a softer gleam — it seemed not so to me.
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around: my thoughts were o'er the sea.

THEODORE O'HARA.

O'HARA, THEODORE, an American poet; born at Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820; died near Guerrytown, Alabama, June 6, 1867. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, where he was for a time Professor of Greek. He then practised law, and in 1845 he became an employee in the Treasury Department. In 1846 he was appointed assistant quartermaster of volunteers. In 1847 he was brevetted for gallantry at Cherubusco and Contreras. After the Mexican War he practised law in Washington; and later, he led a regiment at Cardenas, in aid of Lopez, for the liberation of Cuba. He returned severely wounded, and afterward joined the Walker expedition. Upon his return he became connected with the Mobile "Register," the Frankfort "Yeoman," and the Louisville "Times." He served in the Confederate army as a commander of the fort at Mobile Bay; and afterward, until the end of the war, as chief-of-staff of General Breckenridge. He then went into business at Columbus; and afterward retired to his plantation on the Chattahoochee, where he died of fever. O'Hara wrote but little, and is remembered for his poem "The Bivouac of the Dead," written to commemorate his comrades of the Mexican War who are buried at Frankfort. Lines from this poem are on many monuments in our national cemeteries, and over their gates.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

(From an ode, read at the dedication of a monument to the soldiers of Kentucky who fell in the Mexican War.)

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind —
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud —
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed —
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe;
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was Victory or Death.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongue resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war the richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles softly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year has flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

GEORGES OHNET.

OHNET, GEORGES, a French editor, dramatist, and novelist; born in Paris, April 3, 1848. He was successively editor of "Le Pays" and of "Le Constitutionnel." Among his earlier works are a drama, "Regina Sarpi" (1875), and a comedy, "Marthe" (1877). Several of his novels have been dramatized. One of these, "Le Maître de Forges" (1882), was played a whole year. This and other romances — "Serge Panine;" "La Comtesse Sarah;" "Lise Fleuron;" "La Grande Marinière"; "Les Dames de Croix-Mort" — were put forth as a series under the title "Les Batailles de la Vie." "Noir et Rose" (1877) is a collection of stories. "Volonté" (1888) is directed against pessimism. "La Conversion du Professeur Rameau;" "Le Dernier Amour" (1890), and "Dette de Haine" (1891) are among his most recent works.

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

(From "Le Maître de Forges.")

THE night was cruelly long to Claire. When she found herself in her own room the gravity of the situation rushed upon her and she grew terrified. Certainly it had been but a simple exercise of her right to revolt and drive away the woman who defied, threatened, outraged her in her own house. But her husband had been forced to sustain her, and it had involved him in a quarrel with the duke. She knew that De Bligny was not an adversary to be despised. If an encounter should result, would not Philippe's life be in terrible danger? She had seen Octave and the baron conferring with Le Brède and Moulinet toward the end of the evening, and on questioning them had received evasive answers. A superstitious dread seized her that this union between the iron-master and herself was ill fated, a presentiment that if her husband fought he would be killed, and terrible images haunted her throughout the night.

She saw Philippe lying lifeless and blood-stained on the turf, and the duke, with his reeking pistol in his hand, laughing his

evil laugh. Why the pistol? She vainly assured herself that the weapon chosen would be the sword, she still saw the two men with pistols in their hands, she heard the double report, she saw a light smoke ascend, and heard Philippe fall heavily on the sod.

She walked to the window, hoping to shake off the waking nightmare which pursued her. The air was soft, the clear night sparkling with stars. The expiring Venetian lanterns animated for an instant by the breeze blazed out in the darkness. The red spots seemed to her excited fancy spots of blood, and with a shiver she closed the window and drew the curtains to shut out the sinister light.

She began pacing her chamber, but her mind reverted incessantly to the thought of Philippe's death. "I bring misfortune to all who approach me," she said aloud, and the sound of her own voice in the silence terrified her. She sunk into a long chair and tried to read, but the pendulum of the clock sounded in her ears a funeral knell.

Then it came into her mind to go and find out what Philippe was doing, and crossing the little salon on tiptoe, she gained the door of his chamber. All was dark and silent. Concluding that he was asleep, and a little reassured by the thought, she returned to her room.

Philippe was not in his chamber, nor was he asleep. He had shut himself up in his cabinet on the ground-floor beneath the room occupied by Claire. He well recognized the gravity of the coming encounter between the duke and himself. The preliminaries had been all arranged between the seconds, and in spite of the tearful entreaties of Moulinet, a meeting was to take place at eight the next morning in the woods between Pont-Avesnes and Varenne, at the same rond-point which a few days before had resounded with gayety and mirth. The weapon chosen by the duke was the pistol, the distance thirty paces, and Philippe offered no objection. Though he had had little practice with the pistol, he was an excellent shot with the gun, and certain of his aim, he reflected with joy that if he risked his own life, his adversary's was in his power. Between these two men of equal courage and coolness it was impossible to predict the victor, but there seemed little doubt that one of the two was condemned to death.

Seated there alone and knowing that he had perhaps but a few hours to live, Philippe made an honest scrutiny of his

conduct. The idea that held possession of his mind was the thought that he had perhaps been too severe with Claire. He felt a profound pity for this poor troubled heart which had so deeply suffered, and which he now knew to be filled with himself. The trial to which he had subjected her was complete; there remained no room to doubt that living, Claire would be entirely his, or dead, devoted to his memory. The end he had been seeking he had gained, and he felt calm.

He could not, in his heart, feel regret that he had hammered this character of bronze and fashioned it to his will. In the result obtained there was a guarantee for Claire's happiness if chance favored him, and he returned alive. If left to herself she would with certainty have been unhappy. Too intelligent not to be conscious that she had wrecked her existence, and too proud to admit that the fault had been hers, she would have lived the prey to a bitter vindictiveness, and soured by vain regrets. The lesson he had given her had been salutary. He had recovered, reconquered this heart, and the time had come when they might be happy.

The sound of footsteps over his head made him start. He listened. It was a regular measured tread, and in each vibration of the ceiling he could divine his young wife's agitation. He saw her with tearless eyes, contracted features, and trembling hands, with the look on her face that he knew so well in the frenzy of her sorrow or anger. For the first time he felt that his love made him weak. His temples throbbed. He felt a well-nigh irrepressible longing to fly to the wife whom he adored, and who was not his. Would it not be madness to risk death without having once held her in his arms, without having pressed his lips in the perfumed tresses of her golden hair? A night of love might be his, perhaps to know no morrow. He laid his hand on the knob of the door and there he paused.

Could it be indeed he who was on the point of yielding to such a weakness? After all the suffering endured, was he about to give way at the last? It was his whole future that was at stake. If he survived, Claire was his without distrust in the present, or fear for the future. If he died he would remain in her eyes great, strong, and proud. It should be all or nothing; a whole lifetime of happiness — or death, silent and cold.

Over his head, Claire continued her feverish walk. He heard her open the door, cross the salon, and with furtive step approach his chamber. He smiled and listened attentively. In

another minute she recrossed the salon and returned to her apartment. She too then had thought of a reconciliation, and had recoiled. He felt how, in going to her, he would have fallen from the height of his superiority to become a mere vulgar being at the mercy of his senses. . . .

The iron-master had slept for two hours when a light touch on his shoulder aroused him. He opened his eyes and saw the Marquis de Beaulieu standing over him. He sprung up quickly. It was broad daylight. The hands of the clock pointed to half past six.

"We have time!" he murmured.

Never had he felt freer and stronger in body and mind. To this man of will everything that evidenced to him his mortal strength was a secret delight. He walked to the window and opened it. The air was pure and fresh, laden with the delicious perfume of flowers damp with dew. His eyes wandered over the dense shrubbery of the park. A light, transparent, blue, mist floated over the trees, the river already sparkled in the sun, now high in the heavens. Nature seemed adorned for a fête.

"A beautiful day!" he exclaimed, gayly, as if about to set out on a hunt.

His glance met that of Octave, and he read a silent reproach in his eyes. The iron-master approached his brother-in-law, and pressed his hand affectionately.

"Do not be astonished to see me careless and almost gay this morning. I feel a presentiment that it will end well for me." And becoming grave he added, "However, we must provide against mischance, and my arrangements are all completed. You will find them recorded in this letter."

And he pointed to a letter on his table addressed to Bachelin.

"My old friend and you will be my executors. To you, Octave, I leave what is dearest to me."

A flash of joy illumined the face of the marquis. His voice choked, and throwing his arms around Philippe he sobbed on his shoulder.

"Come, a little more firmness, Octave. I hope it will be from my hand that you will receive your sister. But if it should be otherwise, my friend, love her well, for she deserves it. Hers is a tender heart that the least sorrow would break."

His voice grew infinitely soft as he spoke of the sister to whom he had been a real father. Passing his hand over his forehead he recovered his composure.

"I must dress; will you go upstairs with me, and then we will go together to find the baron. I wish to leave here without attracting attention."

Octave bent his head without replying, then after a moment's silence, with an effort: —

"Philippe," he said, "before seeing you, I saw my sister. Promise me that you will not go without seeing her."

Philippe looked at the marquis inquiringly.

"You cannot surely leave her without giving her at least an opportunity to justify herself to you if it is possible."

And as the iron-master made a sudden movement of surprise: —

"I have known for three days what has passed between you and Claire. I know what my sister's fault has been; I am grieved, believe me, for the disappointment you have suffered, as much as I admire you for having been able so well to conceal it. But be indulgent to her, I implore you. It would be unworthy of you to overwhelm her with despair. Reflect that she may never see you again. Do not leave her with the double remorse of having desolated your life and perhaps of having caused your death."

The iron-master turned away his face, which had grown very pale.

"I will do as you ask," he said, "but the interview will be terribly painful to us both. Do what you can to shorten it, and facilitate my departure by coming for me."

The marquis made a sign of acquiescence, and pressing Philippe's hand, they went out together.

The baroness, coming early in the morning to Claire's room, found her after the agitation of the night in a state of torpor. On speaking to her she failed to elicit a reply. Claire sat in a long chair, with contracted features and a settled stare, as if all the life that was in her was concentrated upon some frightful vision. Each stroke of the clock announcing the passing of the hours made her start. But for this movement, and for the wild light in her eyes, it might have been supposed that she slept.

The arrival of her brother aroused her. She had concentrated all her hopes upon the passionate wish to see Philippe before his departure. She had charged Octave with obtaining this favor for her, and then she waited, walking to the window and raising the curtain to discover whether Philippe were setting off, and, when she did not see him at the door, to listen for his coming.

Suddenly a sound of footsteps made her draw back as though she shrunk from finding herself face to face with him whom she so longed to see. She turned pale, a dark shade gathered about her eyes, and signing to the baroness to leave her, she stood trembling and voiceless. Philippe entered.

They stood looking at each other speechless, he examining the traces of anguish on the face of his young wife, she striving to collect her thoughts and discovering nothing in her agitated brain but emptiness.

Unable to endure the painful silence longer, she drew near Philippe, seized his hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

The iron-master had anticipated an explanation, had prepared himself for prayers and entreaties. This silent abandonment of grief unmanned him. He made an effort to withdraw the hand upon which the woman he loved was raining hot tears, but he could not. He shivered and felt himself without strength to resist his weakness.

"Claire!" he said, in a low voice, "I beg you! You agitate me, and I need all my self-command. Be calm, I entreat. Be strong, and spare me if you value my life."

She raised her head. The expression of her face changed.

"Your life! Ah! I would give my own a thousand times rather. Wretch that I am to have endangered you by my rashness! I ought to have endured everything. By suffering I might have expiated my wrongs toward you, but in a moment of folly I forgot everything. This duel is madness, — it must not be, — I will prevent it."

"How?" asked Philippe, knitting his brow.

"By sacrificing my pride to save you. I will humble myself to the duchess, if necessary I will see the duke, — there is yet time."

"I forbid it!" said the iron-master, with energy. "You bear my name and your humiliation is mine. Lastly, think if you can how I hate the man who has caused all my misfortune. For a year I have dreamed of finding myself confronted with him. Oh! this, believe me, is a welcome day!"

Claire bowed her head. She had long accustomed herself to obey when Philippe commanded. Calmed by this outburst, he went on: —

"I appreciate your intentions, and thank you for them. There has been from the first a misunderstanding between us which has cost us both much suffering. I do not hold you en-

tirely to blame; I failed to comprehend you. I did not know how to make sacrifice enough for you, I loved you so. But I would not leave you with the thought that I have preserved any bitter feeling toward you. In your turn, pardon me for all the ill I have done you, and bid me farewell."

Claire's face grew radiant, and with a passion of gratitude: —

"Pardon you! I!" she exclaimed. "Do you not see that I adore you? Have you not long ago read it in my eyes, in my voice —"

She drew close to him, and twining her beautiful arms round his neck, and dropping her blonde head on his shoulder, intoxicating him with her perfume, with her glances, she spoke as if in a dream: —

"Ah! do not leave me. If you knew how I love you! Stay, stay with me — all mine, my own. We are so young, we have so much time left to be happy. What are this man and woman whom we hate to us? We will forget them; let us go away, far away from here. There will be happiness, life and love."

Philippe disengaged himself gently from her embrace.

"Here," he said, simply, "are duty and honor."

The young wife uttered a groan. The frightful reality had once more seized her imagination. She saw again the duke with his reeking pistol, laughing a malevolent laugh.

"No! no!" she cried.

At the same moment Octave appeared in the door, beckoned to Philippe, and withdrew. Claire saw that the moment of departure had come, that all was over, and throwing her arms round her husband, she embraced him convulsively.

"Farewell," murmured the iron-master.

"Oh! do not leave me thus!" she said, "not with that icy word. Tell me you love me, do not go till you have said it."

Philippe remained immovable. He had said that he pardoned, he would not confess that he loved. He disengaged himself and walked toward the door, turning as he was about to quit the room.

"Pray that I may return alive," he said, throwing out these words as a supreme hope.

This was all. The wife uttered a cry which brought the baroness to her in haste, as the carriage which bore away the iron-master rumbled over the avenue.

Paying no heed to the presence of the baroness, Claire sunk back in a chair, and buried her head in the cushions to shut

out all sight and sound, wishing she could suspend her existence during the awful hour that was approaching. She had remained thus for several minutes when a soft voice aroused her: —

"May I come in?"

Claire exchanged a glance of distress with the baroness. She must dissemble and assume a smiling face before Suzanne, who was still ignorant of what had passed. Her face appeared in the door, fresh and bright.

"Come in, dear," said Claire, with a mighty effort forcing a smile.

"What! you are not dressed!" exclaimed Suzanne, seeing her sister-in-law in her dressing-gown. "I have ridden through the park in the little carriage."

She was pattering up and down the chamber with the liveliness of a young kitten: "And I met Philippe, with the baron and Monsieur Octave, in a close carriage. Where could they have been going?"

Claire turned red and pale at once. Every word of Suzanne's was a torture. Drops broke out on her forehead.

"Oh! if my husband was with them," said the baroness, "they must have an experiment at hand — a visit to the quarries."

"Which way were they going?" asked Claire, in a trembling voice.

"Toward the ponds. To Varenne, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," said the baroness, "the duke is not a man to rise before ten."

Claire heard no more. They were going to the ponds. The glade, with its soft turf, its white fence, and the waters sleeping beneath the trees, rose before her. This desolate spot was propitious for a duel, the dreariness of its aspect seemed to destine it for some tragic scene. There it was that the duke and Philippe would fight. She was sure of it; she could see it all.

"You used the little carriage? Where did you leave it?" she asked.

"In the stable-yard. They are probably unhitching it now."

"I shall take it for a little drive," said Claire, quickly.

And slipping into a dress and throwing a lace scarf over her head, she went out in haste.

She set off rapidly, driving with a sure hand. The motion, far from calming, excited her. In a frenzy of impatience she

set the horse into a gallop, dashing violently over the forest road, which threatened to smash everything to pieces, biting her lips and envying the wings of the birds, listening with breath suspended by the beatings of her heart for the report of a pistol.

The forest was silent. Far off, the bells of carriages on the highway tinkled merrily. The soft moss carpet muffled the sound of her horse's footsteps. She sprung out and hastened across the woods, an instinct warning her that she was nearing the spot. She listened and heard voices.

At the distance of twenty paces from the pond stood M. Moulinet's Chinese kiosk, mirrored in the waters. From thence Claire might see without being seen. Lightly as a hunted hind she glided through the trees, and ascending the steps leading to the circular gallery, paused, anxious and terrified.

In the middle of the rond-point, the baron was marking off the distance with long strides. La Brède was loading the weapons, assisted by Moulinet, pale and discomposed. Philippe, at the further end of the glade, was walking slowly and talking with Octave and the doctor. The duke stood a few paces from the kiosk munching a cigar, with a rush cane in his hand with which he mechanically struck the tall stems of foxglove. Claire recalled with a horrible pressure at her heart this same rond-point, filled with horsemen and groups of elegantly dressed women, and the buffet served by the solemn valets of Varenne, a gay and brilliant scene. She was jealous then, but what was her jealousy to the torture which she was enduring now? Another instant and one of the two men who sought each other's lives for her sake would be stretched on the green turf.

A mist passed before her eyes, and she had to cling to the balustrade for support. But her weakness did not last long. She looked again, breathless, and with a horrible curiosity.

The adversaries had taken their places. M. Moulinet had just called out in supplicating accents: "Gentlemen, I beg you, gentlemen!" and was led away by La Brède and lectured in a corner. Octave handed Philippe his weapon and retired.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked La Brède, and was answered by a simultaneous "Yes."

La Brède resumed slowly, "One — two — three — fire!"

Claire saw the pistols levelled, and in this supreme moment

her reason forsook her. She sprung forward with a cry, descended at a single bound from the kiosk, and flinging herself in front of the weapon aimed at Philippe, stopped the barrel with her white hand.

There was an explosion. Claire turned pale as death, and waving frantically her torn and bloody hand, bespattered the duke's face with warm, red drops. Then with a sigh she fainted away.

There was a moment of indescribable confusion. The duke had drawn back in horror as he felt the warm, crimson shower. Philippe sprung forward, and raising Claire like an infant, transported her to the carriage which was waiting at the terminus of the road.

Claire's eyes were closed. Anxiously the iron-master, assisted by the physician, raised the poor mutilated hand that suffered for him and kissed it with adoration. The physician felt it with the delicate skill of a woman.

"There is nothing broken," he said at last with relief. "We shall come off better than could have been hoped. The hand will be scarred, but that may be concealed by a glove."

And recovering his professional sang-froid, he began arranging the cushions of the carriage to make the patient more comfortable.

Philippe's eyes never quitted Claire. Her prolonged insensibility made him uneasy. The baron, accompanied by La Brède, recalled him to a sense of the situation.

"I am charged, sir, by the Duke de Bligny," said the last, "to express his profound regret for the catastrophe of which he is the cause. He is deeply distressed at the accident to Madame Derblay, and finds his ideas greatly modified. It seems now impossible to proceed with the affair. The courage of my friend is beyond dispute, as is yours also, monsieur. We give our word of honor that the secret of what has passed shall be faithfully kept."

The iron-master glanced toward the duke. De Bligny, trembling and livid, was leaning against the fence mechanically wiping his face, his handkerchief each time marked with a crimson stain. As he thought that his ball might have wounded Claire mortally, might have entered her beautiful brow or her white bosom, his conduct presented itself to him in its true light, and he made a vow to remove forever from the path of the woman to whom he had brought so much suffering.

La Brède continued talking to Philippe with an emotion that was not usual with him. Philippe vaguely understood that he was expressing to him his personal regrets. He suffered his hand to be pressed, and seeing the duke move off, accompanied by Moulinet, hurried the physician into the carriage, and mounting the box, took the reins and set off rapidly.

In the great tapestried chamber where goddesses were filling the cups of warriors, as during Claire's long illness, Philippe was seated in silence at the foot of her bed.

Claire had not recovered consciousness and was tossing on her pillow in a high fever. She opened her eyes and looked vaguely around for Philippe. The iron-master rose quickly and bent over her. A smile broke over her lips, she wound a bare arm around her husband's neck, and drew him toward her. Her excited brain had as yet but an indistinct recollection of what had taken place. She seemed to be floating immaterial in celestial space. A delicious languor had crept over her. So low that Philippe hardly heard, she murmured: —

"I am dead, am I not, my beloved, and dead for you! How happy I am! You smile on me, you love me. I am in your arms. How sweet death is! What an adorable eternity!"

The sound of her own voice aroused her suddenly. A severe pain shot through her hand. All came back to her, her despair, her anguish, and her sacrifice.

"No! I am alive!" she exclaimed.

She shrunk back, and looking at Philippe as if life and death hung on his answer: —

"One word only!" she said. "Do you love me?"

Philippe turned upon her a face radiant with happiness.

"Yes," he answered. "There are two women in you. The one who has made me suffer so much is no more. You are she whom I have never ceased to adore."

Claire uttered a cry. Her eyes filled with tears, she clung desperately to Philippe, their lips met, and with a thrill of joy they exchanged their first kiss of love.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

OLIPHANT, LAURENCE, an English traveller and diplomatist; born in Cape Town, South Africa, in 1829; died at Twickenham, England, December 23, 1888. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the bar. In 1852 he travelled in Southern Russia. He succeeded in entering the fortified port of Sebastopol, of which he gave the earliest account in his "Russian Shores of the Black Sea" (1855). In 1855 he became private secretary to Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, travelled in British America and the United States, and published "Minnesota and the Far West" (1855). In 1857 he accompanied Lord Elgin to China and Japan, and wrote a valuable "Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan" (1860). In 1861 he retired from the diplomatic service. From 1865 to 1867 he was a member of Parliament. He was afterward made Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Canada. During the latter years of his life he resided in Palestine. Among his miscellaneous writings are "Transcaucasian Campaign of Omar Pasha" (1856); "Piccadilly, a Fragment of Contemporaneous Biography" (1870); "The Land of Gilead" (1882); "Tracts and Travesties, Social and Political" (1882); "Altiora Peto, a Novel" (1883); "Episodes in a Life of Adventure" (1887); "Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine" (1887); and "Scientific Religion" (1888). His life and that of his first wife, Alice Oliphant, has been written by Mrs. Margaret Oliphant (1891).

THE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH LEGATION IN JAPAN IN 1861.

(From "Episodes in a Life of Adventure.")

IN October, 1860, Mr. de Norman, First Secretary of Legation in Japan, who was temporarily attached to Lord Elgin's second special embassy to China, was barbarously tortured and murdered at Pekin; and early in the following year I was sent out to succeed him. Sir Rutherford Alcock, who had been appointed minister to Japan under the treaty which we made with that country in 1858, when I was acting secretary to the special



MADONNA AND CHILD

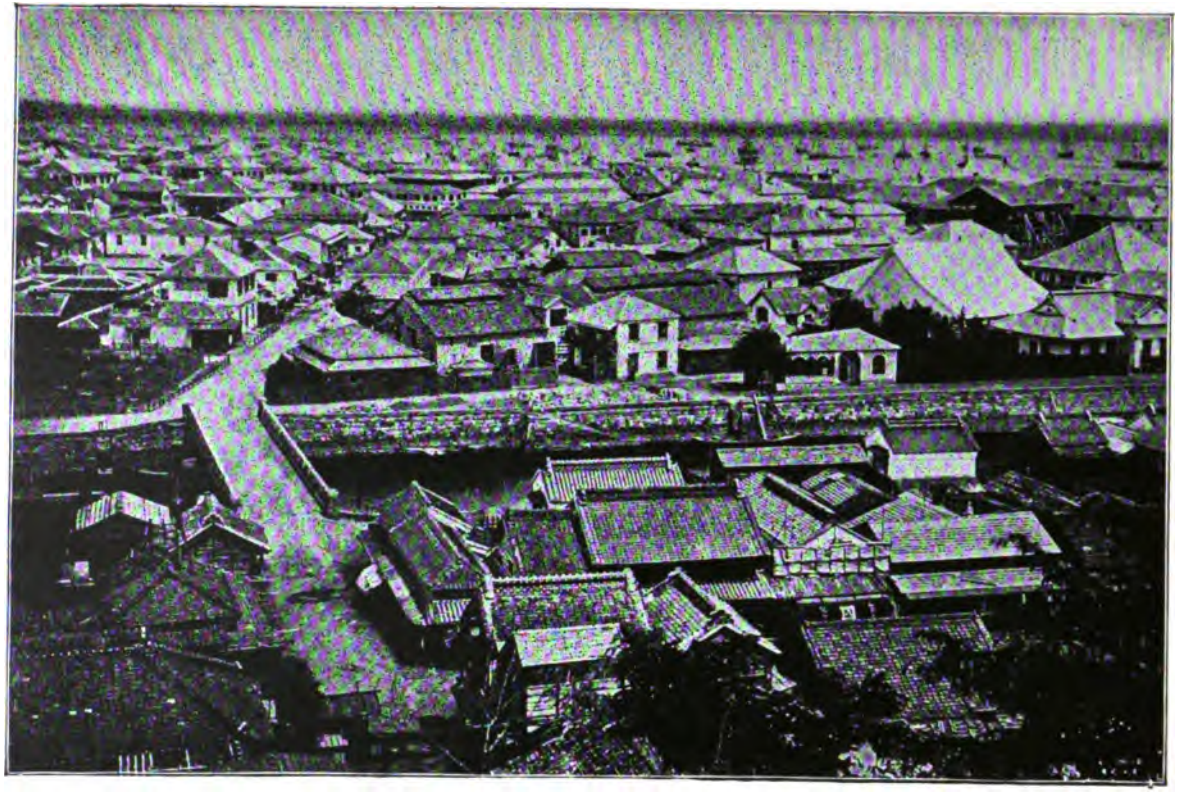
From a Painting by Giovanni Bellini

mission, had applied for two years' leave; and thus the prospect was opened to me of acting as *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo for that period. It was one which my former brief experience in that interesting and comparatively unknown country rendered extremely tempting; and early in June I reached Shanghai, on my way to Yokohama. I was extremely sorry to find that I had just missed Sir Rutherford, who had left Shanghai only a fortnight before for Nagasaki, from which town he intended to travel overland to Yedo — a most interesting journey of at least a month, through an entirely unknown country; an experience which, in view of my future residence in it, would have been valuable in many ways. There was nothing left for it but to go, on the first opportunity, by sea; and towards the end of the month I reached Yokohama, from which port I lost no time in pushing on to Yedo. Here I found the legation established in a temple at the entrance to the city, in one of its principal suburbs, called Sinagawa. It was separated from the sea by a high-road, and on entering the large gateway, an avenue, about three hundred yards long, led to a second gateway, behind which stood the temple buildings. In the outside court were the servants' offices and stables, in which stood always, saddled and bridled, like those of the knights of Branksome Hall, the horses of our mounted Japanese body-guard, without whose escort no member of the legation could at that time take a ride abroad. Besides these, there was a foot-guard, partly composed of soldiers of the tycoon, or temporal emperor, as he was then called, and partly by retainers of the daimios, or feudatory chiefs of the country — the whole amounting to one hundred and fifty men. These guards were placed here by the government for our protection, although some of us at the time thought that the precaution was altogether exaggerated and unnecessary, and that their constant presence was intended rather as a measure of surveillance over our movements. To what extent this latter motive operated it is impossible to conjecture, but the sequel showed that the appehensions of the government for our safety were by no means unfounded. I had been accompanied from England by Mr. Reginald Russell, who had been appointed *attaché*, and it was with no little curiosity that we rode up the avenue to what was to be our future home.

Two or three members of the legation were waiting to receive us, and showed us over the quaint construction which had been appropriated by the Japanese government to the use of the

first foreign minister who had ever resided in their capital. Part of the building was still used for ecclesiastical purposes, and haunted by priests; but our quarters were roomy and comfortable, the interior economy being susceptible of modification in the number, size, and arrangement of the rooms by the simple expedient of moving the partition-walls, which consisted of paper-screens running in grooves. The ease with which these could be burst through, as it afterwards proved, afforded equal facilities of escape and attack. One felt rather as if one were living in a bandbox; and there was an air of flimsiness about the whole construction by no means calculated to inspire a sense of security in a capital of over two millions of people, a large proportion of whom, we were given to understand, were thirsting for our lives. Fortunately for our peace of mind, we did not realize this at the time, and were taken up rather by the quaintness and novelty of our new abode, and the picturesqueness of its surroundings. We congratulated ourselves upon the charming garden and grounds, comprising probably two or three acres, abundantly furnished with magnificent wide-spreading trees, and innumerable shrubs and plants which were new to us; while small ponds and tiny islands contributed a feature which is generally to be found in the landscape-gardening in which the Japanese are so proficient. Sir Rutherford Alcock was not expected to arrive for a week, and I occupied the time in establishing myself in my new quarters, and in exploring the neighborhood on horseback.

On these occasions we were always accompanied by an escort of twenty or thirty horsemen, or *yaconins*, as they are called, mounted on wiry ponies, shod with straw shoes, and with a marked tendency to being vicious and unmanageable. These exploratory rides were a great source of delight and interest to me, for although I had been in the country before, my visit had only lasted a fortnight; and my time had been exclusively devoted to official work, and the examination of the city of Yedo itself, so that I had seen nothing whatever of the surrounding country. Now we scampered across it, to the great consternation of our escort, who found great difficulty in keeping up with us — so much so that, upon more than one occasion, only two or three of the original number succeeded in reaching home with us. I had determined, moreover, upon making an entomological collection for the British Museum, and set the juvenile part of the population of the villages through which I



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passed to collecting insects, in the hope that on subsequent visits I might find something worth having. I was successful in almost my first ride in finding a common-looking but very rare beetle; and in this pursuit my English servant — who had spent his youth in the house of a naturalist and ornithologist, and was skilled in the use of the blow-pipe, and in the cleaning and stuffing of birds — took an eager interest.

After I had been at Yedo about a week, we received news of the approach of Sir Rutherford Alcock and his party, and rode out ten miles to meet them. We were delighted to see them arrive safe and sound after a land-journey of thirty-two days, as we had not been without anxiety on their behalf — for Japan at that period was a region in which sinister rumors were rife, and we never knew how much or how little to believe of them; but now the great experiment of traversing the country for the first time by Europeans had been safely and successfully accomplished, and perhaps contributed to lull us into a security the fallacy of which was destined so shortly to be proved to us.

On the night of the 5th of July a comet was visible, a circumstance to which some of us possibly owed our lives, for we sat up till an unusually late hour looking at it. As one of the party was gifted with a good voice and an extensive repertory of songs, and the evening was warm and still, we protracted our vigil in the open air until past midnight. At our midday halt on my ride from Yokohama to Yedo, I had acquired the affections of a stray dog, by feeding him with our luncheon-scraps; and this animal had permanently attached himself to me, and was lying across the threshold of the door of my room when I went to bed. I had scarcely blown out my candle and settled myself to a grateful repose, when this dog broke into a sudden and furious barking, and at the same moment I heard the sounds of a watchman's rattle. We had two of these functionaries, whose business it was to perambulate the garden alternately throughout the night, and to show that they were on the alert by springing, from time to time, a rattle made of bamboo which they carried. Roused by these noises, I listened attentively, and distinctly heard the sounds of what seemed a scuffle at the front door. My room was on the other side of the house, and opened on to the garden, from which quarter it was entirely unprotected. It was connected with the front of the house by a narrow passage, the walls of which, if I remember right, were of lath-and-plaster, or at all events of some firmer material than the usual paper screens.

Thinking that the disturbance was probably caused by some quarrel among the servants, I jumped out of bed, intending to arm myself with my revolver, which was lying in its case on the table. Unfortunately my servant had that day been cleaning it, and after replacing it and locking the case, had put the key where I could not lay my hand upon it. A box which contained a sword and a coat of mail, which had been laughingly presented to me before leaving England by an anxious friend, had not been opened; so, although well supplied with means both of offence and defence, I was forced in the hurry of the moment to content myself with a hunting-crop, the handle of which was so heavily weighted that I considered it a sufficiently formidable weapon with which to meet anybody belonging to our own household that I was likely to encounter. Meantime the dog continued to bark violently, and to exhibit umistakable signs of alarm. Stepping past him, I proceeded along the passage leading to the front of the house, which was only dimly lighted by an oil-lamp that was standing in the dining-room; the first room on my left was that occupied by Russell, whom I hurriedly roused, and then, hearing the noise increasing, rushed out towards it. I had scarcely taken two steps, when I dimly perceived the advancing figure of a Japanese, with uplifted arms and sword; and now commenced a struggle of which it is difficult to render an account. I remember feeling most unaccountably hampered in my efforts to bring the heavy butt-end of my hunting-whip to bear upon him, and to be aware that he was aiming blow after blow at me, and no less unaccountably missing me, and feeling ready to cry with vexation at being without my revolver, and being aware that it was a life-and-death struggle, which could only end one way, when suddenly I was blinded by the flash of a shot, and my left arm, which I was instinctively holding up to shield my head, dropped disabled. I naturally thought I had been shot, but it turned out that this shot saved my life.

Among those who had accompanied Sir Rutherford Alcock from Nagasaki was Mr. Morrison, then consul at that port. His servant seems to have encountered one of our assailants, masked and in chain-armor, in his first rush into the building, about which he fortunately did not know his way, and the servant, escaping from him, succeeded in safely reaching his master's room, and in arousing him. Seizing his revolver, Morrison sallied forth, and, attracted by the noise of my struggle, approached from behind me, and placing his revolver over my

shoulder, shot my antagonist at the very moment that he had inflicted a severe cut with his long two-handed sword on my left arm, a little above the wrist. A moment after, Morrison received a cut over the forehead and across the eyebrow from another Japanese, at whom he emptied the second barrel of his pistol. An instant lull succeeded these shots. It was too dark to see what their effect had been, but the narrow passage was no longer blocked by the forms of our assailants. My impression is that one was on the ground. We were both bleeding so profusely, and felt so disabled, that there was nothing left for us but to retreat, and this we instinctively did to the room which contained the light. This was placed in a part of the dining-room which had been screened off so as to make an office for Sir Rutherford Alcock, with whose bedroom it communicated. The screen reached about three-fourths across the dining-room. In this office we found Sir Rutherford, who had just been roused, and were joined in the next minute or two by three other members of the legation, Mr. Russell and my servant B., all hurriedly escaping from a noise and confusion which increased in intensity every moment. B., on the first alarm, had begun to load his double-barrelled gun, and had finished with the exception of putting on the caps — this was before the days of breech-loaders — when two Japanese jumped in at his window. Fortunately, spread out before it on a table were two open insect-cases, with the spoils of the week impaled on pins. On these the assailants jumped with their bare feet, and upsetting the table, came sprawling into the room, thus giving B., who had lost the caps in the start he received, time to spring through the paper wall of his room, like a harlequin, and reach us in safety. At this juncture the position of affairs was not reassuring. We numbered eight behind the screen, of whom two were *hors de combat.* Our available means of defence consisted of three revolvers and a double-barrelled gun. Of the European inmates of the legation three were missing; one of them was Mr. Wirgman, the artist of the "Illustrated London News," who had accompanied Sir Rutherford in his journey from Nagasaki; and of the two others, one lived in a cottage somewhat detached from the temple. Meantime Sir Rutherford, who fortunately possessed some surgical skill, was engaged in binding up my arm. The gash was to the bone, cutting through three of the extensor tendons, so that to this day I am unable to hold erect three fingers of my left hand. I should undoubtedly

have bled to death had it not been for the efficient measures thus kindly and promptly adopted to stop the hemorrhage. As it was, I was becoming very faint from loss of blood, as I now discovered that I had also received another and very serious wound over the right collar-bone, and unpleasantly near the jugular vein, of which, in the excitement of the struggle, I had been totally unconscious. Also a very slight tip from the sword high up on the right arm, the mark of which, however, is still visible; and a blow which I did not discover till next day, which broke several of the metacarpal bones of the left hand. I never could imagine how or when I received this blow; but it was an evidence that we must have been at one moment of the struggle at very close quarters.

Meantime the noise of cutting and slashing resounded through the house; and while it drew nearer every moment, we were at a loss to conceive who our assailants could be, and why the guard had not come to our rescue — unless, indeed, they were in the plot to murder us. At last we heard all the glass crash on the sideboard in the dining-room, and we knew that our moment had come. My companions had made up their minds to sell their lives dearly; and every man who was fortunate enough to possess one, was standing with his finger on the trigger of his revolver, while this time the caps were safely on B.'s double-barrelled gun. I suggested to one of the party — I forget which now — that they would have a chance for their lives by escaping into the garden and hiding among the bushes, which they could easily have done; but the answer was that they could not take me with them, and they had determined not to desert me, but to stand or fall together — for which I felt at the time intensely grateful, and do still, though I had at that moment given up all hope of escape. I was overcome by a feeling of faintness, which made me regard the prospect of immediate death with complete indifference, until B., while he was giving me some water to drink, murmured in my ear, "Do you think they will torture us, sir, before they kill us?" This horrible suggestion brought out a cold perspiration; and I trust I may never again experience the sensation of dread with which it inspired me, and which I was too weak to fight against. It did not last long, however, for almost at the same moment there was an immense increase of noise, and the clashing of swords, intermingled with sharp cries and ejaculations, resounded from the other side of the screen, and our curiosity and hope were

excited in the highest degree, for we thought it indicated a possible rescue. In a few moments it subsided, and all was still, and Sir Rutherford, followed by Mr. Lowder, went cautiously out on a reconnoitring expedition, to find the dining-room looking like a shambles, and to discover some Japanese retreating down the passage, at whom Mr. Lowder fired a shot from his revolver. Shortly after they returned, Mr. Macdonald, one of the gentlemen whose room was situated out of the line of attack, appeared disguised in a Japanese dress accompanied by some of the guard, excited and blood-bespattered, and we knew that we were saved by them, though not a second too soon. Had our assailants not been attacked in rear by the guard at the moment they were in the dining-room, they must inevitably in a few seconds more have discovered us behind the screen, and this account of that eventful night's proceedings would never have been written. We were now informed that some of our assailants had been killed, that the guard were searching for others in the grounds, and that reinforcements had been sent for. These appeared soon after; and I have never seen a more dramatic and picturesque sight than these men, all clad in chain-armor, with their steel head-pieces, long two-handed swords, and Japanese lanterns, filing through the house, and out into the starlight. It was like a scene from the "Huguenots," and as I watched them from the arm-chair in which I was still lying swathed and bandaged, was one of the most vivid impressions produced upon my mind on that night of lively sensations.

About this time Mr. Wirgman, the artist of the "Illustrated London News," turned up, coated with a thick breastplate of mud. He had taken refuge under the house, which was raised about eighteen inches from the ground, and, crawling in on his stomach, had remained in profound but somewhat dirty security under the flooring. With the true spirit of his calling he immediately set about portraying the most striking features of the episode, for the benefit of the British public. Mr. Gower, another gentleman who lived in a little cottage apart, also appeared safe and sound, having been throughout removed from the scene of the strife.

It was about three o'clock in the morning that I determined to struggle back to bed; and even then the soldiers were hunting about the garden for concealed members of the gang that had attacked us, prodding the bushes with their swords, and searching into hidden recesses. As, supported by

friendly arms, I tottered round the screen into the dining-room, a ghastly sight met my gaze. Under the sideboard, completely severed from the body, was a man's head. The body was lying in the middle of the room. I had in the first instance rushed out of my bedroom barefooted, and in my night-dress. I now found myself slipping about in blood — for butcher's work had been done here — and feeling something like an oyster under my bare foot, I perceived it was a human eye. One of the bodies was terribly disfigured; the whole of the front part of the head had been sliced off as though with an adze, leaving only the back of the brain visible. Early in the morning I was roused from a troubled doze by six or eight solemn-looking elderly Japanese, who announced that they were the imperial physicians come to inquire after my health. I positively refused to allow them to remove the bandages and examine the wounds; so they contented themselves with looking very wise, examining my tongue, and placing their ears over my heart. As the day advanced, and I recovered somewhat from the excitement and the exhaustion, I was surprised at finding that I suffered so little pain, and felt so well, considering the amount of blood that I had lost. So I scrambled out to look at the scene of the conflict — for it was difficult under the circumstances to remain quietly in bed. I naturally first visited the spot where I had met my Japanese opponent, and discovered that the reason we had so much difficulty in getting at each other was owing to a small beam, or rather rafter, which spanned the narrow passage, about seven feet from the ground. Its edge was as full of deep sword-cuts as a crimped herring, any one of which would have been sufficient to split open my skull, which my antagonist must have thought unusually hard. I evidently owed my life to the fact that I had remained stationary under this beam, which had acted as a permanent and most effective guard — the cuts I received being merely the tips from the sword as it glanced off. There was a plentiful bespattering of blood on the wall at the side, in which was also indented the shape of the handle of my hunting-whip. The blow must have been given with considerable force to make it; but I feel convinced that under such circumstances one is for the moment endowed with an altogether exceptional strength. I now pursued my investigations into some of the other rooms, which all bore marks of the ferocious nature of the attack. The assailants appear to have slashed about recklessly in the dark, in the hope of striking a victim. Some of the mattresses were

prodded through and through; one bedpost was completely severed by a single sword-cut; and a Bible lying on a table was cut three quarters through. We were now in a position to add up the list of killed and wounded, and estimate results generally, while we also had to calculate how they might affect our own future position and policy.

Although one of our assailants, a stalwart young fellow with a somewhat hang-dog countenance, was taken prisoner and afterwards executed, we had some difficulty in making out at the time of whom the gang was actually composed. That they were Lonins there was no doubt. Lonins are an outlaw class, the retainers or clansmen of Daimios who, having committed some offence, have left the service of their prince, and banding themselves together form a society of desperadoes, who are employed often by their old chiefs, to whom they continue to owe a certain allegiance, for any daring enterprise by which, if it fails, he is not compromised, while if they succeed in it, they have a chance of regaining their position. The question was, to which particular Daimio these Lonins belonged; and upon this point our guard was singularly reticent. Nor was any light thrown upon the matter by the following document, which was found on the body of one of the gang who was killed, and which ran as follows: —

"I, though I am a person of low standing, have not patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by foreigners. This time I have determined in my heart to undertake to follow out my master's will. Though, being altogether humble myself, I cannot make the might of the country to shine on foreign nations, yet with a little faith, and a little warrior's power, I wish in my heart separately, though I am a person of low degree, to bestow upon my country one out of a great many benefits. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigners to retire, and partly tranquillize the minds of the mikado and the government, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out." Here follow fourteen signatures.

This document, while it showed that the motive which suggested the attack was the hope that it might frighten us out of the country, also proved that the number who had been engaged in it, on this occasion, was fourteen. Some years afterwards I met several Japanese in London, and had some opportunities of being of service to them. I happened one day to mention to

one of them that I had been in the British legation on the night of this attack. "You don't say so!" he replied, "How glad I am that you escaped safely! for I, to whom you have shown so much kindness, planned the whole affair and was in Sinagawa, just outside the gates, all that night, though, not being a Lonin myself, I did not take an active part in it." He then told me that the Lonins belonged to Prince Mito, upon whom, from his known hostility to foreigners, our suspicion had rested from the first; and as a reminiscence of the event, in addition to the one I already carried on my arm, he presented me with his photograph. We now heard that three of the Lonins, to avoid being captured alive, had committed suicide by ripping themselves up, an example which was followed by two more a day or two afterwards, making the total list of killed and wounded twenty-eight.

Revolutions in China.

While it happens that the wonderful endurance of a Chinaman will enable him to bear an amount of injustice from his Government which would revolutionize a Western state, it is no less true that the limits may be passed; when a popular movement ensues, assuming at times an almost Constitutional character. When any *émeute* of this description takes place, as directed against a local official, the Imperial Government invariably espouses the popular cause, and the individual, whose guilt is inferred from the existence of disturbance, is at once degraded. Thus a certain sympathy or tacit understanding seems to exist between the Emperor and his subjects as to how far each may push their prerogatives; and, so long as neither exceeds these limits, to use their own expression, "the wheels of the chariot of Imperial Government revolve smoothly on their axles." So it happens that disturbances of greater or less import are constantly occurring in various parts of the country. Sometimes they assume the most formidable dimensions, and spread like a running fire over the Empire; but if they are not founded on a real grievance, they are not supported by popular sympathy, and gradually die out, the smouldering embers kept alive, perhaps, for some time by the exertions of the more lawless part of the community, but the last spark ultimately expiring, and its blackened trace being in a few years utterly effaced.

MARGARET WILSON OLIPHANT.

OLIPHANT, MARGARET (WILSON), a Scottish novelist, biographer, and historical writer; born at Wallyford, Midlothian, in April, 1828; died at Wimbledon, June 25, 1897. She was of Scottish parentage, married into a Scottish family, and most of her earlier novels were Scottish in their scene and character. Her first novel, "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside," appeared in 1849; this was followed for more than forty years by many others, among which are "Adam Græme of Mossgray" (1852); "Lilliesleaf" (1857); "Chronicles of Carlingford" (1866–1876); "The Minister's Wife" (1869); "Squire Arden" (1871); "A Rose in June" (1874); "Young Musgrave" (1877); "He that Will Not When He May" (1880); "A Little Pilgrim" (1882); "The Ladies Lindores" (1883); "Oliver's Bride" (1886); in conjunction with T. B. Aldrich, "The Second Son" (1888); "Joyce" (1888); "Neighbors on the Green," "A Poor Gentleman" (1889); "The Cuckoo in the Nest" (1892); "The Unjust Steward" (1896); "The Ways of Life" (1897). Among her works in biography and general literature are "Life of Edward Irving" (1862); "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.," originally published in "Blackwood's Magazine" (1869); "St. Francis of Assisi" (1871); "Memoir of Count Montalembert" (1872); "The Makers of Florence" (1874); "The Literary History of England during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" (1882); "The Makers of Venice" (1887), and a "Biography of Laurence Oliphant" (1889).

A COMFORT TO HER DEAR PAPA.

(From "Miss Marjoribanks.")

MISS MARJORIBANKS lost her mother when she was only fifteen, and when, to add to the misfortune, she was absent at school, and could not have it in her power to soothe her dear mamma's last moments, as she herself said. Words are sometimes very poor exponents of such an event; but it happens now and then, on the other hand, that a plain intimation expresses too much, and suggests emotion and suffering which in

reality have but little if any existence. Mrs. Marjoribanks, poor lady, had been an invalid for many years; she had grown a little peevish in her loneliness, not feeling herself of much account in this world. There are some rare natures that are content to acquiesce in the general neglect, and forget themselves when they find themselves forgotten; but it is unfortunately much more usual to take the plan adopted by Mrs. Marjoribanks, who devoted all her powers, during the last ten years of her life, to the solacement and care of that poor self which other people neglected. The consequence was, that when she disappeared from her sofa, — except from the mere physical fact that she was no longer there, — no one except her maid, whose occupation was gone, could have found out much difference. Her husband, it is true, who had somewhere, hidden deep in some secret corner of his physical organization, the remains of a heart, experienced a certain sentiment of sadness when he reentered the house from which she had gone away forever. But Dr. Marjoribanks was too busy a man to waste his feelings on a mere sentiment.

His daughter, however, was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was natural at that age. All the way home she revolved the situation in her mind, which was considerably enlightened by novels and popular philosophy; for the lady at the head of Miss Marjoribanks's school was a devoted admirer of "Friends in Council," and was fond of bestowing that work as a prize, with pencil-marks on the margin, — so that Lucilla's mind had been cultivated, and was brimful of the best of sentiments. She made up her mind, on her journey, to a great many virtuous resolutions; for in such a case as hers, it was evidently the duty of an only child to devote herself to her father's comfort, and become the sunshine of his life, as so many young persons of her age have been known to become in literature. Miss Marjoribanks had a lively mind, and was capable of grasping all the circumstances of the situation at a glance. Thus, between the outbreaks of her tears for her mother, it become apparent to her that she must sacrifice her own feelings, and make a cheerful home for papa, and that a great many changes would be necessary in the household — changes which went so far as even to extend to the furniture. Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at her papa's dinner parties, and

charming everybody by her good-humor, and brightness, and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn-out, but always herocial, ready to go downstairs and assist at her dear papa's breakfast, and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients.

Altogether the picture was a very pretty one; and considering that a great many young ladies in deep mourning put force upon their feelings in novels, and maintain a smile for the benefit of the observant male creatures of whom they have the charge, the idea was not at all extravagant, considering again that Miss Marjoribanks was but fifteen. She was not however exactly the kind of figure for this *mise en scène*. When her schoolfellows talked of her to her friends, — for Lucilla was already an important personage at Mount Pleasant, — the most common description they gave of her was that she was "a large girl;" and there was great truth in the adjective. She was not to be described as a tall girl, which conveys an altogether different idea, but she was large in all particulars, — full and well developed, with somewhat large features; not at all pretty as yet, though it was known in Mount Pleasant that somebody had said that such a face might ripen into beauty, and become "grandiose," for anything anybody could tell. Miss Marjoribanks was not vain: but the word had taken possession of her imagination, as was natural, and solaced her much when she made the painful discovery that her gloves were half a number larger, and her shoes a hair-breadth broader, than those of any of her companions; but the hands and the feet were both perfectly well shaped, and being at the same time well clothed and plump, were much more presentable and pleasant to look upon than the lean, rudimentary schoolgirl hands with which they were surrounded. To add to these excellences, Lucilla had a mass of hair, which, if it could but have been cleared a little in its tint, would have been golden, though at present it was nothing more than tawny, and curly to exasperation. She wore it in large thick curls, which did not however float or wave, or do any of the graceful things which curls ought to do; for it had this aggravating quality, that it would not grow long, but would grow ridiculously, unmanageably thick, — to the admiration of her companions, but to her own despair, for there was no knowing what to do with those short but ponderous locks.

These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms, — forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter, — and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. "And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!" Lucilla said to herself with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come downstairs again, pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless, — as such cases had been known, — Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined, — but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.

When Miss Marjoribanks reached home, her mother had been dead for twenty-four hours; and her father was not at the door to receive her as she had expected, but by the bedside of a patient in extremity, who could not consent to go out of the world without the doctor. This was a sad reversal of her intentions, but Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribank's maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. "I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss," sobbed the faithful attendant. "I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I should n't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good friend in this world, they 're the first to be took away," said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light.

"Ah, Ellis," cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in

the arms of this anxious attendant, "we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!" With this end, Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded doctor during those few dim days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the doctor returned — serious enough, heaven knows — to the great house, where the faded, helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often; but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed; but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough, — perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter.

It was May, and the weather was warm for the season: but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be "a comfort" to him; and for the same reason she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the doctor went into his favorite seclusion, tired and heated and sad, — for even on the day of his wife's funeral the favorite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of, — the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant

orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea service. "Let me know when dinner is ready," he said in a voice like thunder; "and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room."

Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea things to be dismissed upstairs; where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma's sofa, and where Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious 'ealth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. "Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves," said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the doctor, though generally "very particular," swallowed without remark.

About an hour afterwards he went upstairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife's sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart; though indeed she had herself decided already, in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother's. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment. It would have been a satisfaction to him just then to have been left to himself, and permitted to work on quietly at his profession, and to write his papers for the "Lancet," and to see his friends now and then when he chose; for Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man who had any great need of sympathy by nature, or who was at

all addicted to demonstrations of feeling: consequently he drew his wife's sofa a little further from the fire, and took his seat on it soberly, quite unaware that by so doing he was putting a knife into his daughter's heart.

"I hope you have had something to eat, Lucilla," he said: "don't get into that foolish habit of flying to tea as a man flies to a dram. It 's a more innocent stimulant, but it 's the same kind of intention. I am not so much against a fire: it has always a kind of cheerful look."

"Oh, papa," cried his daughter, with a flood of indignant tears, "you can't suppose I want anything to look cheerful this dreadful day."

"I am far from blaming you, my dear," said the doctor: "it is natural you should cry. I am sorry I did not write for my sister to come, who would have taken care of you; but I dislike strangers in the house at such a time. However, I hope, Lucilla, you will soon feel yourself able to return to school: occupation is always the best remedy, and you will have your friends and companions — "

"Papa!" cried Miss Majoribanks; and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess, for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervor, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be — all — that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions — nor — nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. O papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa, where the doctor was sitting: and the sobs of that emotion, which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room: "It is only for this once — I can — cannot help it," she cried.

When her father found that he could neither soothe her nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother too had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognize, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.

"It is very good of you to propose sacrificing yourself for me," he said; "and if you would sacrifice your excitement in the meantime, and listen to me quietly, it would really be something: but you are only fifteen, Lucilla, and I have no wish to take you from school just now; — wait till I have done. Your poor mother is gone, and it is very natural you should cry; but you were a good child to her on the whole, which will be a comfort to you. We did everything that could be thought of to prolong her days, and when that was impossible, to lessen what she had to suffer; and we have every reason to hope," said the doctor, as indeed he was accustomed to say in the exercise of his profession to mourning relatives, "that she's far better off now than if she had been with us. When that is said, I don't know that there is anything more to add. I am not fond of sacrifices, either one way or another: and I've a great objection to any one making a sacrifice for me — "

"But oh, papa, it would be no sacrifice," said Lucilla, "if you would only let me be a comfort to you!"

"That is just where it is, my dear," said the steady doctor: "I have been used to be left a great deal to myself; and I am not prepared to say that the responsibility of having you here without a mother to take care of you, and all your lessons inter-

rupted, would not neutralize any comfort you might be. You see," said Dr. Marjoribanks, trying to soften matters a little, "a man is what his habits make him; and I have been used to be left a great deal to myself. It answers in some cases, but I doubt if it would answer with me."

And then there was a pause, in which Lucilla wept and stifled her tears in her handkerchief, with a warmer flood of vexation and disappointment than even her natural grief had produced. "Of course, papa, if I can't be any comfort — I will — go back to school," she sobbed, with a touch of sullenness which did not escape the doctor's ear.

"Yes, my dear, you will certainly go back to school," said the peremptory father: "I never had any doubt on that subject. You can stay over Sunday and rest yourself. Monday or Tuesday will be time enough to go back to Mount Pleasant; and now you had better ring the bell, and get somebody to bring you something — or I'll see to that when I go downstairs. It's getting late, and this has been a fatiguing day. I'll send you up some negus, and I think you had better go to bed."

And with these commonplace words, Dr. Marjoribanks withdrew in calm possession of the field. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him, and betook herself to her own room; and swallowed her negus with a sense not only of defeat, but of disappointment and mortification, which was very unpleasant. To go back again and be an ordinary schoolgirl, after the pomp of woe in which she had come away, was naturally a painful thought; — she who had ordered her mourning to be made long, and contemplated new furniture in the drawing-room, and expected to be mistress of her father's house, not to speak of the still dearer privilege of being a comfort to him; and now, after all, her active mind was to be condemned over again to verbs and chromatic scales, though she felt within herself capacities so much more extended. Miss Marjoribanks did not by any means learn by this defeat to take the characters of the other *personæ* in her little drama into consideration, when she rehearsed her pet scenes hereafter, — for that is a knowledge slowly acquired, — but she was wise enough to know when resistance was futile; and like most people of lively imagination, she had a power of submitting to circumstances when it became impossible to change them. Thus she consented to postpone her reign, if not with a good grace, yet still without foolish resistance, and retired with the full honors of war. She had already rearranged all the details, and settled

upon all the means possible of preparing herself for what she called the charge of the establishment when her final emancipation took place, before she returned to school. "Papa thought me too young," she said, when she reached Mount Pleasant, "though it was dreadful to come away and leave him alone with only the servants: but dear Miss Martha, you will let me learn all about political economy and things, to help me manage everything; for now that dear mamma is gone, there is nobody but me to be a comfort to papa."

And by this means Miss Marjoribanks managed to influence the excellent woman who believed in "Friends in Council," and to direct the future tenor of her education; while at least, in that one moment of opportunity, she had achieved long dresses, which was a visible mark of womanhood, and a step which could not be retraced.

The Second Generation of Painters.

(From "The Makers of Venice.")

The day of art had now fully risen in Venice. The dawning had been long; progressing slowly, through all the early efforts of decoration and ornament, and by the dim, religious light of nameless masters, to the great moment in which the Bellini revealed themselves, making Venice splendid with the sunrise of a new faculty, entirely congenial to her temperament and desires. It would almost appear as if the first note, once struck, of a new departure in life or in art, was enough to wake up in all the regions withing hearing the predestined workers, who, but for that awaking, might have slumbered forever, or found in other fields an incomplete development. While it is beyond the range of human powers to determine what cause or agency it is which enables the first fine genius — the Maker, who in every mode of creative work is like the great priest of the Old Testament, without father and without mother — to burst all bonds and outstep all barriers, it is comparatively easy to trace how, under his influence and by the stimulus of a sudden new impulse felt to be almost divine, his successors may spring into light and being. Nothing, to our humble thinking, explains the Bellini; but the Bellini to a certain extent explain Titian and all the other splendors to come.

When the thrill of the new beginning had gone through all the air, mounting up among the glorious peaks and snows to Cadore

on one side, and over the salt-water country and marshy plains on the other to Castel Franco, two humble families had each received the uncertain blessing of a boy, who took to none of the established modes of living, and would turn his thoughts neither to husbandry nor to such genteel trades as became the members of a family of peasant nobility, but dreamed and drew, with whatsoever material came to their hands, upon walls or other handy places. At another epoch it is likely enough that parental force would have been employed to balk, for a time at least, these indications of youthful genius; but no doubt some of the Vecelli family, the lawyer uncle or the soldier father, had some time descended from his hilltop to the great city which lay gleaming upon the edge of those great plains of sea that wash the feet of the mountains, and had seen some wonderful work in church or senate chamber, which made known a new possibility to him, and justified in some sort the attempts of the eager child. More certainly still a villager from the Trevisano, carring his rural merchandise to market, would be led by some gossip in the Erberia to see the new Madonna in San Giobbe, and ask himself whether by any chance little Giorgio, always with that bit of chalk in his fingers, might come to do such a wonder as that if the boy had justice done him. They came accordingly, with beating hearts, the two little rustics, each from his village, to Zuan Bellini's *bottega* in the Rialto to learn their art. The mountain boy was but ten years old — confided to the care of an uncle who lived in Venice; but whether he went at once into the headquarters of the art is unknown, and unlikely, for so young a student could scarcely have been far enough advanced to profit by the instructions of the greatest painter in Venice. It is supposed by some that he began his studies under Zuccato, the mosaicist, or some humbler instructor. But all this would seem mere conjecture. Vasari, his contemporary and friend, makes no mention of any preliminary studies, but places the boy at once under Giovanni Bellini. Of the young Barbarella from Castel Franco the same story is told. He, too, was brought to Venice by his father and placed under Bellini's instruction. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have confused these bare but simple records with theories of their own respecting the influence of Giorgione upon Titian, which is such, they think, or thought, as could only have been attained by an elder over a younger companion, whereas all the evidence goes to prove that the two were as nearly as possible the same age, and that they were fellow-

pupils, perhaps fellow-apprentices, in Bellini's workshop. We may, however, find so much reason for the theory as this, that young Tiziano was in his youth a steady and patient worker, following all the rules and discipline of his master, and taking into his capacious brain everything that could be taught him, awaiting the moment when he should turn these stores of instruction to use in his own individual way; whereas young Giorgio was more masterful and impatient, and with a quicker eye and insight (having so much less time to do his work in) seized upon those points in which his genius could have full play. Vasari talks as if this brilliant youth, with all the fire of purpose in his eyes, had blazed all of a sudden upon the workshop in which Bellini's pupils labored — Titian among them, containing what new lights were in him in dutiful subordination to the spirit of the place — "about the year 1507," with a new gospel of color and brightness scattering the clouds from the firmament. Ridolfi, on the other hand, describes him as a pupil whom the master looked upon with a little jealousy, "seeing the felicity with which all things were made clear by this scholar. And certainly," adds the critic, in his involved and ponderous phraseology, "it was a wonder to see how this boy added to the method of Bellini (in whom all the beauties of painting had seemed conjoined) such grace and tenderness of color, as if Giorgione, participating in that power by which Nature mixes human flesh with all the qualities of the elements, harmonized with supreme sweetness the shadow and the light, and threw a delicate flush of rose tints upon every member through which the blood flows."

Giorgione, with his bolder impulse and that haste which we perceive to have been so needful for his short life, is more apparent than his fellow-student in these early years. When he came out of Bellini's workshop, his apprenticeship done, he roamed a little from *bottega* to *bottega;* painting now a sacred picture for an oratory or chapel, now a marriage chest or cabinet. "*Quadri di devotione, ricinti da letto, e gabinetti,*" says Ridolfi — not ashamed to turn his hand to anything there might be to do. Going home afterward to his village, he was received, the same authority informs us, with enthusiasm, as having made himself a great man and a painter, and commissions showered upon him. Perhaps it was at Castel Franco, amid the delight and praise of his friends, that the young painter first recognized fully his own powers. At all events, when he had

exhausted their simple applauses and filled the village church and convent with his work, he went back to Venice, evidently with a soul above the *ricinti da letto*, and launched himself upon the world. His purse was, no doubt, replenished by the work he had done at home; a number of the wealthy neighbors having had themselves painted by little Giorgio — an opportunity they must have perceived that might not soon recur. But it was not only for work and fame that he returned to Venice. He was young, and life was sweet — sweeter there than anywhere else in all the world; full of everything that was beautiful and bright. He took a house in the Campo San Silvestro, opposite the church of that name, not far from the Rialto, in the midst of all the joyous companions of his craft; and "by his talent and his pleasant nature," drawing round him a multitude of friends, lived there amid all the delights of youth, — *dilettandosi suonar il liuto*, — dividing his days between the arts. No gayer life nor one more full of pleasure could be; his very work a delight, a continual crowd of comrades, admiring, imitating, urging him on, always round him, every man with his *canzone* and his picture; and all ready to fling them down at a moment's notice, and rush forth to swell the harmonies on the canal, or steal out upon the lagoon in the retirement of the gondola, upon some more secret adventure. What hush there would be of all the laughing commentaries when a fine patrician in his sweeping robes was seen approaching across the *campo*, a possible patron; what a rush to the windows, when, conscious perhaps of all the eyes upon her, but without lifting her own, some lovely Madonna, wrapped in her veil, with her following of maidens, would come in a glory of silken robes and jewels out of the church door! "*Per certo suo decoroso aspetto si detto Giorgione*," says Ridolfi, but perhaps the word *decoroso* would be out of place in our sense of it — for his delightsome presence rather and his pleasant ways. The Italian tongue still lends itself to such caresses, and is capable of making the dear George, the delightful fellow, the beloved of all his companions, into Giorgione still.

And amid all his babble of lutes and laughter, and all the glow of color and flush of youth, the other lad from the mountains would come and go, no less gay perhaps than any of them, but working on, with that steady power of his, gathering to himself slowly but with an unerring instinct the new principles which his comrade, all impetuous and spontaneous, made known

in practice rather than in teaching, making the blood flow and the pulses beat in every limb he drew. Young Tiziano had plodded through the Bellini system without making any rebellious outbreak of new ideas as Giorgione had done; taking the good of his master, so far as that master went, but with his eyes open to every suggestion, and very ready to see that his comrade had expanded the old rule, and done something worth adopting and following in this joyful, splendid outburst of his. It was in this way, no doubt, that the one youth followed the other, half by instinct, by mingled sympathy and rivalry, by the natural contagion of a development more advanced than that which had been the starting point of both — confusing his late critics after some centuries into an attempt to prove that the one must have taught the other, which was not necessary in any formal way. Titian had ninety years to live, and Nature worked in him at leisure, while Giorgione had but a third of that time and went fast; flinging about what genius and power of instruction there were in him with careless liberality; not thinking whether from any friendly comrade about him he received less than he gave. Perhaps the same unconscious hurry of life, perhaps only his more impetuous temper, induced him, when work flagged and commissions were slow of coming in, to turn his hand to the front of his own house and paint that, in default of more profitable work. It was, no doubt, the best of advertisements for the young painter. On the higher story, in which most probably he lived, he covered the walls with figures of musicians and poets with their lutes, and with groups of boys, the *putti* so dear to Venice, as well as *altre fantasie*, and historic scenes of more pretension which were the subject of "a learned eulogy by Signor Jacopo Pighetti, and a celebrated poem by Signor Paolo Vendramin," says Ridolfi. The literary tributes have perished, and so have the frescoes, although the spectator may still see some faded traces of Giorgione's *putti* upon the walls of his house; but they answered what, no doubt, was at least one of their purposes by attracting the attention of the watchful city, ever ready to see what beautiful work was being done. It was at this moment that the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, the German factory, so to speak, on the edge of the Grand Canal, was rebuilding; a great house wanting decoration. The jealous authorities of the republic, for some reason one fails to see, had forbidden the use of architectural ornamentation in the new

building, which, all the same, was their own building, not the property of the Germans. Had it belonged to the foreigner there might have been a supposable cause in the necessity for keeping these aliens down, and preventing any possible emulation with native-born Venetians. We can only suppose that this was actually the reason, and that, even in the house which Venice built for them, these traders were not to be permitted to look as fine or feel as magnificent as their hosts and superiors. But a great house with four vast walls, capable of endless decoration, and nothing done to them, would probably have raised a rebellion in the city, or at least among the swarms of painters on the other side of the Rialto, gazing at it with hungry eyes. So it was conceded by the authorities that this square, undecorated house — a singularly uninteresting block of buildings to stand on such a site — should be painted at least to harmonize it so far with its neighbors. It is not to be supposed that this was the first piece of work on which Titian had been engaged. No doubt he had already produced his tale of Madonnas, with a few portraits, to make him known. But he steps into sight for the first time publicly when we hear that the wall on the land side, the street front, was allotted to him, while the side toward the canal was confided to Giorgione. Perhaps the whole building was put into Giorgione's hands, and part of the work confided by him to his comrade; at all events they divided it between them. Every visitor to Venice is aware of the faint and faded figure high up in the right-hand corner, disappearing as all its neighboring glories have disappeared, which is the last remnant of Giorgione's work upon the canal front of this great, gloomy house. Of Titian's group over the great door-way in the street there remains nothing at all; the sea breezes and the keen air have carried all these beautiful things away.

In respect to these frescoes, Vasari tells one anecdote which is natural and characteristic, and may indicate the point at which these two young men detached themselves, and took each his separate way. He narrates how "many gentlemen," not being aware of the division of labor, met Giorgione on the evening of the day on which Titian had uncovered a portion of his work, and crowded round him with their congratulations, assuring him that he had never done anything so fine, and that the front toward the Merceria quite excelled the river front! Giorgione was so indignant, *sentiva tanto sdegno*, at this unlucky compliment that, until Titian had finished the work and it had

become well known which portion of it was his, the sensitive painter showed himself no more in public, and from that moment would neither see Titian nor acknowledge him as a friend. Ridolfi tells the same story, with the addition that it was a conscious mistake made maliciously by certain comrades, who feigned not to know who had painted the great "Judith" over the door.

This is not a history of the Venetian painters, nor is it necessary to follow the life and labor of these two brilliant and splendid successors of the first masters in our city. Whether it was by the distinct initiative of Giorgione in painting his own house that the habit of painting Venetian houses in general originated, or whether it was only one of the ever-increasing marks of luxury and display, we do not pretend to decide. At all events it was an expedient of this generation to add to the glory of the city and the splendid aspect which she bore. The nobler dignity of the ancient architecture had already been partially lost, or no longer pleased in its gravity and stateliness the race which loved color and splendor in all things. A whole city glowing in crimson and gold, with giant forms starting up along every wall, and sweet groups of cherub boys tracing every course of stone, and the fables of Greece and Rome taking form upon every façade, must have been, no doubt, a wonderful sight. The reflections in the Grand Canal, as it flowed between these pictured palaces, must have left little room for sky or atmosphere in the midst of that dazzling confusion of brilliant tints and images. And every *campo* must have lent its blaze of color, to put the sun himself to shame. But we wonder whether it is to be much regretted that the sun and the winds have triumphed in the end and had their will of those fine Venetian houses. Among so many losses this is the one for which I feel the least regret.

It is recorded among the expenses of the republic in December, 1508, that one hundred and fifty ducats were paid to Zorzi da Castel Franco for his work upon the Fondaco, in which, according to this businesslike record, Victor Carpaccio had also some share; but this is the only indication of the fact, and the total disappearance of the work makes all other inquiry impossible.

By this time, however, Giorgione's brief and gay life was approaching its end. That stormy, joyous existence, so full of work, so full of pleasure, as warm in color as were his pictures, and pushed to a hasty perfection, all at once, without the modesty

of any slow beginning, ended suddenly as it had begun. Vasari has unkindly attributed his early death to the disorders of his life; but his other biographers are more sympathetic. Ridolfi gives two different accounts, both popularly current; one that he caught the plague from a lady he loved; the other, that being deserted by his love he died of grief, *non trovando altro remedio.* In either case the impetuous young painter, amid his early successes, — more celebrated than any of his compeers, the leader among his comrades, the only one of them who had struck into an individual path, developing the lessons of Bellini, — died in the midst of his loves and pleasures at the age of thirty-four, not having yet reached the *mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, which Dante had attained when his great work began.

This was in the year 1511, only three years after the completion of his work at the Fondaco, and while old Zuan Bellini was still alive and at work, in his robust old age, seeing his impetuous pupil out. It was one of the many years in which the plague visited Venice, carrying consternation through the gay and glowing streets. It is said that Giorgione was working in the hall of the Great Council, among the other painters, at the picture in which the emperor is represented as kissing the Pope's foot, at the time of his death. At all events he had lived long enough to make his fame great in the city, and to leave examples of his splendid work in many of the other great cities of Italy, as well as in his own little *borgo* at Castel Franco, where still they are the pride and glory of the little town.

It would almost seem as if it were only after the death of Giorgione that Titian began to be estimated at his just value. The one had given the impulse, the other had received it, and Vasari does not hesitate to call Titian the pupil of his contemporary, though not in the formal sense attached to the word by modern writers, notwithstanding the fact that they were of the same age. Ridolfi's formal yet warm enthusiasm for the painter "to whom belonged perpetual praise and honor, since he has become a light to all those who come after him," assigns to Giorgione a higher place than that which the spectator of to-day will probably think justified. His master, Bellini, appeals more warmly to the heart; his pupil, Titian, filled a much greater place in the world and in art. But "it is certain," says the historian and critic of the sixteenth century, with a double affirmation, "that Giorgio was without doubt the first who showed the good way in painting, fitting himself [*approssi-man-*

dosi] by the mixture of his colors to express with facility the works of nature, concealing as much as possible the difficulties to be encountered in working, which is the chief point; so that in the flesh tints of this ingenious painter the innumerable shades of gray, orange, blue, and other such colors, customarily used by some, are absent. . . . The artificers who followed him, with the example before them of his works, acquired the facility and true method of color by which so much progress was made."

The works of Giorgione, however, are comparatively few; his short life and perhaps the mirth of it, the sounding of the lute, the joyous company, and all the delights of that highly colored existence, restrained the splendid productiveness which was characteristic of his art and age. And yet perhaps this suggestion does the painter injustice; for amid all those diversions, and the numerous round of loves and festivities, the list of work done is always astonishing. Many of his works, however, were frescoes, and the period in which he and Titian were, as Mr. Ruskin says, house-painters, was the height of his genius. The sea air and the keen *tramontana* have thus swept away much that was the glory of the young painter's life.

The moment at which Titian appears publicly on the stage, so to speak, of the great hall, called to aid in the work going on there, was not till two years after the death of his companion. Whether Giorgione kept his hasty words, and saw no more of him after that unfortunate compliment about the "Judith" over the doorway of the Fondaco, we are not told; but it was not until after the shadow of that impetuous, youthful genius had been removed that the other, the patient and thoughtful, who had not reached perfection in a burst, but by much consideration and comparison and exercise of the splendid faculty of work that was in him, came fully into the light. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle make much of certain disputes and intrigues that seem to have surrounded this appointment, and point out that it was given and withdrawn, and again conferred upon Titian, according as his friends or those of the older painters were in the ascendant in the often-changed combinations of power in Venice. Their attempts to show that old Zuan Bellini, the patriarch of the art, schemed against his younger rival, and endeavored to keep him out of state patronage, are happily supported by no documents, but are merely an inference from the course of events, which show certain waverings and uncertainties in the

bargain between the Signoria and the painter. The manner in which this bargain was made, and in which the money was provided to pay for the work of Titian and his associates, is very characteristic and noticeable. After much uncertainty as to what were the intentions of the Signoria, the painter received an invitation to go to Rome through Pietro Bembo, which, however *bona fide* in itself, was probably intended to bring matters to a crisis, and show the authorities, who had not as yet secured the services of the most promising of all of the younger artists then left in Venice, that their decision must be made at once. Titian brings the question before them with much firmness — will they have him or not? must he turn aside to the service of the Pope instead of entering that of the magnificent Signoria, which, "desirous of fame rather than of profit," he would prefer? Pressing for a decision, he then sets forth the pay and position for which he is willing to devote his powers to the public service. These are: The first brokership that shall be vacant in the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, "irrespective of all promised reversions of such patent," and the maintenance of two pupils as his assistants, to be paid by the salt office, which also is to provide all colors and necessaries required in their work. The curious complication of state affairs which thus mixes up the most uncongenial branches, and defrays the expenses of this, the supremest luxury of the state, out of the tarry purse of its oldest and rudest industry, is very remarkable; and the bargain has a certain surreptitious air, as if even the magnificent Signoria did not care to confess how much their splendors cost. If our own government, ashamed to put into their straightforward budget the many thousands expended on the purchase of the Blenheim "Madonna," had added it in with the accounts of the inland revenue, it would be an operation somewhat similar. But such balancings and mutual compensations, robbing Peter to pay Paul, were common in those days. The brokership, however, is about as curious an expedient for the pay of a painter as could be devised. The German merchants were forbidden to trade without the assistance of such an official, and the painter of course fulfilled the duties of the office by deputy. It affords an amazing suggestion, indeed, to think of old Bellini, or our magnificent young Titian, crossing the Rialto by the side of some homely Teuton with his samples in his pocket, to drive a noisy bargain in the crowded Piazza round San Giacomo, where all the merchants congregated. But the expedient was perfectly

natural to the times in which they lived, and, indeed, such resources have not long gone out of use even among ourselves.

Titian's proposal was accepted, then modified, and finally received and established, with the odious addition that the broker's place to be given to him was not simply the first vacancy, but the vacancy which should occur at the death of Zuan Bellini, then a very old man, and naturally incapable of holding it long. This brutal method of indicating that one day was over and another begun, and of pushing the old monarch from his place, throws an unfavorable light upon the very pushing and practical young painter, who was thus determined to have his master's seat.

When Bellini died, in 1516, it is gratifying to know that there was still some difficulty about the matter, other promises apparently having been made, and other expectations raised as to the vacant brokership. Finally, however, Titian's claim was allowed, and he entered into possession of the income about which he had been so eager. He then established himself at San Samuele, abandoning, it would seem, the old center of life at the Rialto where all the others had been content to live and labor. It was like a migration from the business parts of the town to those of fashion, or at least gentility; and perhaps this change showed already a beginning of pretension to the higher social position which Titian, in his later days at least, evidently enjoyed. They were noble in their rustic way up at Cadore, and he who was presently to stand before kings probably assumed already something more of dignity than was natural to the son of painters, or to the village genius who is known to posterity only by his Christian name.

Another day had now dawned upon the studies and workshops. The reign of the Bellini was over and that of Titian had begun. Of his contemporaries and disciples we cannot undertake any account. The nearest in association and influence to the new master was the gentle Palma, with all the silvery sweetness of color which, so far as the critics know, he had found for himself in his village on the plains, or acquired somehow by the grace of heaven, no master having the credit of them. Some of these authorities believe that, from this modest and delightful painter, Titian, all acquisitive, gained something too; so much as to be almost a pupil of the master who is so much less great than himself. And that is possible enough, for it is evident that Titian, like Molière, took his goods where he

found them, and lost no occasion for instruction, whoever supplied it. He was, at all events for some time, much linked with Palma, whose daughter was long supposed to be the favorite model of both these great painters. The splendid women whom they loved to paint, and who now stepped in, as may be said, into the world of fancy, a new and radiant group, with the glorious hair upon which both these masters expended so much skill, so that "every thread might be counted," Vasari says, represent, as imagination hopes, the women of that age, the flower of Venice at her highest perfection of physical magnificence. So, at least, the worshipper of Venice believes; finding in those grand forms, and in their opulence of color and natural endowment, something harmonious with the character of the race and time. From the same race, though with a higher inspiration, Bellini had drawn his Madonnas, with stately throats like columns and a noble amplitude of form. There is still much beauty in Venice, but not of this splendid kind. The women have dwindled, if they were ever like Violante. But she and her compeers have taken their place as the fit representatives of that age of splendor and luxury. When we turn to records less imaginative, however, the ladies of Venice appear to us under a different guise. They are attired in cloth of gold, in brocaded silks and velvets, with cords, fringes, pendants, and embroidery in gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones; "even their shoes richly ornamented with gold," Sanudo tells us; but they are feeble and pale, probably because of their way of living, shut up indoors the greater part of their time, and when they go out, tottering upon heels so high that walking is scarcely possible, and the unfortunate ladies in their grandeur have to lean upon the shoulders of their servants (or slaves) to avoid accident. Their heels were at least half the Milanese *braccio* in height (more than nine inches), says another authority. Imagination refuses to conceive the wonderful lady who lives in Florence, the "Bella" of Titian, in all her magnificent apparel, thus hobbling on a species of stilts about the streets, supported by one of those grinning negroes whose memory is preserved in the parti-colored figures in black and colored marble which pleased the taste of a later age. Such, however, were the shoes worn in those days of Bellini and Carpaccio which the great art critic of our time points out as so much nobler than our own; even pausing in his beautiful talk to throw a little malicious dart aside at modern English (or Scotch) maidens in high-heeled

boots. The nineteenth century has not after all deteriorated so very much from the fifteenth, for the veriest Parisian abhorred of the arts has never yet attempted to poise upon heels half a *braccio* in height.

These jeweled clogs, however, which, if memory does not deceive us, are visible on the floor in Carpaccio's picture of the two Venetian ladies in the Museo Correr, so much praised by Mr. Ruskin, were part of the universal ornamentation of the times. The great wealth of Venice showed itself in every kind of decorative work, designed in some cases rather by skill than by common sense. The Venetian houses were not only painted without, throwing abroad a surplus splendor to all the searching of the winds, but were all glorious within, as in the Psalms, the furniture carved and gilded, the curtains made of precious stuff, the chimney-pieces decorated with the finest pictures, the beds magnificent with golden embroidery and brocaded pillows, the very sheets edged with delicate work in gold thread. When Giorgione opened his studio, setting up in business, so to speak, he painted wardrobes, spinning wheels, and more particularly chests, the wedding coffers of the time, of which so many examples remain; and — a fact which takes away the hearer's breath — when Titian painted that noble pallid Christ of the Tribute Money, he did it, oh! heavens, on a cabinet; a fact which, though the cabinet was in the study of Alfonso of Ferrara, strikes us with a sensation of horror. Only a prince could have his furniture painted with such a work; but, no doubt, in Titian's splendid age there might be many *armari armoires* — aumries, as they were once called in Scotland — with bits of his youthful work, and glowing panels painted by Giorgione on the mantel-pieces, to be found in the Venetian houses. This was the way of living of the young painters, by which they came into knowledge of the world. Perhaps the doors of the wardrobe in a friend's house, or the panels over the fireplace, might catch the eye of one of the Savii, now multiplied past counting in every office of the state, who would straightway exert himself to have a space in the next church allotted to the young man to try his powers on; when, if there was anything in him, he had space and opportunity to show it and prove himself worthy of still higher promotion.

It would seem, however, that Titian was not much appreciated by his natural patrons during all the beginning of his career. There is no name of fondness for him such as there

was for Giorgio of Castel Franco. Was it perhaps that these keen Venetians, who, notwithstanding that failure of religious faith with which they are suddenly discredited, and which is supposed to lie at the root of all decadence in art, had still a keen eye and insight for the true and real, perceived that in the kind of pictures they most desired something was wanting which had not been wanting either in the Madonnas of Bellini or the saints of Carpaccio — a something higher than manipulation, more lovely than the loveliest color of the new method? These sacred pictures might be beautiful but they were not divine. The soul had gone out of them. That purity and wholesome grace which was in every one of old Zuan's Holy Families had stolen miraculously out of Titian, just as it had stolen miraculously in, no one knowing how, to the works of the elder generation. If this was the case indeed it was an effect only partially produced by the works of the young master, for his portraits were all alight with life and meaning, and in other subjects from his hand there was no lack of truth and energy. Whatever the cause might be, it is clear however that he was not popular, though the acknowledged greatest of all the younger painters. It was only the possibility of seeing his services transferred to the Pope that procured his admission to the privileges of state employment; and it was after his fame had been echoed from Ferrara and Bologna and Rome, and by the great emperor himself — the magnificent patron who picked up his brush, and with sublime condescension declared that a Titian might well be served by Cæsar — that the more critical and fastidious Venetians, or perhaps it might only be the more prejudiced and hardly judging, gave way to the strong current of opinion in his favor, and began to find him a credit to Venice. As soon as this conviction became general the tide of public feeling changed, and the republic became proud of the man who, amid all the disasters that began to disturb her complacence and interrupt her prosperity, had done her credit and added to her fame.

CHARLES WILLIAM CHADWICK OMAN.

OMAN, CHARLES WILLIAM CHADWICK, an English historian; born at Mozufferpore, India, January 12, 1860. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and since 1883 has been a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. He is a lecturer at New College. His writings include "A History of Greece" (1888); "Warwick, the Kingmaker" (1891); "A Short History of the Byzantine Empire" (1892); "A History of Europe, 476–918" (1893); "A Short History of England" (1895); "A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages" (1897); "England and The Hundred Years' War" (1898).

THE RETURN OF KING EDWARD.

(From "Warwick, the Kingmaker.")

THE expulsion of King Edward had been marvellously sudden. Within eleven days after his landing at Dartmouth Warwick was master of all England. Not a blow had been struck for the exiled King. From Calais to Berwick every man mounted the Red Rose or the Ragged Staff with real or simulated manifestations of joy. On October 6th the Earl reached London, which opened its gates with its accustomed readiness. It had only delayed its surrender in fear of a riotous band of Kentishmen, whom Sir Geoffrey Gate had gathered in the Earl's name. They had wrought such mischief in Southwark that the Londoners refused to let them in, and waited for the arrival of Warwick himself before they would formally acknowledge King Henry. Meanwhile all the partisans of York had either fled from the city or taken sanctuary. Queen Elizabeth sought refuge in the precincts of Westminster, where she was soon after delivered of a son, the first male child that had been born to King Edward.

Riding through the city Warwick came to the Tower, and found King Henry in his keeper's hands, "not worshipfully arrayed as a prince, and not so cleanly kept as should beseem his state." The Earl led him forth from the fortress, — whither



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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

he had himself conducted him, a prisoner in bonds, five years before, — arrayed him in royal robes, and brought him in state to St. Paul's, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with all the Common Council, walking before him, "while all the people to right and left rejoiced with clapping of hands, and cried, 'God save King Henry!'" Then the King, after returning thanks for his deliverance in the Cathedral, rode down Cheapside and took up his residence in the palace of the Bishop of London.

Henry was much broken and enfeebled by his captivity. "He sat on his throne as limp and helpless as a sack of wool," says one unfriendly chronicler. "He was a mere shadow and pretence, and what was done in his name was done without his will and knowledge." All that remained unbroken in him was his piety and his imperturbable long-suffering patience. But his weakness only made him the more fit for Warwick's purpose. His deliverance took place on the 6th, and on October 9th we find him beginning to sign a long series of documents which reconstituted the government of the realm. It was made clear from the first that Warwick and his friends were to have charge of the King rather than the Lancastrian peers. In the first batch of appointments Warwick became the King's Lieutenant, and resumed his old posts of Captain of Calais and Admiral. George Neville was restored to the Chancellorship, and Sir John Langstrother, Prior of the Hospitallers, received again the Treasury, which Warwick had bestowed on him in 1469. The Duke of Clarence was made Lieutenant of Ireland, a post he had enjoyed under his brother till his exile in 1470. Among the Lancastrians, Oxford was made Constable, and Pembroke joint-Lieutenant under Warwick. The rest received back their confiscated lands, but got no official preferment.

For five months the Earl's reign was undisturbed. There was no one in the country who dared dispute his will. Queen Margaret, whose presence would have been his greatest difficulty, had not yet crossed the seas. Her delay was strange. Perhaps she still dreaded putting herself in the hands of her old enemy; perhaps the King of France detained her till Warwick should have made his power in England too firm to be troubled by her intrigues. But the Earl himself actually desired her presence. He several times invited her to hasten her arrival, and at last sent over Langstrother, the Treasurer of England, to urge his suit and escort Margaret and her son across the

Channel. It was not till March that she could be induced to move; and by March the time was overdue.

Meanwhile King Edward had received but a lukewarm reception at the Court of Burgundy. Duke Charles, saddled with his French war, would have preferred to keep at peace with England. His sympathies were divided between Lancaster and York. If his wife was Edward's sister, he himself had Lancastrian blood in his veins, and had long maintained Somerset, Exeter, and other Lancastrian exiles at his Court. But he was driven into taking a decided line in favor of Edward by the fact that Warwick, his personal enemy, was supreme in the counsels of England. If the Earl allied himself to Louis of France, it became absolutely necessary for Duke Charles to lend his support to his exiled brother-in-law, with the object of upsetting Warwick's domination.

Edward himself had found again his ancient restless energy in the day of adversity. He knew that in the last autumn he could have made a good defence if it had not been for Montagu's sudden treachery, and was determined not to consider his cause lost till it had been fairly tried by the arbitrament of the sword. He was in full communication with England, and had learnt that many more beside Clarence were eager to see him land. The adventure would be perilous, for he would have to fight not only, as of old, the Lancastrian party, but the vast masses of the Commons whose trust had always been in the great Earl. But peril seems to have been rather an incentive than a deterrent to Edward, when the reckless mood was on him. He took the aid that Charles of Burgundy promised, though it was given in secret and with a grudging heart. After a final interview with the Duke at Aire, he moved off in February to Flushing, where a few ships had been collected for him in the haven among the marshes of Walcheren. About fifteen hundred English refugees accompanied him, including his brother of Gloucester and Lords Hastings, Say, and Scales. The Duke had hired for him three hundred German hand-gun men, and presented him with fifty thousand florins in gold. With such slender resources the exiled King did not scruple to attempt the reconquest of his kingdom. On March 11th he and his men set sail. They were convoyed across the German Ocean by a fleet of fourteen armed Hanseatic vessels, which the Duke had sent for their protection. Yet the moment that Charles heard they were safely departed, he published, for War-

wick's benefit, a proclamation warning any of his subjects against aiding or abetting Edward of York in any enterprise against the realm of England.

However secretly Edward's preparations were concerted, they had not entirely escaped his enemy's notice. Warwick had made dispositions for resisting a landing to the best of his ability. A fleet stationed at Calais, under the Bastard of Fauconbridge, watched the straits and protected the Kentish coast. The Earl himself lay at London to overawe the discontented and guard King Henry. Oxford held command in the Eastern Counties — the most dangerous district, for Norfolk and the Bourchiers were rightly suspected of keeping up communication with Edward. In the north, Montagu and the Earl of Northumberland were in charge from Hull to Berwick with divided authority.

As Warwick had expected, the invaders aimed at landing in East Anglia. On March 12th Edward and his fleet lay off Cromer. He sent two knights ashore to rouse the country ere he himself set foot on land. But in a few hours the messengers returned. They bade him hoist sail again, for Oxford was keeping strict watch over all those parts, and Edward's friends were all in prison or bound over to good behavior. On receiving this disappointing intelligence, Edward determined on one of those bold strokes which were so often his salvation. If the friendly districts were so well watched, it was likely that the counties where Warwick's interest was supreme would be less carefully secured. The King bade his pilot steer north and make for the Humber mouth, though Yorkshire was known to be devoted to the great Earl.

That night a gale from the south swept over the Wash and scattered Edward's ships far and wide. On March 15th it abated, and the vessels came to land at various points on the coast of Holderness. The King and Hastings, with five hundred men, disembarked at Ravenspur — a good omen, for this was the same spot at which Henry of Bolingbroke had commenced his victorious march on London in 1399. The other ships landed their men at neighboring points on the coast, and by the next morning all Edward's two thousand men were safely concentrated. Their reception by the country-side was most discouraging. The people deserted their villages and drew together in great bands, as if minded to oppose the invaders. Indeed, they only needed leaders to induce them to take the

offensive; but no man of mark chanced to be in Holderness. Montagu lay in the West-Riding and Northumberland in the north. A squire named Delamere, and a priest named Westerdale, the only leaders whom the men of Holderness could find, contented themselves with following the King at a distance, and with sending news of his approach to York.

A less resolute adventurer than Edward Plantagenet would probably have taken to his ships again when he found neither help nor sympathy in Yorkshire. But Edward was resolved to play out his game; the sight of the hostile country-side only made him determine to eke out the lion's hide with the fox's skin. Calling to mind the stratagem which Henry of Bolingbroke had practised in that same land seventy-two years ago, he sent messengers everywhere to announce that he came in arms not to dispossess King Henry, but only to claim his ancestral duchy of York. When he passed through towns and villages he bade his men shout for King Henry, and he himself mounted the Lancastrian badge of the ostrich feathers. In these borrowed plumes he came before the walls of York, still unmolested, but without having drawn a man to his banners. Hull, the largest town that he had approached, had resolutely closed its gates against him.

The fate of Edward's enterprise was settled before the gates of York on the morning of March 18th. He found the walls manned by the citizens in arms; but they parleyed instead of firing upon him, and when he declared that he came in peace, aspiring only to his father's dignity and possessions, he himself with sixteen persons only in his train was admitted within the gate. Then upon the cross of the high altar in the Minster he swore "that he never would again take upon himself to be King of England, nor would have done before that time, but for the exciting and stirring of the Earl of Warwick," "and thereto before all the people he cried, 'King Harry! King Harry and Prince Edward!'" Satisfied by these protestations, the men of York admitted the invaders within their walls. Edward, however, only stayed for twelve hours in York, and next morning he marched on Tadcaster.

This day was almost as critical as the last. It was five days since the landing at Ravenspur, and the news had now had time to spread. If Montagu and Northumberland were bent on loyal service to King Henry, they must now be close at hand. But the star of York was in the ascendant. Northumberland re-

membered at this moment rather his ancient enmity for the Nevilles than his grandfather's loyalty to Lancaster. He gathered troops indeed, but he made no attempt to march south or to intercept the invaders. It is probable that he was actually in treasonable communication with Edward, as the Lancastrian chroniclers declare. Montagu, on the other hand, collected two or three thousand men and threw himself into Pontefract, to guard the Great North Road. But Edward, instead of approaching Pontefract, moved his army on to cross-roads, which enabled him to perform a flank march round his adversary; he slept that evening at Sendal Castle, the spot where his father had spent the night before the disastrous battle of Wakefield. How Montagu came to let Edward get past him is one of the problems whose explanation will never be forthcoming. It may have been that his scouts lost sight of the enemy and missed the line of his flank march. It may equally well have been that Montagu overvalued the King's army, which was really no larger than his own, and would not fight till he should be joined by his colleague Northumberland. Some contemporary writers assert that the Marquis, remembering his old favor with the King, was loath that his hand should be the one to crush his former master. Others say that it was no scruple of ancient loyalty that moved Montagu, but that he had actually determined to desert his brother and join Edward's party. But his later behavior renders this most unlikely.

Montagu's fatal inaction was the salvation of Edward. At Sendal he received the first encouragement which he had met since his landing. He was there in the midst of the estates of the duchy of York, and a considerable body of men joined him from among his ancestral retainers. Encouraged by this accession, he pushed on rapidly southward, and by marches of some twenty miles a day reached Doncaster on the 21st and Nottingham on the 23d. On the way recruits began to flock in, and at Nottingham a compact body of six hundred men-at-arms, under Sir James Harrington and Sir William Parr, swelled the Yorkist ranks. Then Edward, for the first time since his landing, paused for a moment to take stock of the position of his friends and his enemies.

Meanwhile the news of his march had run like wildfire all over England, and in every quarter men were arming for his aid or his destruction. Warwick had hoped at first that Montagu and Northumberland would stay the invader, but when he heard

that Edward had slipped past, he saw that he himself must take the field. Accordingly he left London on the 22d, and rode hastily to Warwick to call out his Midland retainers. The guard of the city and the person of King Henry was left to his brother the Archbishop. Simultaneously Somerset departed to levy troops in the south-west, and Clarence set forth to raise Gloucestershire and Wiltshire. Oxford had already taken the field, and on the 22d lay at Lynn with four thousand men, the force that the not very numerous Lancastrians of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge could put in arms. From thence he directed his march on Newark, hoping to fall on Edward's flank somewhere near Nottingham.

At that very moment the invader had thrown off the mask he had hitherto worn. Finding himself well received and strongly reinforced, he laid aside his pretence of asking only for the duchy of York and had himself proclaimed as king. But his position was perilous still. Warwick was gathering head in his front; Montagu was following cautiously in his rear; Oxford was about to assail his flank. The enemies must be kept apart at all hazards; so Edward, neglecting the others for the moment, turned fiercely on Oxford. He marched rapidly on Newark with some five or six thousand men. This decision and show of force frightened the Earl, who, though joined by the Duke of Exeter and Lord Bardolph, felt himself too weak to fight. When the vanguard of the Yorkists appeared, he hastily left Newark and fell back on to Stamford in much disorder.

Having thus cleared his flank, Edward turned back on Nottingham and then made for Leicester. Here he was joined by the Yorkists of the East Midlands in great numbers; of the retainers of Lord Hastings alone no less than three thousand came to him in one body.

Warwick, who lay only two short marches from the invader, was straining every nerve to get together an army. His missives ran east and west to call in all the knights of the Midlands who had ever mounted the Ragged Staff or the Red Rose. One of these letters was found in 1889, among other treasures, in the lumber room of Belvoir Castle. It was addressed to Henry Vernon, a great Derbyshire landholder. The first part, written in a secretary's hand, runs as follows: —

"Right Trusty and Wellbeloved — I grete you well, and desire and heartily pray you that, inasmuch as yonder man Edward, the King our soverain lord's great enemy, rebel, and traitor, is

now arrived in the north parts of this land, and coming fast on south, accompanied with Flemings, Easterlings, and Danes, not exceeding the number of two thousand persons, nor the country as he cometh not falling to him, ye will therefore, incontinent and forthwith after the sight hereof, dispose you to make toward me to Coventry with as many people defensibly arranged as ye can readily make, and that ye be with me in all haste possible, as my veray singular heart is in you, and as I may do thing [*sic*] to your weal or worship hereafter. And may God keep you. — Written at Warwick on March 25th."

Then in the Earl's own hand was written the postscript, appealing to Vernon's personal friendship: "Henry, I pray you ffayle me not now, as ever I may do for you."

Sad to say, this urgent appeal, wellnigh the only autograph of the great Earl that we possess, seems to have failed in its purpose. Vernon preferred to watch the game, and as late as April 2d had made no preparation to take arms for either side.

On March 28th Warwick with six thousand men advanced to Coventry, a strongly-fortified town facing Edward's line of advance. On the same day his adversary, whose forces must now have amounted to nearly ten thousand, marched southward from Leicester. Next morning Warwick and the King were in sight of each other, and a battle was expected. But the Earl was determined to wait for his reinforcements before fighting. He calculated that Montagu must soon arrive from the north, Oxford from the east, Clarence from the south-west. Accordingly he shut himself up in Coventry, and refused to risk an engagement. Edward, whose movements all through this campaign evince the most consummate generalship, promptly marched past his enemy and seized Warwick, where he made his headquarters. He then placed his army across the high road from Coventry to London, cutting off the Earl's direct communication with the capital, and waited. Like the Earl he was expecting his reinforcements.

The first force that drew near was Clarence's levy from the south-west. With seven thousand men in his ranks the Duke reached Burford on April 2d. Next day he marched for Banbury. On the 4th Warwick received the hideous news that his son-in-law had mounted the White Rose and joined King Edward. The treason had been long meditated, and was carried out with perfect deliberation and great success. A few miles beyond Banbury Clarence's array found itself facing that of the

Yorkists. Clarence bade his men shout for King Edward, and fall into the ranks of the army that confronted them. Betrayed by their leader, the men made no resistance, and allowed themselves to be enrolled in the Yorkist army.

Clarence, for very shame we must suppose, offered to obtain terms for his father-in-law. "He sent to Coventry," says a Yorkist chronicler, "offering certain good and profitable conditions to the Earl, if he would accept them. But the Earl, whether he despaired of any durable continuance of good accord betwixt the King and himself, or else willing to maintain the great oaths, pacts, and promises sworn to Queen Margaret, or else because he thought he should still have the upperhand of the King, or else led by certain persons with him, as the Earl of Oxford, who bore great malice against the King, would not suffer any manner of appointment, were it reasonable or unreasonable." He drove Clarence's messengers away, "crying that he thanked God he was himself and not that traitor Duke."

Although Oxford had joined him with four thousand men, and Montagu was approaching, Warwick still felt himself not strong enough to accept battle when Edward and Clarence drew out their army before the gates of Coventry on the morning of April 5th. He then saw them fall into column of march, and retire along the London road. Edward, having now some eighteen thousand men at his back, thought himself strong enough to strike at the capital, where his friends had been busily astir in his behalf for the last fortnight. Leaving a strong rear-guard behind, with orders to detain Warwick at all hazards, he hurried his main body along the Watling Street, and in five days covered the seventy-five miles which separated him from London.

Meanwhile Warwick had been joined by Montagu as well as by Oxford, and also received news that Somerset, with seven or eight thousand men more, was only fifty miles away. This put him in good spirits, for he counted on London holding out for a few days, and on the men of Kent rallying to his standard when he approached the Thames. He wrote in haste to his brother the Archbishop, who was guarding King Henry, that if he would maintain the city but forty-eight hours, they would crush the invading army between them. Then he left Coventry and hurried after the King.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

Omar Khayyám, a Persian poet and astronomer; born at Naishapur, in Khorasan, about A. D. 1050; died about 1123. "*Khayyám*" means "the Tent-maker," and it is probable that Omar used this designation as his *takhallus* or poetical pen-name, without ever having worked at that trade. Omar had no aspirations for political greatness. He devoted himself to study, especially of astronomy, and when the Vizier undertook to reform the confused Mohammedan calendar, Omar was one of those to whom the work was confided. He wrote a number of philosophical and scientific works, only one of which has come down to us — a treatise on algebra. His modern fame rests chiefly on his Rubáiyát or quatrains, which have been translated by Edward Fitzgerald, Whinfield, and other Persian scholars.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

(Translation of Edward Fitzgerald — The Edition of 1859.)

I.

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky,
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

III.

And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

V.

Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Péhlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

IX.

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot!
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

X.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

XI.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse — and Thou —
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

XII.

"How sweet is mortal Sovranty!" — think some:
Others — "How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!

XIII.

Look to the Rose that blows about us — "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XIV.

The Wordly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two — is gone.

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

XVII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

XVIII.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

XIX.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XX.

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears —
Tomorrow? — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

XXI.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

XXII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch — for whom?

XXIII.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

XXIV.

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after a To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

XXV.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
 Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVI.

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
 About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labor'd it to grow:
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
And without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
 Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
 And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

XXXII.

There was a door to which I found no key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
 Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd — and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide
 Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"
And — "A blind Understanding!" Heav'n replied.

XXXIV.

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
 And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you live
Drink! — for once dead you never shall return."

XXXV.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
 And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

XXXVI.

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
 And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVII.

Ah, fill the Cup: — what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
 Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

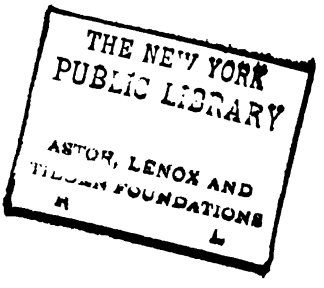
XXXVIII.

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste —
 The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing — Oh, make haste!



"Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return"

From a Painting by Elihu Vedder


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XXXIX.

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute?
 Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

XL.

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

XLI.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though *with* Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *without*, I could define,
 I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

XLII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was — the Grape!

XLIII.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
 The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

XLIV.

The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
 Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

XLV.

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
 And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

XLVI.

For in and out, above, about, below,
'T is nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

XLVII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in — Yes —
Then Fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be — Nothing — Thou shalt not be less.

XLVIII.

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee — take that, and do not shrink.

XLIX.

'T is all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

L.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all — He knows — HE knows!

LI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

LII.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help — for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LIV.

I tell Thee this — When, starting from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtara they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

LV.

The Vine had struck a Fibre; which about
If clings my Being — let the Súfi flout;
Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LVI.

And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrathconsume me quite,
One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LVII.

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

LVIII.

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give — and take!

.

KÚZA-NÁMA.

LIX.

Listen again. One evening at the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.

LX.

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried —
"Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXI.

Then said another — "Surely not in vain
My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to common Earth again."

LXII.

Another said — "Why, ne'er a peevish Boy,
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
And Fansy, in an after Rage destroy!"

LXIII.

None answer'd this; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake!"

LXIV.

Said one — "Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Testing of us — Pish!
He 's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXV.

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
"My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-bye!"

LXVI.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
"Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

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LXVII.

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
 And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

LXVIII.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
 As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXIX.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
 Have drown'd my Honor in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXX.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
 And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

LXXI.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor — well,
 I often wonder what the Vinters buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

LXXII.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
 The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

LXXIII.

Ah, Love! could Thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

LXXIV.

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me — in vain!

LXXV.

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty Glass!

TWENTY-FOUR QUATRAINS FROM OMAR.

(Translation of F. York Powell.)

I.

KHAYYÁM that used to stitch the tents of Thought,
Into Grief's furnace dropt, was burnt to naught;
The shears of Fate his Life's tent-ropes have cut;
Yea, Hope's sharp Broker sold him — nor got aught.

II.

The World gains naught that I live here below,
And my Departure will not mar its show;
No man has told me yet, nor do I know
Why I came here, or *wherefor* hence I go.

III.

The Day is breaking, let us welcome him
With glasses crimson-beaded to the brim;
And as for Name and Fame and Blame and Shame,
What are they all? — mere Talk and idle Whim.

IV.

Why at the Dawning must the cock still crow?
It is that by his crowing he may show
That one more Night has slid from out thy Life:
And thou art lying asleep and dost not know.

V.

Life's caravan speeds strangely swift, take care;
It is thy youth that's fleeting, Friend, beware;
Nor vex thyself for Woe to come, in vain,
For lo, the Night rolls on, and Dawn breaks bare.

VI.

The Spheres that turn have brought no luck to thee,
What matter how the Years or Seasons flee?
Two Days there are to which I pay no heed—
The Day that's gone, the Day that is to be.

VII.

Above thine head looms Heaven's Bull Parwín;
Beneath thy feet a Bull bears Earth, unseen;
Open the eyes of Knowledge, and behold
This drove of Asses these two Bulls between.

VIII.

The Rose saith, "I am Joseph's flower, for, lo,
My Cup is full of Gold." "If this be so,
Give me another sign," I cried, and She
Made answer, "Red with gore my Garments show."

IX.

Rose, thou art like unto a Face most fair;
Rose, thou art like unto a Ruby rare;
Fate, thou art ever changing shape and hue,
Yet ever hast the same familiar air.

X.

Though the Rose fade, yet are the Thorns our lot;
Though the Light fail, yet is the Ember hot;
Though Robe and Priest and Presence all are gone,
The empty Mosque at least we still have got.

XI.

Open the Door; the Key is Thine alone!
Show me the Path; only to Thee 't is known!
The idle Hands they reach I will not take;
Thine Everlasting Arms shall bear me on!

XII.

O Lord, have mercy on my enslaved Soul:
Have mercy on my Heart that Griefs control:
Have mercy on my Foot that seeks the Inn:
Have mercy on my Hand that Craves the Bowl.

XIII.

Creeds seventy-two among Mankind there be;
Of all these Faiths I choose but Faith in Thee:
 Law, Sin, Repentance, all are idle words:
Thou art my Hope. What's all the rest to me?

XIV.

The Drop of Water wept to leave the Sea,
But the Sea laught and said, "We still are we,
 God is within, without, and all around,
And not a hair's-breadth severs Me and Thee."

XV.

Now Thou art hidden, unseen of all that be;
Now Thou art full display'd that all may see;
 Being, as Thou art, the Player and the Play,
And playing for Thine own pleasure, carelessly.

XVI.

On these twin Compasses, my Soul, you see
One Body and two Heads, like You and Me,
 Which wander round one centre circle-wise,
But at the end in one same point agree.

XVII.

The Heart wherein Love's wick burns clear and well,
Whether it swing in mosque or shrine or cell,
 If in the Book of Love it be enroll'd,
Is free from Hope of Heaven or Fear of Hell.

XVIII.

Whether in Heaven or Hell my lot be stay'd,
A Cup, a Lute, a fair and frolic Maid,
 Within a place of Roses please me now;
While on the chance of Heaven thy Life is laid.

XIX.

I lack not hope of Grace, though stain'd by Lust;
Like the poor Heathen that in idols trust,
 Woman and Wine I 'll worship while I live,
Nor flinch for Heaven or Hell, since die I must.

XX.

Come, friend, the cares of this brief life dismiss,
Be merry in thy momentary bliss;
If God were constant in his favor, think,
Thy turn had never come for Cup or Kiss.

XXI.

Let not the World's mass too much on thee weigh;
Nor grieve for those that Death has made his prey;
Lose not thine Heart save to the Fairest Fair,
Nor lack good Wine, nor fling thy Life away.

XXII.

'T is well to be of good Report and Trust;
'T is ill to make complaint that God 's unjust;
'T is better to be drunk with good red Wine
Than swollen with Hypocrisy's black must.

XXIII.

No Shield can save thee from the Shaft of Fate,
Nor to be glorious or rich or great;
The more I ponder, still the more I see
That Truth is All, naught else has any weight.

XXIV.

Of Duty towards God let Preachers whine,
But do as I command, and Heaven 's thine;
Give freely, slander not, be kindly still;
That done, have thou no fear, and call for Wine!

AMELIA (ALDERSON) OPIE.

Opie, Amelia (Alderson), an English romance writer and poet; born at Norwich, November 12, 1769; died there, December 2, 1853. In 1798 she married John Opie, a painter, who died in 1807. She then returned to Norwich, where she spent the remainder of her life. She did not commence her literary career until past thirty, when she put forth her "Father and Daughter" (1801). This book met with immense success, and the following year she issued a volume of poems. Her tales appeared at intervals until 1828, and were greatly admired in their day. Among these are "Simple Tales" (1806); "Temper, or Domestic Scenes" (1812); "New Tales" (1818); "Tales of the Heart" (1820); "Madeline" (1822); "Illustrations of Lying" (1825); "Detraction Displayed" (1828). She also published from time to time several volumes of verse.

The Orphan Boy's Tale.

Stay, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale.
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
 'T is want that makes my cheeks so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
 She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 't was bought,
 And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears.
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
 My mother answered with her tears.

"Why are you crying thus?" said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kissed me; and, with such a sigh,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother, through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy.
Oh, Lady, I have learned too well
What 't is to be an orphan boy!

O, were I by your bounty fed! —
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide! —
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep! Ha! this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents; look and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

O'Reilly, John Boyle, an Irish-American journalist and poet; born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844; died at Hull, Mass., August 10, 1890. He took part in the revolutionary movement of 1863, and afterward entered a cavalry regiment in the British army. In 1866 he was tried for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. This sentence was subsequently commuted to transportation for twenty years, and he was sent to the penal colony of West Australia. In 1869 he made his escape, by the aid of the captain of an American whaling-vessel. Taking up his residence at Boston, he became editor of the "Pilot." He published "Songs from the Southern Seas" (1873); "Songs, Legends, and Ballads" (1878); "Moondyne, a Story from the Under-World" (1879); "Statues in the Block" (1881); "In Bohemia" (1886); "The Ethics of Boxing," and "Stories and Sketches" (1888).

Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer.

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
 Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
 That flowers and flames in height and beauty
 Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
 To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—
 No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
 Their cause was the shell — his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
 That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
 By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,

He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won;
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.

Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

Western Australia.

O beauteous Southland! land of yellow air
That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of thy waters fair
And wooded hills, like aureole of gold!

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land! God made thee wondrous to the eye,
But His sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by and by,
And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues the myriad flowers,
But left them scentless. Ah! their woeful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers —
To make so sweet, fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood,
But 'mid them all bloomed not one tree of fruit;
He looked, but said not that His work was good
When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey. Every bell
Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist,
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kissed.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
 Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint
For others' eyes the glory of the shore
 Where last I saw thee! But the senses faint

In soft, delicious dreaming when they drain
 Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
 The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

A Dead Man.

The Trapper died — our hero — and we grieved;
 In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
 "A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best, —
 How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
 A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

My Troubles!

I wrote down my troubles every day;
 And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,
 I read them with smiles, not tears.

SARAH MARGARET OSSOLI.

Ossoli, Sarah Margaret (Fuller), Marchioness d', an American; born at Cambridgeport, Mass., May 23, 1810; died July 19, 1850. She was taught Latin and Greek at an early age. In 1840 the "Dial," a transcendental magazine, was established, of which she was for two years the editor. Near the close of 1844 she became literary critic of the "New York Tribune." In 1846 she accompanied a party of her friends to Europe. In December, 1847, she was married to the Marquis d'Ossoli, a young Italian nobleman. During the siege of Rome by the French she devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded in the hospitals. The city having surrendered in June, 1849, she, with her husband and child, made her way to a village in the Abruzzi, and subsequently to Florence and Leghorn. At Leghorn, on May 17, 1850, the D'Ossolis took passage for the United States on board a small sailing-vessel. After a long voyage they were off the coast of Long Island. A violent storm sprang up, and the vessel was driven on the low sandy shore of Fire Island. She and her husband and child were drowned; and in the wreck was lost the manuscript of a work on "The Roman Republic." Her writings include "Summer on the Lakes" (1843); "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" (1844); and "Papers on Literature and Art" (1846).

George Sand.

To Elizabeth Hoar.

(From "Memoirs." Paris, ——, 1847.)

You wished to hear of George Sand, or as they say in Paris, "Madame Sand." I find that all we had heard of her was true in the outline; I had supposed it might be exaggerated. . . .

It is the custom to go and call on those to whom you bring letters, and push yourself upon their notice; thus you must go quite ignorant whether they are disposed to be cordial. My name is always murdered by the foreign servants who announce me. I speak very bad French; only lately have I had sufficient command of it to infuse some of my natural spirit in my dis-



GEORGE SAND

(*Armantine Lucile Aurore* (*Dupin*) *Dudevant*)

THE NEW YORK
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course. This has been a great trial to me, who am eloquent and free in my own tongue, to be forced to feel my thoughts struggling in vain for utterance.

The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and as Madame Sand afterwards told me, her goddaughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as "Madame Salère," and returned into the anteroom to tell me, "Madame says she does not know you." I began to think I was doomed to rebuff among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, "Ask if she has received a letter from me." As I spoke Madame Sand opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark-violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste; her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and ladylike dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as indeed she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood). All these I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power that pervaded the whole, — the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, "C'est vous," and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study; we sat down a moment; then I said, "Il me fait de bien de vous voir," and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed in character, and everything that *is* good in it so *really* good. I loved, shall always love her.

She looked away, and said, "Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante." This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. . . . Her way of talking is just like her writing, — lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same happiness in striking the nail on the head every now and then with a blow. . . . I heartily enjoyed the sense of so rich, so prolific, so ardent a genius. I liked the woman in her, too, very much; I never

liked a woman better. . . . For the rest, she holds her place in the literary and social world of France like a man, and seems full of energy and courage in it. I suppose she has suffered much, but she has also enjoyed and done much.

Americans Abroad in Europe.

(From "At Home and Abroad.")

The American in Europe, if a thinking mind, can only become more American. In some respects it is a great pleasure to be here. Although we have an independent political existence, our position toward Europe as to literature and the arts is still that of a colony, and one feels the same joy here that is experienced by the colonist in returning to the parent home. What was but picture to us becomes reality; remote allusions and derivations trouble no more; we see the pattern of the stuff, and understand the whole tapestry. There is a gradual clearing up on many points, and many baseless notions and crude fancies are dropped. Even the post-haste passage of the business American through the great cities, escorted by cheating couriers and ignorant *valets de place*, unable to hold intercourse with the natives of the country, and passing all his leisure hours with his countrymen, who know no more than himself, clears his mind of some mistakes, — lifts some mists from his horizon.

There are three species: First, the servile American, — a being utterly shallow, thoughtless, worthless. He comes abroad to spend his money and indulge his tastes. His object in Europe is to have fashionable clothes, good foreign cookery, to know some titled persons, and furnish himself with coffee-house gossip, by retailing which among those less travelled and as uninformed as himself he can win importance at home. I look with unspeakable contempt on this class, — a class which has all the thoughtlessness and partiality of the exclusive classes in Europe, without any of their refinement, or the chivalric feeling which still sparkles among them here and there. However, though these willing serfs in a free age do some little hurt, and cause some annoyance at present, they cannot continue long; our country is fated to a grand independent existence, and as its laws develop, these parasites of a bygone period must wither and drop away.

Then there is the conceited American, instinctively bristling and proud of — he knows not what. He does not see, not he!

that the history of humanity, for many centuries, is likely to have produced results it requires some training, some devotion, to appreciate and profit by. With his great clumsy hands, only fitted to work on a steam-engine, he seizes the old Cremona violin, makes it shriek with anguish in his grasp, and then declares he thought it was all humbug before he came, and now he knows it; that there is not really any music in these old things; that the frogs in one of our swamps make much finer, for they are young and alive. To him the etiquettes of courts and camps, the ritual of the Church, seem simply silly, — and no wonder, profoundly ignorant as he is of their origin and meaning. Just so the legends which are the subjects of pictures, the profound myths which are represented in the antique marbles, amaze and revolt him; as, indeed, such things need to be judged of by another standard than that of the Connecticut Blue Laws. He criticises severely pictures, feeling quite sure that his natural senses are better means of judgment than the rules of connoisseurs, — not feeling that to see such objects mental vision as well as fleshly eyes are needed, and that something is aimed at in art beyond the imitation of the commonest forms of nature. This is Jonathan in the sprawling state, the booby truant, not yet aspiring enough to be a good schoolboy. Yet in his folly there is a meaning; add thought and culture to his independence, and he will be a man of might: he is not a creature without hope, like the thick-skinned dandy of the class first specified.

The artists form a class by themselves. Yet among them, though seeking special aims by special means, may also be found the lineaments of these two classes, as well as of the third, of which I am now to speak.

This is that of the thinking American, — a man who, recognizing the immense advantage of being born to a new world and on a virgin soil, yet does not wish one seed from the past to be lost. He is anxious to gather and carry back with him every plant that will bear a new climate and new culture. Some will dwindle; others will attain a bloom and stature unknown before. He wishes to gather them clean, free from noxious insects, and to give them a fair trial in his new world. And that he may know the conditions under which he may best place them in that new world, he does not neglect to study their history in this.

The history of our planet in some moments seems so painfully

mean and little, — such terrible bafflings and failures to compensate some brilliant successes; such a crushing of the mass of men beneath the feet of a few, and these too often the least worthy; such a small drop of honey to each cup of gall, and in many cases so mingled that it is never one moment in life purely tasted; above all, so little achieved for humanity as a whole, such tides of war and pestilence intervening to blot out the traces of each triumph, — that no wonder if the strongest soul sometimes pauses aghast; no wonder if the many indolently console themselves with gross joys and frivolous prizes. Yes! those men *are* worthy of admiration, who can carry this cross faithfully through fifty years; it is a great while for all the agonies that beset a lover of good, a lover of men; it makes a soul worthy of a speedier ascent, a more productive ministry in the next sphere. Blessed are they who ever keep that portion of pure generous love with which they began life! How blessed those who have deepened the fountains, and have enough to spare for the thirst of others! Some such there are; and feeling that, with all the excuses for failure, still only the sight of those who triumph gives a meaning to life or makes its pangs endurable, we must arise and follow.

A Character Sketch of Carlyle.

Letter to R. W. Emerson.

(From "Memoirs." Paris, ——, 1846.)

I enjoyed the time extremely [in London]. I find myself much in my element in European society. It does not indeed come up to my ideal, but so many of the incumbrances are cleared away that used to weary me in America, that I can enjoy a freer play of faculty, and feel, if not like a bird in the air, at least as easy as a fish in water. . . .

Of the people I saw in London, you will wish me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. Carlyle came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humor, — full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing

his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told with beautiful feeling a story of some poor farmer or artisan in the country, who on Sunday lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the "Essays" and looking upon the sea. . . .

The second time, Mr. Carlyle had a dinner party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of a man, named Lewes, author of a "History of Philosophy," and now writing a life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, — of which one was glad, for that night he was in his acrid mood; and though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said. . . .

Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse, only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men, — happily not one invariable or inevitable, — that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, — raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others. On the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance in his thoughts. But it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase.

Carlyle indeed is arrogant and overbearing; but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror; it is his nature, and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the

dragons. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced now and then to let fall a row. For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor; for all the spirits he is driving before him as Fata Morgana, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly. Allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him, — the Siegfried of England, great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil than legislate for good.

Encouragement.

For the Power to whom we bow
Has given its pledge that, if not now,
They of pure and steadfast mind,
By faith exalted, truth refined,
Shall hear all music loud and clear,
Whose first notes they ventured here.
Then fear not thou to wind the horn,
Though elf and gnome thy courage scorn,
Ask for the castle's king and queen —
Though rabble rout may rush between,
Beat thee senseless to the ground,
In the dark beset thee round —
Persist to ask and it will come,
Seek not for rest in humbler home;
So shalt thou see what few have seen,
The palace home of King and Queen.

THOMAS OTWAY.

OTWAY, THOMAS, an English dramatist; born at Trotton, Sussex, March 3, 1652; died at Tower Hill, London, April 14, 1685. He was the son of a clergyman, and was sent to Oxford; but left the university without taking a degree, and went to London. In 1672 he made an unsuccessful appearance upon the stage, and never again appeared upon the boards. During the next five years he produced several dramas which met with good success. In 1677 he procured a place as cornet in a regiment of horse which was sent to Flanders. He was discharged in disgrace, returned to London in a state of extreme destitution, and began again to write for the stage. But his way of life was such that he was always in poverty. Besides some eight or ten dramas, he wrote a few poems. The only work of his which deserves remembrance is the tragedy of "Venice Preserved" (produced in 1682), which still holds a place on the stage.

THE CONSPIRACY.

(From "Venice Preserved.")

The Senate House. Where appear sitting, the DUKE OF VENICE, PRIULI, ANTONIO, *and eight other* Senators.

DUKE. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honor, or its safety?

PRIULI. Could words express the story I 've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more.

ALL SENATORS. How!

PRIULI. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.

Within this city 's formed a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning: but if we are men
Let 's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world in after-ages,
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were. [*A noise without.*
Room, room, make room for some prisoners —

SENATORS. Let 's raise the city.

Enter Officer *and* Guard.

PRIULI. Speak, there, what disturbance?

OFFICER. Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets,
Who say, they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

Enter JAFFEIR *and* BELVIDERA, *guarded.*

ALL. Give 'em entrance. — Well, who are you?

JAFFEIR. A villain.

ANTONIO. Short and pithy,
The man speaks well.

JAFFEIR. Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

DUKE. 'T is rumored, that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; that you have a share in 't too.
If you are a villain, to redeem your honor,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

JAFFEIR. Think not that I to save my life come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn, and covenanted foe of Venice.
But use me as my dealings may deserve;
And I may prove a friend.

DUKE. The slave capitulates,
Give him the tortures.

JAFFEIR. That you dare not do,
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of.
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scared with threatenings: boys are whipt

Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
Again, by Heaven, I 'll shut these lips forever;
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away — that you may guess at.

ANTONIO. A bloody-minded fellow I 'll warrant;
A damned bloody-minded fellow.

DUKE. Name your conditions.

JAFFEIR. For myself full pardon.
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends, [*Delivers a list.*
Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend Council,
That in a full assembly of the Senate
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

ALL. We 'll swear.

DUKE. Propose the oath.

JAFFEIR. By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear.

ALL. We all swear.

JAFFEIR. To grant me what I 've asked,
Ye swear.

ALL. We swear.

JAFFEIR. And as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blest,
Or curst forever!

ALL. Else be curst for ever!

JAFFEIR. Then here 's the list, and with 't the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers another paper.*
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.

Upon Jaffeir's information the conspirators are arrested. They disdain pardon, and ask for death. The Council breaks up, leaving Jaffeir free, and the rest waiting for judgment. Then Jaffeir seeks to justify himself to his friend Pierre, but is struck aside and scorned as traitor, villain, coward.

PIERRE. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou 'rt false —

JAFFEIR. No, 't is to me that 's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and truth so broken.

PIERRE. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee;
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I received in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths; and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen;
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it — farewell — for now I owe thee nothing.

JAFFEIR. Say thou wilt live, then.

PIERRE. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I 'm tired with.

JAFFEIR. Oh, Pierre!

PIERRE. No more.

JAFFEIR. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

PIERRE. Leave me — nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee. [*Exit.*

JAFFEIR. Amen.
He 's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here 's the portion he has left me. [*Holds the dagger up.*
This dagger, well remembered, with this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this and Belvidera together.
Have a care, memory, drive that thought no farther;
No, I 'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each other.
So; now for thinking: a blow, called traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonorable coward, fough!
Oh, for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busy devil —

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where 's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!

Nor daring now to look to that dear face
Which used to smile even on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.
JAFFEIR. Mercy! kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left,
Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injured.
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth: now if thou'st virtue, help me,
Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion;
By Heaven, I'm tottering to the very brink
Of peace; and thou art all the hold I've left.
BELVIDERA. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty;
I know th' hast cause to mourn, to mourn, my Jaffeir,
With endless cries and never-ceasing wailing.
Thou'st lost —
JAFFEIR. Oh I've lost what can't be counted:
My friend too, Belvidera; that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave; shamefully used me;
'T would break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I do? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory how I've wronged him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on 't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.
BELVIDERA. What has he done?
JAFFEIR. Thou 'dst hate me, should I tell thee.
BELVIDERA. Why?
JAFFEIR. Oh, he has used me! — yet, by Heaven, I bear it;
He has used me, Belvidera — but first swear
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loathe me utterly,
Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction; —
Not scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.
BELVIDERA. Have I then e'er been false, that now I'm doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I'm grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complaining?
JAFFEIR. Oh!
BELVIDERA. Tell me.

JAFFEIR. Bear my failings, for they 're many.
Oh, my near angel! in that friend I 've lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deads it in my brains;
Would 'st thou believe it? —
BELVIDERA. Speak.
JAFFEIR. Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself almost beneath my nature;
As at his feet I kneeled, and sued for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness
In which we 've lived so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow:
He struck me, Belvidera; by Heaven, he struck me,
Buffeted, called me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? am I a villain? tell me:
Th' art the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation! coward!
BELVIDERA. Oh, forgive him, Jaffeir.
And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?
JAFFEIR. Hah!
BELVIDERA. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretched in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death;
His bleeding bowels and his broken limbs
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain;
What will thy heart do then? Oh, sure 't will stream
Like my eyes now.
JAFFEIR. What means thy dreadful story?
Death, and to-morrow? broken limbs and bowels?
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain?
By all my fears I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing, if the truth 's hid longer.
BELVIDERA. The faithless senators, 't is they 've decreed it:
They say, according to our friend's request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage:
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited:
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession;
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.
JAFFEIR. Death! doomed to die! Condemned unheard! unpleaded!
BELVIDERA. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing,

To force confessions from their dying pangs.
Oh, do not look so terribly upon me;
How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!
What means my love?

JAFFEIR. Leave me, I charge thee leave me — strong temptations
Wake in my heart.

BELVIDERA. For what?

JAFFEIR. No more, but leave me.

BELVIDERA. Why?

JAFFEIR. Oh! by Heaven, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,
Near these curst hands: are they not cold upon thee?

[*Pulls the dagger out of his bosom, and puts it back again.*

BELVIDERA. No: everlasting comfort 's in thy arms.
To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows decked with leaves of roses.

JAFFEIR. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns 't is filled with:
Fly, ere they gall thee: there 's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to thy heart:
Art thou not terrified?

BELVIDERA. No.

JAFFEIR. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

BELVIDERA. Hah!

JAFFEIR. Where 's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief?
Nay, shrink not, now 't is too late, thou should'st have fled
When thy guilt first had cause; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already; see, they 've fixed him on the wheel,
And now they tear him — Murther! perjured Senate!
Murther — Oh! — hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this;
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.
How her eyes speak! oh, thou bewitching creature!

[*Fumbling for his dagger*

Madness can't hurt thee: come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe;
'T is thy own citadel — hah — yet stand off,
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy;
I 'll wink, and then 't is done —

BELVIDERA. What means the lord
Of me, my life and love? what 's in thy bosom,
Thou graspest at so? nay, why am I thus treated?

[*Draws the dagger, offers to stab her.*

What wilt thou do? Ah, do not kill me, Jaffeir:
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That used to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurged soul:
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

JAFFEIR. No, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust,
To be thy portion, if I e'er proved false.
On such condition was my truth believed:
But now 't is forfeited, and must be paid for.
[*Offers to stab her again.*

BELVIDERA. Oh, mercy! [*Kneeling.*

JAFFEIR. Nay, no struggling.

BELVIDERA. Now then, kill me,
[*Leaps upon his neck and kisses him.*
While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

JAFFEIR. I am, I am a coward; witness, Heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being, witness;
'T is but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.
[*He throws away the dagger and embraces her.*
The seal of providence is sure upon thee;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders:
Oh, thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the power that 's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel father; save my friend,
Or all our future quiet 's lost forever:
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees;
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Crush him in th' arms, torture him with thy softness.
Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquered me. [*Exeunt.*

OUIDA.

OUIDA, pseudonym of LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE, an English novelist who was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1840, of French descent. She makes her home at Florence, Italy. At an early age she began to write for periodicals, her first novel, "Granville de Vigne, a Tale of the Day," being published in Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine." This novel was subsequently republished in 1863 under the title of "Held in Bondage." Subsequently she wrote "Strathmore, a Romance" (1865); "Chandos" (1866); "Cecil Castlemaine's Gage;" "Idalia;" "Under Two Flags" (1867); "Tricotrin" (1868); "Puck" (1870); "Folle Farine" (1871); "A Dog of Flanders;" "A Leaf in the Storm" (1872); "Pascarel" (1873); "Bebée; or Two Little Wooden Shoes" (1874); "Signa" (1875); "In a Winter City" (1876); "Ariadne" (1877); "Friendship" (1878); "Moths" (1880); "Pipistrello" (1880); "A Village Commune" (1881); "In Maremma;" "Bimbi" (1882); "Wanda;" "Frescoes" (1883); "Princess Napraxine" (1884); "Othmar;" "A House Party;" "Guilderoy;" "Syrlin;" "A Rainy June;" "Don Gesualdo" (1890); "Moufflou;" "The Nürnberg Stove;" "The Tower of Taddeo;" "The Silver Christ;" "The New Priesthood" (1893); "Views and Opinions" (1895); "Le Selve" (1896); "Muriella" (1897); "The Massarenes" (1897); "Toxin" (1897).

THE BATTLE.

(From "Under Two Flags.")

THE African day was at its noon.

From the first break of dawn the battle had raged; now, at midday, it was at its height. Far in the interior, almost at the edge of the great desert, in that terrible season when the air that is flame by day is ice by night, and when the scorch of a blazing sun may be followed in an hour by the blinding fury of a snow-storm, the slaughter had gone on hour through hour under a shadowless sky, blue as steel, hard as a sheet of brass.

The Arabs had surprised the French encampment where it lay in the center of an arid plain that was called Zaraila. Hovering like a cloud of hawks on the entrance of the Sahara, massed together for one mighty if futile effort, with all their ancient war-lust, and with a new despair, the tribes who refused the yoke of the alien empire were once again in arms, were once again combined in defense of those limitless kingdoms of drifting sand, of that beloved belt of bare and desolate land so useless to the conqueror, so dear to the nomad. When they had been, as it had been thought, beaten back into the desert wilderness, when, without water and without cattle, it had been calculated that they would, of sheer necessity, bow themselves in submission, or perish of famine and of thirst, they had recovered their ardor, their strength, their resistance, their power to harass without ceasing, if they could never arrest, the enemy. They had cast the torch of war afresh into the land, and here, southward, the flame burned bitterly, and with a merciless tongue devoured the lives of men, licking them up as a forest-fire the dry leaves and the touchwood.

Circling, sweeping, silently, swiftly, with that rapid spring, that marvellous whirlwind of force, that is of Africa, and of Africa alone, the tribes had rushed down in the darkness of night, lightly as a kite rushes through the gloom of the dawn. For once the vigilance of the invader served him naught; for once the Frankish camp was surprised off its guard. While the air was still chilly with the breath of the night, while the first gleam of morning had barely broken through the mists of the east, while the picket-fires burned through the dusky gloom, and the sentinels and videttes paced slowly to and fro, and circled round, hearing nothing worse than the stealthy tread of the jackal, or the muffled flight of a night-bird, afar in the south a great dark cloud had risen, darker than the brooding shadows of the earth and sky.

The cloud swept onward, like a mass of cirri, in those shadows shrouded. Fleet as though wind-driven, dense as though thunder-charged, it moved over the plains. As it grew nearer and nearer, it grew grayer, a changing mass of white and black that fused, in the obscurity, into a shadow color; a dense array of men and horses flitting noiselessly like spirits, and as though guided alone by one rein and moved alone by one breath and one will; not a bit champed, not a linen-fold loosened, not a shiver of steel was heard; as silently as the



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winds of the desert sweep up northward over the plains, so they rode now, host upon host of the warriors of the soil.

The outlying videttes, the advanced sentinels, had scrutinized so long through the night every wavering shade of cloud and moving form of buffalo in the dim distance, that their sleepless eyes, strained and aching, failed to distinguish this moving mass that was so like the brown plains and starless sky that it could scarce be told from them. The night, too, was bitter; northern cold cut hardly chillier than this that parted the blaze of one hot day from the blaze of another. The sea-winds were blowing cruelly keen, and men who at noon gladly stripped to their shirts, shivered now where they lay under canvas.

Awake while his comrades slept around him, Cecil was stretched unharnessed. The foraging duty of the past twenty-four hours had been work harassing and heavy, inglorious and full of fatigue. The country round was bare as a table-rock; the water-courses poor, choked with dust and stones, unfed as yet by the rains or snows of the approaching winter. The horses suffered sorely, the men scarce less. The hay for the former was scanty and bad; the rations for the latter often cut off by flying skirmishers of the foe. The campaign, so far as it had gone, had been fruitless, yet had cost largely in human life. The men died rapidly of dysentery, disease, and the chills of the nights, and had severe losses in countless obscure skirmishes, that served no end except water the African soil with blood.

True, France would fill the gaps up as fast as they occurred, and the "Moniteur" could only allude to the present operations when it could give a flourishing line descriptive of the Arabs being driven back, decimated, to the borders of the Sahara. But as the flourish of the "Moniteur" would never reach a thousand little way-side huts, and sea-side cabins, and vine-dressers' sunny nests, where the memory of some lad who had gone forth never to return would leave a deadly shadow athwart the humble threshold, so the knowledge that they were only so many automata in the hands of government, whose loss would merely be noted that it might be efficiently supplied, was not that wine-draught of La Gloire, which poured the strength and the daring of gods into the limbs of the men of Jena and of Austerlitz. Still, there was the war lust in them, and there was the fire of France; they fought not less superbly here, where to be food for jackal and kite was their likeliest doom, than their

sires had done under the eagles of the First Empire, when the conscript hero of to-day was the glittering marshal of to-morrow.

Cecil had awakened while the camp still slept. Do what he would, force himself into the fulness of this fierce and hard existence as he might, he could not burn out or banish a thing that had many a time haunted him, but never as it did now — the remembrance of a woman. He almost laughed as he lay there on a pile of rotting straw, and wrung the truth out of his own heart, that he — a soldier of these exiled squadrons — was mad enough to love that woman whose deep, proud eyes had dwelt with such serene pity upon him.

Yet his hand clinched on the straw as it had clinched once when the operator's knife had cut down through the bones of his breast to reach a bullet that, left in his chest, would have been death. If in the sight of men he had only stood in the rank that was his by birthright, he could have strived for — it might be that he could have roused — some answering passion in her. But that chance was lost to him forever. Well, it was but one thing more that was added to all that he had of his own will given up. He was dead; he must be content, as the dead must be, to leave the warmth of kisses, the glow of delight, the possession of a woman's loveliness, the homage of men's honor, the gladness of successful desires, to those who still lived in the light he had quitted. He had never allowed himself the emasculating indulgence of regret, he flung it off him now.

Flick-Flack, coiled asleep in his bosom, thrilled, stirred, and growled. He rose, and with the little dog under his arm, looked out from the canvas. He knew that the most vigilant sentry in the service had not the instinct for a foe afar off that Flick-Flack possessed. He gazed keenly southward, the poodle growling on; that cloud so dim, so distant, caught his sight. Was it a moving herd, a shifting mist, a shadow play between the night and dawn?

For a moment longer he watched it; then what it was he knew, or felt by such strong instinct as makes knowledge; and like the blast of a clarion his alarm rang over the unarmed and slumbering camp.

An instant, and the hive of man, so still, so motionless, broke into violent movement; and from the tents half clothed sleepers poured, wakened, and fresh in wakening as hounds. Perfect discipline did the rest. With marvellous, with matchless swiftness and precision they harnessed and got under arms. They were but

fifteen hundred or so in all — a single squadron of Chasseurs, two battalions of Zouaves, half a corps of Tirailleurs, and some Turcos, only a branch of the main body, and without artillery. But they were some of the flower of the army of Algiers, and they roused in a second, with the vivacious ferocity of the bounding tiger, with the glad, eager impatience for the slaughter of the unloosed hawk. Yet, rapid in its wondrous celerity as their united action was, it was not so rapid as the downward sweep of the war-cloud that came so near, with the tossing of white draperies and the shine of countless sabers, now growing clearer and clearer out of the darkness, till, with the whirr like the noise of an eagle's wings, and a swoop like an eagle's seizure, the Arabs whirled down them, met a few yards in advance by the answering charge of the Light Cavalry.

There was a crash as if rock were hurled upon rock, as the Chasseurs, scarce seated in saddle, rushed forward to save the pickets, to encounter the first blind force of the attack, and to give the infantry, further in, more time for harness and defence. Out of the caverns of the night an armed multitude seemed to have suddenly poured. A moment ago they had slept in security; now thousands on thousands whom they could not number, whom they could but dimly even perceive, were thrown on them in immeasurable hosts, which the encircling cloud of dust served but to render vaster, ghastlier, and more majestic. The Arab line stretched out with wings that seemed to extend on and on without end; the line of the Chasseurs was not one half its length; they were but a single squadron flung in their stirrups, scarcely clothed, knowing only that the foe was upon them, caring only that their sword-hands were hard on their weapons. With all the *élan* of France they launched themselves forward to break the rush of the desert horses; they met with terrible sound like falling trees, like clashing metal.

The hoofs of the rearing chargers struck each other's breasts, and these bit and tore at each other's manes, while their riders reeled down dead. Frank and Arab were blended in one inextricable mass as the charging squadrons encountered. The outer wings of the tribes were spared the shock, and swept on to meet the bayonets of Zouaves and Turcos as at their swift foot-gallop the Enfans Perdus of France threw themselves forward from the darkness. The cavalry was enveloped in the overwhelming numbers of the centre; and the flanks seemed to cover the Zouaves and Tirailleurs as some great settling mist may cover the cattle who move beneath it.

It was not a battle; it was a frightful tangling of men and brutes. No contest of modern warfare, such as commences and conquers by a duel of artillery, and sometimes gives the victory to whosoever has the superiority of ordnance, but a conflict, hand to hand, breast to breast, life for life, a Homeric combat of spear and of sword even while the first volleys of the answering musketry pealed over the plain.

For once the Desert avenged in like that terrible inexhaustibility of supply wherewith the Empire so long had crushed them beneath the overwhelming difference of numbers. It was the Day of Mazagran once more, as the light of the morning broke, gray, silvered, beautiful in the far, dim distance, beyond the tawny seas of reeds. Smoke and sand soon densely rose above the struggle, white, hot, blinding; but out from it the lean, dark Bedouin face, the snowy haicks, the red burnoose, the gleam of the Tunisian muskets, the flash of silver-hilted yataghans, were seen fused in a mass with the brawny naked necks of the Zouaves, with the shine of the French bayonets, with the tossing manes and glowing nostrils of the Chasseurs' horses, with the torn, stained silk of the raised Tricolor, through which the storm of balls flew thick and fast as hail, yet whose folds were never suffered to fall, though again and again the hand that held its staff was cut away or was unloosened in death, yet ever found another to take its charge before the Flag could once have trembled in the enemy's sight.

The Chasseurs could not charge; they were hemmed in, packed between bodies of horsemen that pressed them together as between iron plates; now and then they could cut their way through, clear enough to reach their comrades of the *demie cavalerie*, but as often as they did so, so often the overwhelming numbers of the Arabs surged in on them afresh like a flood, and closed upon them, and drove them back.

Every soldier in the squadron that lived kept his life by sheer breathless, ceaseless, hand-to-hand sword-play, hewing right and left, front and rear, without pause, as in the great tangled forests of the west men hew aside branch and brushwood ere they can force one step forward.

The gleam of the dawn spread in one golden glow of morning, and the day rose radiant over the world; they stayed not for its beauty or its peace; the carnage went on hour upon hour; men began to grow drunk with slaughter as with raki. It was sublimely grand; it was hideously hateful — this wild-beast

struggle, this heaving tumult of striving lives that ever and anon stirred the vast war-cloud of smoke, and broke from it as the lightning from the night. The sun laughed in its warmth over a thousand hills and streams, over the blue seas lying northward, and over the yellow sands of the south; but the touch of its heat only made the flame in their blood burn fiercer, the fulness of its light only served to show them clearer where to strike and how to slay.

It was bitter, stifling, cruel work; with their mouths choked with sand, with their throats caked with thirst, with their eyes blind with smoke; cramped as in a vise, scorched with the blaze of powder, covered with blood and with dust; while the steel was thrust through nerve and sinew, or the shot plowed through bone and flesh. The answering fire of the Zouaves and Tirailleurs kept the Arabs farther at bay, and mowed them faster down; but in the Chasseurs' quarter of the field — parted from the rest of their comrades as they had been by the rush of that broken charge with which they had sought to save the camp and arrest the foe — the worst pressure of the attack was felt, and the fiercest of the slaughter fell.

The Chef d'Escadron had been shot dead as they had first swept out to encounter the advance of the desert horsemen; one by one the officers had been cut down, singled out by the keen eyes of their enemies, and throwing themselves into the deadliest of the carnage with the impetuous self-devotion characteristic of their service. At the last there remained but a mere handful out of all the brilliant squadron that had galloped down in the gray of the dawn to meet the whirlwind of Arab fury. At their head was Cecil.

Two horses had been killed under him, and he had thrown himself afresh across unwounded chargers, whose riders had fallen in the melée, and at whose bridles he had caught as he shook himself free of the dead animal's stirrups. His head was uncovered; his uniform, hurriedly thrown on, had been torn aside, and his chest was bare to the red folds of his sash; he was drenched with blood, not his own, that had rained on him as he fought; and his face and his hands were black with smoke and with powder. He could not see a yard in front of him; he could not tell how the day went anywhere, save in that corner where his own troop was hemmed in. As fast as they beat the Arabs back, and forced themselves some clearer space, so fast the tribes closed in afresh. No orders reached him from

the general of brigade in command: except for the well-known war shouts of the Zouaves that ever and again rang above the din, he could not tell whether the French battalions were not cut utterly to pieces under the immense numerical superiority of their foes. All he could see was that every officer of Chasseurs was down, and that unless he took the vacant place, and rallied them together, the few score troopers that were still left would scatter, confused and demoralized, as the best soldiers will at times when they can see no chief to follow.

He spurred the horse he had just mounted against the dense crowd opposing him, against the hard, black wall of dust, and smoke, and steel, and savage faces, and lean, swarthy arms, which were all that his eyes could see, and that seemed impenetrable as granite, moving and changing though it was. He thrust the gray against it, while he waved his sword above his head: —

"*En avant, mes frères! France! France! France!*"

His voice, well known, well loved, thrilled the hearts of his comrades, and brought them together like a trumpet-call. They had gone with him many a time into the hell of battle, into the jaws of death. They surged about him now, striking, thrusting, forcing, with blows of their sabres or their lances and blows of their beasts' forefeet, a passage one to another, until they were reunited once more as one troop, while their shrill shouts, like an oath of vengeance, echoed after him in the butchery that has pealed victorious over so many fields from the soldiery of France. They loved him: he had called them his brethren. They were like lambs for him to lead, like tigers for him to incite.

They could scarcely see his face in that great red mist of combat, in that horrible stifling pressure on every side that jammed them as if they were in a press of iron, and gave them no power to pause, though their animals' hoofs struck the lingering life out of some half-dead comrade, or trampled over the writhing limbs of the brother in arms they loved dearest and best. But his voice reached them, clear and ringing in its appeal for sake of the country they never once forgot or once reviled, though in her name they were starved and beaten like rebellious hounds, though in her cause they were exiled all their manhood through under the sun of this cruel, ravenous, burning Africa. They could see him lift aloft the Eagle he had caught from the last hand that had borne it, the golden gleam of the

young morning flashing like flame upon the brazen wings; and they shouted, as with one throat, "Mazagran! Mazagran!" As the battalion of Mazagran had died keeping the ground through the whole of the scorching day, while the fresh hordes poured down on them like ceaseless torrents snow-fed and exhaustless, so they were ready to hold the ground here until of all their number there should be left not one living man.

He glanced back on them, guarding his head the while from the lances that were rained on him; and he lifted the guidon higher and higher, till, out of the ruck and the throng, the brazen bird caught afresh the rays of the rising sun.

"*Suivez moi!*" he shouted.

Then, like arrows launched at once from a hundred bows, they charged, he still slightly in advance of them, the bridle flung upon his horse's neck, his head and breast bare; one hand striking aside with his blade the steel shafts as they poured on him, the other holding high above the press the Eagle of the Bonapartes.

The effort was superb.

Dense bodies of Arabs parted them in the front from the camp where the battle raged, harassed them in the rear with flying shots and hurled lances, and forced down on them on either side, like the closing jaws of a trap. The impetuosity of their onward movement was for the moment irresistible; it bore headlong all before it; the desert horses recoiled, and the desert riders themselves yielded, crushed, staggered, trodden aside, struck aside, by the tremendous impetus with which the Chasseurs were thrown upon them. For the moment the Bedouins gave way, shaken and confused, as at the head of the French they saw this man, with his hair blowing in the wind, and the sun on the fairness of his face, ride down on them thus unharmed, though a dozen spears were aimed at his naked breast, dealing strokes sure as death right and left as he went, with the light from the hot blue skies on the ensign of France that he bore.

They knew him; they had met him in many conflicts; and wherever the "fair Frank," as they called him, came, there they knew of old the battle was hard to win; bitter to the bitterest end, whether that end were defeat, or victory costly as defeat in its achievement.

And for the moment they recoiled under the shock of that fiery onslaught; for the moment they parted, and wavered and

oscillated beneath the impetus with which he hurled his hundred Chasseurs on them, with that light, swift, indescribable rapidity and resistlessness of attack characteristic of the African Cavalry.

Though a score or more, one on another, had singled him out with a special and violent attack, he had gone, as yet, unwounded, save for a lance thrust in his shoulder, of which in the heat of the conflict he was unconscious. The "fighting fury" was upon him; and when once this had been lighted in him, the Arabs knew of old that the fiercest vulture in the Frankish ranks never struck so surely home as this hand that his comrades called "*main de femme, mais main de fer.*"

As he spurred his horse down on them now, twenty blades glittered against him; the foremost would have cut straight down through the bone of his bared chest and killed him at a single lunge, but as its steel flashed in the sun, one of his troopers threw himself against it, and parried the stroke from him by sheathing it in his own breast. The blow was mortal; and the one who had saved him reeled down off his saddle under the hoofs of the trampling chargers. "*Picpon s'en souvient,*" he murmured, with a smile; and as the charge swept onward, Cecil, with a great cry of horror, saw the feet of the maddened horses strike to pulp the writhing body, and saw the black, wistful eyes of the Enfant de Paris look upward to him once with love and fealty and unspeakable sweetness gleaming through their darkened sight.

But to pause was impossible. Though the French horses were forced with marvellous dexterity through a bristling forest of steel, though the remnant of the once glittering squadron was cast against them in as headlong a daring as if it had half the regiments of the Empire at its back, the charge availed little against the hosts of the desert that had rallied and swooped down afresh almost as soon as they had been, for the instant of the shock, panic-stricken. The hatred of the opposed races was aroused in all its blind, ravening passion; the conquered had the conquering nation for once at their mercy; for once at tremendous disadvantage; on neither side was there aught except that one instinct for slaughter, which, once awakened, kills every other in the breast in which it burns.

The Arabs had cruel years to avenge — years of a loathed tyranny, years of starvation and oppression, years of constant flight southward, with no choice but submission or death. They

had deadly memories to wash out — memories of brethren who had been killed like carrion by the invader's shot and steel; of nomadic freedom begrudged and crushed by civilization; of young children murdered in the darkness of the caverns, with the sulphurous smoke choking the innocent throats that had only breathed the golden air of a few summers; of women, well beloved, torn from them in the hot flames of burning tents and outraged before their eyes with insult whose end was a bayonet thrust into their breasts — breasts whose sin was fidelity to the vanquished.

They had vengeance to do that made every stroke seem righteous and holy in their sight; that nerved each of their bare and sinewy arms as with the strength of a thousand limbs. Right — so barren, so hopeless, so unavailing — had long been with them. Now with it was added at last the power of might; and they exercised the power with the savage ruthlessness of the desert. They closed in on every side; wheeling their swift coursers hither and thither; striking with lance and blade; hemming in, beyond escape, the doomed fragment of the Frankish squadron till there remained of them but one small nucleus, driven close together, rather as infantry will form than as cavalry usually does — a ring of horsemen, of which every one had his face to the foe; a solid circle curiously wedged one against the other, with the bodies of chargers and of men deep around them, and with the ground soaked with blood till the sand was one red morass.

Cecil held the Eagle still, and looked round on the few left to him.

"You are the sons of the Old Guard; die like them."

They answered with a pealing cry, terrible as the cry of the lion in the hush of night, but a shout that had in it assent, triumph, fealty, victory, even as they obeyed him and drew up to die, while in their front was the young brow of Petit Picpon turned upward to the glare of the skies.

There was nothing for them but to draw up thus, and await their butchery, defending the Eagle to the last; looking till the last toward that "woman's face of their leader," as they had often termed it, that was to them now as the face of Napoleon was to the soldiers who loved him.

There was a pause, brief as is the pause of the lungs to take a fuller breath. The Arabs honored these men, who alone, and in the midst of the hostile force, held their ground and prepared

thus to be slaughtered one by one, till of all the squadron that had ridden out in the darkness of the dawn there should be only a black, huddled, stiffened heap of dead men and of dead beasts. The chief who led them pressed them back, withholding them from the end that was so near to their hands when they should stretch that single ring of horsemen all lifeless in the dust.

"You are great warriors," he cried, in the Sabir tongue; "surrender, we will spare!"

Cecil looked back once more on the fragment of his troop, and raised the Eagle higher aloft where the wings should glisten in the fuller day. Half naked, scorched, blinded, with an open gash in his shoulder where the lance had struck, and with his brow wet with the great dews of the noon heat and the breathless toil, his eyes were clear as they flashed with the light of the sun in them; his mouth smiled as he answered.

"Have we shown ourselves cowards, that you think we shall yield?"

A *hourrah* of wild delight from the Chasseurs he led greeted and ratified the choice: "*On meurt — on ne se rend pas!*" they shouted in the words which, even if they be legendary, are too true to the spirit of the soldiers of France not to be as truth in their sight. Then, with their swords above their heads, they waited for the collision of the terrible attack which would fall on them upon every side, and strike all the sentient life out of them before the sun should be one point higher in the heavens. It came: with a yell as of wild beasts in their famine, the Arabs threw themselves forward, the chief himself singling out the "fair Frank" with a violence of a lion flinging himself on a leopard. One instant longer, one flash of time, and the tribes pressing on them would have massacred them like cattle driven into the pens of slaughter. Ere it could be done, a voice like the ring of a silver trumpet echoed over the field: —

"*En avant! En avant! Tue, tue, tue!*"

Above the din, the shouts, the tumult, the echoing of the distant musketry, that silvery cadence rang; down into the midst, with the tricolor waving above her head, the bridle of her fiery mare between her teeth, the raven of the dead Zouave flying above her head, and her pistol levelled in deadly aim, rode Cigarette.

The lightning fire of the crossing swords played round her, the glitter of lances dazzled her eyes, the reek of smoke and of carnage was round her; but she dashed down into the heart of

the conflict as gayly as though she rode at a review, laughing, shouting, waving her torn colors that she grasped, with her curls blowing back in the breeze, and her bright young face set in the warrior's lust. Behind her, by scarcely a length, galloped three squadrons of Chasseurs and Spahis, trampling headlong over the corpse-strewn field, and breaking through the masses of the Arabs as though they were seas of corn.

She wheeled her mare round by Cecil's side at the moment when, with six swift passes of his blade, he had warded off the chief's blows and sent his own sword down through the chest-bones of the Bedouin's mighty form.

"Well struck! The day is turned! Charge!"

She gave the order as though she were a marshal of the Empire, the sun-blaze fell on her where she sat on the rearing, fretting, half-bred gray, with the tricolor folds above her head, and her teeth tight gripped on the chain-bridle, and her face all glowing and warm and full of the fierce fire of war — a Little Amazon in scarlet and blue and gold; a young Jeanne d'Arc, with the crimson fez in lieu of the silvered casque, and the gay broideries of her fantastic dress instead of the breast-plate of steel. And with the flag of her idolatry, the flag that was as her religion, floating back as she went, she spurred her mare straight against the Arabs, straight over the lifeless forms of the hundreds slain; and after her poured the fresh squadrons of cavalry, the ruby burnoose of the Spahis streaming on the wind as their darling led them on to retrieve the day for France.

Not a bullet struck, or a sabre grazed her; but there, in the heat and the press of the worst slaughter, Cigarette rode hither and thither, to and fro, her voice ringing like a bird's song over the field in command, in applause, in encouragement, in delight; bearing her standard aloft and untouched; dashing heedless through a storm of blows; cheering on her "children" to the charge again and again; and all the while with the sunlight full on her radiant, spirited head, and with the grim, gray raven flying above her, shrieking shrilly its "*Tue, tue, tue!*" The army believed with superstitious faith in the potent spell of that veteran bird, and the story ran that whenever he flew above a combat France was victor before the sun set. The echo of the raven's cry, and the presence of the child who, they knew, would have a thousand musket-balls fired in her fair young breast rather than live to see them defeated, made the fresh squadrons sweep in like a whirlwind, bearing down all before them.

Cigarette saved the day.

OVID.

Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso), a Roman poet; born at Sulmo, about ninety miles north of Rome, March 20, 43 B.C.; died in A.D. 18, at Tomi (the modern Kostendje), on the Black Sea, near the mouths of the Danube. His father sent him to Rome to fit him for the profession of advocate. Ovid applied himself to his legal studies; but the bent of his mind was toward poetry. When he was about twenty his father consented that he should devote himself to the cultivation of his poetical talents. He studied for a while at Athens, travelled for a year in Asia Minor and Sicily, and then returned to Rome. On reaching his twenty-fourth year he became eligible to the quæstorship. He declined to become a candidate, and entered upon his literary career. He had subsequently become a prosperous man, having a city mansion near the Capitol and a country-seat. He had just entered upon his forty-second year when he received a rescript from the Emperor Augustus, directing him to leave Rome and take up his abode at Tomi, on the extremest verge of the empire. He left Rome in December, and did not arrive at Tomi until September. Here the remaining eighteen years of his life were passed. His extant works are "The Epistles of Heroides;" "The Loves;" "The Remedies for Love;" "The Epistles from Pontus;" "The Art of Love;" "The Metamorphoses;" "The Fasti;" and "The Tristia."

The Creation.

(Translation of Dryden.)

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing,
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduced from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
 Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,



"He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains"

From a Painting by E. T. Compton

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One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor, poised, did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown:
But earth and air and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impressed:
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth, were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sundered by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round;
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes, —
Some part in earth are swallowed up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost;
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

Baucis and Philemon.

(Translation of Dryden.)

In Phrygian ground
Two neighboring trees, with walls encompassed round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown, —
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place, and them by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked, —
Not one of all the thousand but was locked.
At last an hospitable house they found, —
An homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatched with reeds and straw together bound,
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair;
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid;
Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, entered through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise, —
Coarse, but the best she had: then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire;
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on

(Like burnished gold the little seether shone):
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-watered spot);
She stripped the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She culled, and then with handy care she dressed.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung:
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wished were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed.
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, — yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame, —
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly reared;
Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint, —
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colored olive, black and green;
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved;
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis's busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board;
And next in place an earthen pitcher, stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.

This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard:
On which with eager appetite they dine, —
A savory bit, that served to relish wine;
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
The second course succeeds like that before:
Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store
Dry figs and grapes and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat;
All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face;
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observed to fill,
Filled without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing as they could their country fare.
One goose they had ('t was all they could allow),
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple viewed;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued:
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And saved her life; then what he was, declared,
And owned the god. "The neighborhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accursed; and to the mountain's height
Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."

They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes:
Lost in a lake the floated level lies;
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone as in an isle remains;
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbors' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increased, in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of gold.
Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:—
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."
Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove addressed,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:—
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me.
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."
The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space:
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green;
Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood.
New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu:
At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.

Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighborhood confirm the prodigy, —
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer, —
"The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share."

Pallas and Arachne at the Loom.

The looms were set, the webs were hung;
Beneath their fingers, nimbly plied,
The subtle fabrics grew; and warp and woof,
Transverse, with shuttle and with slay compact,
Were pressed in order fair. And either girt
Her mantle close, and eager wrought; the toil
Stirred in the breast of Pallas. The pendant form
She raised, and "Live!" she said; "but hang thou still
Forever, wretch; and through all future time,
Even to thy latest race bequeath thy doom!"
And as she parted sprinkled her with juice
Of aconite. With venom of that drug
Infected, dropped her tresses; nose and ear
Were lost; her form, to smallest bulk compressed,
A head minutest crowned; to slenderest legs,
Jointed on either side her fingers changed;
Her body but a bag, whence still she draws
Her filmy threads, and with her ancient art
Weaves the fine meshes of her Spider's web.

VIOLET PAGET.

PAGET, VIOLET (pseudonym, VERNON LEE), an English literary and art critic; born in 1857, at Chateau St. Leonard, in Normandy. Since 1871 she has lived in Italy, where she has studied art and literature. She is a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, and has written several stories and novels under the pen-name of Vernon Lee. Her "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy" appeared in 1880. Her other books are "Belcaro: Essays on Æsthetical Questions" (1882); "The Prince of a Hundred Soups" (1883); "Ottilie: An Eighteenth Century Idyl" (1883); "Euphorion," essays (1884); "The Countess of Albany" (1884); "Miss Brown" (1884); "Baldwin" (1886); "Juvenilia" (1887); "Hauntings" (1890); "Vanitas" (1892); "Althea" (1894); "Renaisssance Fancies" (1895); "Limbo" (1897).

"A FAMILY SKELETON."

(From "A Phantom Lover.")

THE following days Mrs. Oke was in a condition of quite unusual good spirits. Some visitors — distant relatives — were expected, and although she had expressed the utmost annoyance at the idea of their coming, she was now seized with a fit of house-keeping activity, and was perpetually about arranging things and giving orders, although all arrangements, as usual, had been made, and all orders given, by her husband.

William Oke was quite radiant.

"If only Alice were always well like this!" he exclaimed; "if only she would take, or could take, an interest in life, how different things would be! But," he added, as if fearful lest he should be supposed to accuse her in any way, "how can she, usually, with her wretched health? Still, it does make me awfully happy to see her like this."

I nodded. But I cannot say that I really acquiesced in his views. It seemed to me, particularly with the recollection of yesterday's extraordinary scene, that Mrs. Oke's high spirits were anything but normal. There was something in her un-

usual activity and still more unusual cheerfulness that was merely nervous and feverish; and I had, the whole day, the impression of dealing with a woman who was ill and who would very speedily collapse.

Mrs. Oke spent her day wandering from one room to another, and from the garden to the greenhouse, seeing whether all were in order, when, as a matter of fact, all was always in order at Okehurst. She did not give me any sitting, and not a word was spoken about Alice Oke or Christopher Lovelock. Indeed, to a casual observer, it might have seemed as if all that craze about Lovelock had completely departed, or never existed. About five o'clock, as I was strolling among the red-brick, round-gabled outhouses — each with its armorial oak — and the old-fashioned spalliered kitchen and fruit garden, I saw Mrs. Oke standing, her hands full of York and Lancaster roses, upon the steps facing the stables. A groom was currycombing a horse, and outside the coach-house was Mr. Oke's little high-wheeled cart.

"Let us have a drive!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Oke, on seeing me. "Look, what a beautiful evening—and look at that dear little cart! It is so long since I have driven, and I feel as if I must drive again. Come with me. And you, harness Jim at once and come round to the door."

I was quite amazed; and still more so when the cart drove up before the door, and Mrs. Oke called me to accompany her. She sent away the groom, and in a minute we were rolling along, at a tremendous pace, along the yellow sand road, with the sear pasture-lands, the big oaks, on either side.

I could scarcely believe my senses. This woman, in her mannish little coat and hat, driving a powerful young horse with the utmost skill, and chattering like a schoolgirl of sixteen, could not be the delicate, morbid, exotic, hothouse creature, unable to walk or to do anything, who spent her days lying about on couches in the heavy atmosphere, redolent with strange scents and associations, of the yellow drawing-room. The movement of the light carriage, the cool draught, the very grind of the wheels upon the gravel, seemed to go to her head like wine.

"It is so long since I have done this sort of thing," she kept repeating; "so long, so long. Oh, don't you think it delightful, going at this pace, with the idea that at any moment the horse may come down and we two be killed?" and she laughed her childish laugh, and turned her face, no longer pale, but flushed with the movement and the excitement, towards me.

The cart rolled on quicker and quicker, one gate after another swinging to behind us, as we flew up and down the little hills, across the pasture-lands, through the little red-brick gabled villages, where the people came out to see us pass, past the rows of willows along the streams, and the dark-green, compact hop-fields, with the blue and hazy tree-tops of the horizon getting bluer and more hazy as the yellow light began to graze the ground. At last we got to an open space, a high-lying piece of common-land, such as is rare in that ruthlessly utilized country of grazing-grounds and hop-gardens. Among the low hills of the Weald, it seemed quite preternaturally high up, giving a sense that its extent of flat heather and gorse, bounded by distant firs, was really on the top of the world. The sun was setting just opposite, and its lights lay flat on the ground, staining it with the red and black of the heather, or rather turning it into the surface of a purple sea, canopied over by a bank of dark-purple clouds — the jetlike sparkle of the dry ling and gorse tipping the purple like sunlit wavelets. A cold wind swept in our faces.

"What is the name of this place?" I asked. It was the only bit of impressive scenery that I had met in the neighborhood of Okehurst.

"It is called Cotes Common," answered Mrs. Oke, who had slackened the pace of the horse and let the reins hang loose about his neck. "It was here that Christopher Lovelock was killed."

There was a moment's pause; and then she proceeded, tickling the flies from the horse's ears with the end of her whip, and looking straight into the sunset, which now rolled, a deep-purple stream, across the heath to our feet: —

"Lovelock was riding home one summer evening from Appledore, when, as he had got half-way across Cotes Common, somewhere about here — for I have always heard them mention the pond in the old gravel-pits as about the place — he saw two men riding towards him, in whom he presently recognized Nicholas Oke of Okehurst accompanied by a groom. Oke of Okehurst hailed him, and Lovelock rode up to meet him. 'I am glad to have met you, Mr. Lovelock,' said Nicholas, 'because I have some important news for you;' and, so saying, he brought his horse close to the one that Lovelock was riding, and, suddenly turning round, fired off a pistol at his head. Lovelock had time to move, and the bullet, instead of striking

him, went straight into the head of his horse, which fell beneath him. Lovelock, however, had fallen in such a way as to be able to extricate himself easily from his horse; and, drawing his sword, he rushed upon Oke and seized his horse by the bridle. Oke quickly jumped off and drew his sword; and in a minute Lovelock, who was much the better swordsman of the two, was having the better of him. Lovelock had completely disarmed him, and got his sword upon Oke's neck, crying out to him that if he would ask forgiveness he should be spared for the sake of their old friendship, when the groom suddenly rode up from behind, and shot Lovelock through the back. Lovelock fell, and Oke immediately tried to finish him with his sword, while the groom drew up and held the bridle of Oke's horse. At that moment the sunlight fell upon the groom's face, and Lovelock recognized Mrs. Oke. He cried out, 'Alice, Alice, it is you who have murdered me!' and died. Then Nicholas Oke sprang into his saddle and rode off with his wife, leaving Lovelock dead by the side of his fallen horse. Nicholas Oke had taken the precaution of removing Lovelock's purse and throwing it into the pond, so the murder was put down to certain highwaymen who were about in that part of the country. Alice Oke died many years afterwards, quite an old woman, in the reign of Charles II.; but Nicholas did not live very long, and shortly before his death got into a very strange condition, always brooding, and sometimes threatening to kill his wife. They say that in one of these fits, just shortly before his death, he told the whole story of the murder, and made a prophecy that when the head of his house and master of Okehurst should marry another Alice Oke, descended from himself and his wife, there should be an end of the Okes of Okehurst. You see, it seems to be coming true. We have no children, and I don't suppose we shall ever have any. I, at least, have never wished for them."

Mrs. Oke paused, and turned her face towards me with the absent smile in her thin cheeks; her eyes no longer had that distant look — they were strangely eager and fixed. I did not know what to answer; this woman positively frightened me. We remained for a moment in that same place, with the sunlight dying away in crimson ripples on the heather, gilding the yellow banks, the black waters of the pond, surrounded by thin rushes, and the gravel-pits; while the wind blew in our faces, and bent the ragged, warped, bluish tops of the firs. Then Mrs.

Oke touched the horse, and we went off at a furious pace. We did not exchange a single word, I think, on the way home. Mrs. Oke sat with her eyes fixed on the reins, breaking the silence now and then only by a word to the horse, urging him to an even more furious pace. The people we met along the roads must have thought that the horse was running away, unless they noticed Mrs. Oke's calm manner and the look of excited enjoyment in her face. To me it seemed that I was in the hands of a madwoman, and I quietly prepared myself for being upset or dashed against a cart. It had turned cold, and the draught was icy in our faces when we got within sight of the red gables and high chimney-stacks of Okehurst. Mr. Oke was standing before the door. On our approach I saw a look of relieved suspense, of keen pleasure, come into his face.

He lifted his wife out of the cart in his strong arms with a kind of chivalrous tenderness.

"I am so glad to have you back, darling," he exclaimed — "so glad! I was delighted to hear you had gone out with the cart, but as you have not driven for so long, I was beginning to be frightfully anxious, dearest. Where have you been all this time?"

Mrs. Oke had quickly extricated herself from her husband, who had remained holding her, as one might hold a delicate child who has been causing anxiety. The gentleness and affection of the poor fellow had evidently not touched her — she seemed almost to recoil from it.

"I have taken him to Cotes Common," she said, with that perverse look which I had noticed before, as she pulled off her driving-gloves. "It is such a splendid old place."

Mr. Oke flushed as if he had bitten upon a bad tooth, and the double gash painted itself scarlet between his eyebrows.

Outside, the mists were beginning to rise, veiling the park land dotted with big, black oaks, and from which, in the watery moonlight, rose on all sides the eerie little cry of the lambs separated from their mothers. It was damp and cold, and I shivered.

The next day Okehurst was full of people, and Mrs. Oke, to my amazement, was doing the honors of it as if a houseful of commonplace, noisy young creatures, bent upon flirting and tennis, were her usual idea of felicity.

The afternoon of the third day — they had come for an electioneering ball, and stayed three nights — the weather

changed; it turned suddenly very cold and began to pour. Every one was sent indoors, and there was a general gloom suddenly over the company. Mrs. Oke seemed to have got sick of her guests, and was listlessly lying back on a couch, paying not the slightest attention to the chattering and piano-strumming in the room, when one of the guests suddenly proposed that they should play charades. He was a distant cousin of the Okes, a sort of fashionable, artistic Bohemian, swelled out to intolerable conceit by the amateur-actor vogue of a season.

"It would be lovely, in this marvellous old place," he cried, "just to dress up, and parade about, and feel as if we belonged to the past. I have heard you have a marvellous collection of old costumes, more or less, ever since the days of Noah, somewhere, Cousin Willie."

The whole party exclaimed in joy at this proposal. William Oke looked puzzled for a moment, and glanced at his wife, who continued to lie listless on her sofa.

"There is a pressful of clothes belonging to the family," he answered, dubiously, apparently overwhelmed by the desire to please his guests; "but — but — I don't know whether it's quite respectful to dress up in the clothes of dead people."

"Oh, fiddlestick!" cried the cousin. "What do the dead people know about it? Besides," he added, with mock seriousness, "I assure you we shall behave in the most reverent way and feel quite solemn about it all, if only you will give us the key, old man."

Again Mr. Oke looked towards his wife, and again met only her vague, absent glance.

"Very well," he said, and led his guests upstairs.

An hour later the house was filled with the strangest crew and the strangest noises. I had entered, to a certain extent, into William Oke's feeling of unwillingness to let his ancestors' clothes and personality be taken in vain; but when the masquerade was complete, I must say that the effect was quite magnificent. A dozen youngish men and women — those who were staying in the house and some neighbors who had come for lawn-tennis and dinner — were rigged out, under the direction of the theatrical cousin, in the contents of that oaken press; and I have never seen a more beautiful sight than the panelled corridors, the carved and escutcheoned staircase, the dim drawing-rooms with their faded tapestries, the great hall with its vaulted and ribbed ceiling, dotted about with groups or single

figures that seemed to have come straight from the past. Even William Oke, who, besides myself and a few elderly people, was the only man not masqueraded, seemed delighted and fired by the sight. A certain schoolboy character suddenly came out in him; and, finding that there was no costume left for him, he rushed upstairs and presently returned in the uniform he had worn before his marriage. I thought I had really never seen so magnificent a specimen of the handsome Englishman; he looked, despite all the modern associations of his costume, more genuinely old-world than all the rest, a knight for the Black Prince or Sidney, with his admirably regular features and beautiful fair hair and complexion. After a minute even the elderly people had got costumes of some sort — dominoes arranged at the moment, and hoods and all manner of disguises made out of pieces of old embroidery and Oriental stuffs and furs; and very soon this rabble of maskers had become, so to speak, completely drunk with its own amusement, with the childishness, and, if I may say so, the barbarism, the vulgarity underlying the majority even of well-bred English men and women — Mr. Oke himself doing the mountebank like a schoolboy at Christmas.

"Where is Mrs. Oke? Where is Alice?" some one suddenly asked.

Mrs. Oke had vanished. I could fully understand that to this eccentric being, with her fantastic, imaginative, morbid passion for the past, such a carnival as this must be positively revolting; and absolutely indifferent as she was to giving offence, I could imagine how she would have retired, disgusted and outraged, to dream her strange day-dreams in the yellow room.

But a moment later, as we were all noisily preparing to go in to dinner, the door opened and a strange figure entered, stranger than any of these others who were profaning the clothes of the dead: a boy, slight and tall, in a brown riding-coat, leathern belt, and big buff boots, a little gray cloak over one shoulder, a large gray hat slouched over the eyes, a dagger and pistol at the waist. It was Mrs. Oke, her eyes preternaturally bright, and her whole face lit up with a bold, perverse smile.

Every one exclaimed, and stood aside. Then there was a moment's silence, broken by faint applause. Even to a crew of noisy boys and girls playing the fool in the garments of men and women long dead and buried, there is something question-

able in the sudden appearance of a young married woman, the mistress of the house, in a riding-coat and jack-boots; and Mrs. Oke's expression did not make the jest seem any the less questionable.

"What is that costume?" asked the theatrical cousin, who, after a second, had come to the conclusion that Mrs. Oke was merely a woman of marvellous talent whom he must try and secure for his amateur troop next season.

"It is the dress in which an ancestress of ours, my namesake, Alice Oke, used to go out riding with her husband in the days of Charles I.," she answered, and took her seat at the head of the table. Involuntarily my eyes sought those of Oke of Okehurst. He, who blushed as easily as a girl of sixteen, was now as white as ashes, and I noticed that he pressed his hand almost convulsively to his mouth.

"Don't you recognize my dress, William?" asked Mrs. Oke, fixing her eyes upon him with a cruel smile.

He did not answer, and there was a moment's silence, which the theatrical cousin had the happy thought of breaking by jumping upon his seat and emptying off his glass with the exclamation: —

"To the health of the two Alice Okes, of the past and the present!"

Mrs. Oke nodded, and with an expression I had never seen in her face before, answered in a loud and aggressive tone: —

"To the health of the poet, Mr. Christopher Lovelock, if his ghost be honoring this house with its presence!"

I felt suddenly as if I were in a madhouse. Across the table, in the midst of this roomful of noisy wretches, tricked out, in red, blue, purple, and parti-color, as men and women of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, as improvised Turks and Eskimos, and dominoes and clowns, with faces painted and corked and floured over, I seemed to see that sanguine sunset, washing like a sea of blood over the heather, to where, by the black pond and the wind-warped firs, was lying the body of Christopher Lovelock, with his wounded horse near him, the yellow gravel and lilac ling soaked crimson all around; and above emerged, as out of the redness, the pale, blond head covered with the gray hat, the absent eyes, and strange smile of Mrs. Oke. It seemed to me horrible, vulgar, abominable, as if I had got inside a madhouse.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

PAINE, ROBERT TREAT, an American poet; born at Taunton, Mass., December 9, 1773; died at Boston, November 13, 1811. He was the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was graduated at Harvard in 1792, having already acquired reputation by his facility in verse-making. He was placed in the counting-room of a merchant, where he remained only a short time, having become enamoured with the stage. He afterward studied law, and in 1802 was admitted to the bar in Boston. He wrote several poems which were very popular in their day. That by which he is best known, the ode entitled "Adams and Liberty," was written for the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society in 1799.

FROM "ADAMS AND LIBERTY."

YE Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of solid Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece:
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled
To increase the legitimate powers of the Ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade:
For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves. . . .

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
 Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
 And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
 His sword from the sleep
 Of its scabbard would leap,
 And conduct, with the point, every flash to the deep:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
 No intrigues can her sons from their Government sever;
Her pride are her statesmen; their laws are her choice,
 And shall flourish till Liberty slumber forever.
 Then unite heart and hand,
 Like Leonidas's band,
 And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

THOMAS PAINE.

PAINE, THOMAS, an Anglo-American patriot and freethinker; born at Thetford, Norfolk, England, January 29, 1737; died in New York, June 8, 1809. In 1774 he emigrated to America, arriving at Philadelphia in November, 1774. He found employment on the "Pennsylvania Magazine," which he edited from January, 1775, to June, 1776. Paine wrote the pamphlet "Common Sense," which appeared in February, 1776, and produced a marked sensation. In 1776 he served as a volunteer in the army. On December 19, 1776, appeared the first of his series of brochures, entitled "The Crisis," of which there were eighteen, the last appearing April 19, 1783. In 1777 Congress appointed him Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; in 1781 he accompanied Laurens in his mission to France. In 1790 Burke put forth his "Reflections on the French Revolution," to which Paine replied in his "Rights of Man"—the ablest of all his writings. In 1792 the French Department of Calais elected him a member of the National Convention. In December, 1793, he was arrested at the instigation of Robespierre, and condemned to the guillotine, from which he escaped by mere accident. Paine's "Age of Reason," the First Part of which was published in 1794, the Second Part in 1796, was at least in part written during this imprisonment. He did not return to the United States until 1802.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

(From "Common Sense.")

No country on the globe is so happily situated, or so internally capable of raising a fleet, as America. Tar, timber, iron, and cordage are her natural produce. We need go abroad for nothing. Whereas the Dutch, who make large profits by hiring out their ships of war to the Spaniards and Portuguese, are obliged to import most of the materials they use. We ought to view the building of a fleet as an article of commerce, it being the natural manufacture of this country. It is the best money we can lay out. A navy when finished is worth

more than it cost; and is that nice point in national policy in which commerce and protection are united. Let us build: if we want them not, we can sell; and by that means replace our paper currency with ready gold and silver.

In point of manning a fleet, people in general run into great errors; it is not necessary that one-fourth part should be sailors. The privateer "Terrible," Captain Death, stood the hottest engagement of any ship last war, yet had not twenty sailors on board, though her complement of men was upwards of two hundred. A few able and social sailors will soon instruct a sufficient number of active landsmen in the common work of a ship. Wherefore, we never can be more capable of beginning on maritime matters than now, while our timber is standing, our fisheries blocked up, and our sailors and shipwrights out of employ. Men-of-war, of seventy and eighty guns, were built forty years ago in New England, and why not the same now? Shipbuilding is America's greatest pride, and in which she will, in time, excel the whole world. The great empires of the east are mostly inland, and consequently excluded from the possibility of rivalling her. Africa is in a state of barbarism; and no power in Europe hath either such an extent of coast, or such an internal supply of materials. Where nature hath given the one, she hath withheld the other; to America only hath she been liberal of both. The vast empire of Russia is almost shut out from the sea; wherefore her boundless forests, her tar, iron, and cordage, are only articles of commerce.

In point of safety, ought we to be without a fleet? We are not the little people now which we were sixty years ago; at that time we might have trusted our property in the streets, or fields rather; and slept securely without locks or bolts to our doors or windows. The case is now altered, and our methods of defence ought to improve with our increase of property. A common pirate, twelve months ago, might have come up the Delaware, and laid this city under contribution for what sum he pleased; and the same might have happened to other places. Nay, any daring fellow, in a brig of fourteen or sixteen guns, might have robbed the whole continent, and carried off half a million of money. These are circumstances which demand our attention, and point out the necessity of naval protection.

Some, perhaps, will say, that after we have made it up with Britain, she will protect us. Can they be so unwise as to mean that she will keep a navy in our harbors for that pur-

pose? Common sense will tell us that the power which hath endeavored to subdue us is, of all others, the most improper to defend us. Conquest may be effected under the pretence of friendship, and ourselves, after a long and brave resistance, be at last cheated into slavery. And if her ships are not to be admitted into our harbors, I would ask, how is she to protect us? A navy three or four thousand miles off can be of little use, and on sudden emergencies, none at all. Wherefore, if we must hereafter protect ourselves, why not do it for ourselves? Why do it for another?

The English list of ships of war is long and formidable, but not a tenth part of them are at any one time fit for service: numbers of them are not in being; yet their names are pompously continued in the list, if only a plank be left of the ship; and not a fifth part of such as are fit for service can be spared on any one station at one time. The East and West Indies, Mediterranean, Africa, and other parts of the world, over which Britain extends her claim, make large demands upon her navy. From a mixture of prejudice and inattention, we have contracted a false notion respecting the navy of England, and have talked as if we should have the whole of it to encounter at once, and, for that reason, supposed we must have one as large; which, not being instantly practicable, has been made use of by a set of disguised tories to discourage our beginning thereon. Nothing can be further from truth than this; for if America had only a twentieth part of the naval force of Britain, she would be by far an over-match for her; because, as we neither have, nor claim, any foreign dominion, our whole force would be employed on our own coast, where we should, in the long run, have two to one the advantage of those who had three or four thousand miles to sail over, before they could attack us, and the same distance to return in order to refit and recruit. And although Britain, by her fleet, hath a check over our trade to Europe, we have as large a one over her trade to the West Indies, which, by lying in the neighborhood of the continent, is entirely at its mercy.

Some method might be fallen on to keep up a naval force in time of peace, if we should not judge it necessary to support a constant navy. If premiums were to be given to merchants, to build and employ in their service ships mounted with twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty guns (the premiums to be in proportion to the loss of bulk to the merchants), fifty or sixty of those

ships, with a few guardships on constant duty, would keep up a sufficient navy, and that without burdening ourselves with the evil so loudly complained of in England, of suffering their fleet in time of peace to lie rotting in the docks. To unite the sinews of commerce and defence is sound policy; for when our strength and our riches play into each other's hand, we need fear no external enemy.

In almost every article of defence we abound. Hemp flourishes even to rankness, so that we need not want cordage. Our iron is superior to that of other countries. Our small arms equal to any in the world. Cannon we can cast at pleasure. Saltpetre and gunpowder we are every day producing. Our knowledge is hourly improving. Resolution is our inherent character, and courage hath never yet forsaken us. Wherefore, what is it that we want? Why is it that we hesitate? From Britain we can expect nothing but ruin. If she is once admitted to the government of America again, this continent will not be worth living in. Jealousies will be always arising, insurrections will be constantly happening; and who will go forth to quell them? Who will venture his life to reduce his own countrymen to a foreign obedience? The difference between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, respecting some unlocated lands, shows the insignificance of a British government, and fully proves that nothing but continental authority can regulate continental matters.

Another reason why the present time is preferable to all others is, that the fewer our numbers are, the more land there is yet unoccupied, which, instead of being lavished by the king on his worthless dependants, may be hereafter applied, not only to the discharge of the present debt, but to the constant support of government. No nation under heaven hath such an advantage as this.

The infant state of the colonies, as it is called, so far from being against, is an argument in favor of independence. We are sufficiently numerous, and were we more so we might be less united. It is a matter worthy of observation that the more a country is peopled, the smaller their armies are. In military numbers, the ancients far exceeded the moderns; and the reason is evident, for trade being the consequence of population, men became too much absorbed thereby to attend to anything else. Commerce diminishes the spirit both of patriotism and military defence. And history sufficiently informs



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us that the bravest achievements were always accomplished in the non-age of a nation. With the increase of commerce England hath lost its spirit. The city of London, notwithstanding its numbers, submits to continued insults with the patience of a coward. The more men have to lose, the less willing are they to venture. The rich are in general slaves to fear, and submit to courtly power with the trembling duplicity of a spaniel.

Youth is the seed-time of good habits, as well in nations as in individuals. It might be difficult, if not impossible, to form the continent into one government half a century hence. The vast variety of interests, occasioned by an increase of trade and population, would create confusion. Colony would be against colony. Each being able, might scorn each other's assistance: and while the proud and foolish gloried in their little distinctions, the wise would lament that the union had not been formed before. Wherefore the *present time* is the *true time* for establishing it. The intimacy which is contracted in infancy, and the friendship which is formed in misfortune, are, of all others, the most lasting and unalterable. Our present union is marked with both these characters; we are young, and we have been distressed; but our concord hath withstood our troubles, and fixes a memorable era for posterity to glory in.

The present time, likewise, is that peculiar time which never happens to a nation but once, namely, the time of forming itself into a government. Most nations have let slip the opportunity, and by that means have been compelled to receive laws from their conquerors, instead of making laws for themselves. First, they had a king, and then a form of government; whereas the articles or charter of government should be formed first, and men delegated to execute them afterwards: but from the errors of other nations let us learn wisdom, and lay hold of the present opportunity — *to begin government at the right end.*

When William the Conqueror subdued England, he gave them law at the point of the sword; and, until we consent that the seat of government in America be legally and authoritatively occupied, we shall be in danger of having it filled by some fortunate ruffian, who may treat us in the same manner, and then, where will be our freedom? where our property?

As to religion, I hold it to be the indispensable duty of all governments to protect all conscientious professors thereof,

and I know of no other business which government hath to do therewith. Let a man throw aside that narrowness of soul, that selfishness of principle, which the niggards of all professions are so unwilling to part with, and he will be at once delivered of his fears on that head. Suspicion is the companion of mean souls, and the bane of all good society. For myself, I fully and conscientiously believe that it is the will of the Almighty that there should be a diversity of religious opinions among us: it affords a larger field for our Christian kindness. Were we all of one way of thinking, our religious dispositions would want matter for probation; and on this liberal principle I look on the various denominations among us to be like children of the same family, differing only in what is called their Christian names.

In a former page I threw out a few thoughts on the propriety of a Continental Charter (for I only presume to offer hints, not plans), and in this place I take the liberty of re-mentioning the subject, by observing that a charter is to be understood as a bond of solemn obligation, which the whole enters into, to support the right of every separate part, whether of religion, personal freedom, or property. A firm bargain and a right reckoning make long friends.

I have heretofore likewise mentioned the necessity of a large and equal representation; and there is no political matter which more deserves our attention. A small number of electors, or a small number of representatives, are equally dangerous. But if the number of the representatives be not only small, but unequal, the danger is increased. As an instance of this, I mention the following: when the associators' petition was before the house of assembly of Pennsylvania, twenty-eight members only were present; all the Bucks County members, being eight, voted against it, and had seven of the Chester members done the same, this whole province had been governed by two counties only; and this danger it is always exposed to. The unwarrantable stretch, likewise, which that house made in their last sitting, to gain an undue authority over the delegates of this province, ought to warn the people at large how they trust power out of their own hands. A set of instructions for their delegates were put together, which in point of sense and business would have dishonored a schoolboy, and after being approved by a *few*, a *very few*, without doors, were carried into the house, and there passed *in behalf*

of the whole colony; whereas, did the whole colony know with what ill-will that house had entered on some necessary public measures, they would not hesitate a moment to think them unworthy of such a trust.

Immediate necessity makes many things convenient, which if continued would grow into oppressions. Expedience and right are different things. When the calamities of America required a consultation, there was no method so ready, or at that time so proper, as to appoint persons from the several houses of assembly for that purpose; and the wisdom with which they have proceeded hath preserved this continent from ruin. But as it is more than probable that we shall never be without a *Congress*, every well-wisher to good order must own that the mode for choosing members of that body deserves consideration. And I put it as a question to those who make a study of mankind, whether *representation and election* is not too great a power for one and the same body of men to possess? Whenever we are planning for posterity, we ought to remember that virtue is not hereditary.

It is from our enemies that we often gain excellent maxims, and are frequently surprised into reason by their mistakes. Mr. Cornwall (one of the lords of the treasury) treated the petition of the New York assembly with contempt, because *that* house, he said, consisted but of twenty-six members, which trifling number, he argued, could not with decency be put for the whole. We thank him for his involuntary honesty.

To conclude. However strange it may appear to some, or however unwilling they may be to think so, matters not, but many strong and striking reasons may be given to show that nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously as an open and determined declaration for independence. Some of which are:

1st, It is the custom of nations, when any two are at war, for some other powers, not engaged in the quarrel, to step in as mediators, and bring about the preliminaries of a peace; but while America calls herself the subject of Britain, no power, however well disposed she may be, can offer her mediation. Wherefore, in our present state, we may quarrel onforever.

2d, It is unreasonable to suppose that France or Spain will give us any kind of assistance, if we mean only to make use of that assistance for the purpose of repairing the breach and strengthening the connection between Britain and America; because those powers would be sufferers by the consequences.

3d, While we profess ourselves the subjects of Britain, we must, in the eyes of foreign nations, be considered as rebels. The precedent is somewhat dangerous to *their peace* for men to be in arms under the name of subjects; we, on the spot, can solve the paradox: but to unite resistance and subjection requires an idea much too refined for common understanding.

4th, Should a manifesto be published, and despatched to foreign courts, setting forth the miseries we have endured, and the peaceful methods which we have ineffectually used for redress; declaring, at the same time, that not being able, any longer, to live happily or safely under the cruel disposition of the British court, we had been driven to the necessity of breaking off all connection with her; at the same time, assuring all such courts of our peaceable disposition towards them, and of our desire of entering into trade with them. Such a memorial would produce more good effects to this continent than if a ship were freighted with petitions to Britain.

Under our present denomination of British subjects, we can neither be received nor heard abroad: the custom of all courts is against us, and will be so, until, by an independence, we take rank with other nations.

These proceedings may at first appear strange and difficult; but like all other steps, which we have already passed over, will in a little time become familiar and agreeable; and, until an independence is declared, the continent will feel itself like a man who continues putting off some unpleasant business from day to day, yet knows it must be done, hates to set about it, wishes it over, and is continually haunted with the thoughts of its necessity.

The American Condition at the Close of 1776.

(From "The Crisis.")

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; 't is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if

so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to *tax*, but to "*bind us in all cases whatsoever;*" and if being *bound* in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the Independence of this continent was declared too soon or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument. My own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault — if it were one — was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great good is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover. I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to perish who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the King of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us. A common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker has as good a pretence as he.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware. Suffice it for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, — frequently without rest, covering, or provisions, — bore it with a manly and a martial spirit. All their wishes were one — which was that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action. The same remark may be made on General Washington; for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immedi-

ately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon cares. . . .

I thank God that I fear not. I can see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see our way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle; and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is a great credit to us that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near a hundred miles, brought all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys never had been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation; and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the choice of a large variety of evils: a ravaged country — a depopulated city — habitations without safety, and slavery without hope — our homes turned into barracks and bawdy houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it! — and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

WILLIAM PALEY.

PALEY, WILLIAM, an English theologian and philosopher; born at Peterborough in July, 1743; died May 25, 1805. He was graduated in 1763 as senior wrangler at Christ's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow, and lectured on Moral Philosophy and Divinity. In 1775 he became rector of Musgrave, Cumberland, and in 1782 was made Archdeacon of Carlisle. It is said that he would have received a bishopric had not King George III. taken offence at a paragraph on "Property," which is hereinafter quoted, in one of his writings. The principal works of Paley are "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy" (1785); "Horæ Paulinæ" (1790); "A View of the Evidences of Christianity" (1794); "Natural Theology" (1802).

ON PROPERTY.

(From "Moral and Political Philosophy.")

IF you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if — instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just what it wanted, and no more — you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy and hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flocking upon it, tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set — a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; getting for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of their labor spoiled; and

if one of their number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantage to account for an institution which, in the view given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following: 1. It increases the produce of the earth. 2. It preserves the products of the earth to maturity. 3. It prevents contests. 4. It improves the conveniency of living.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than they are in places where most things remain in common. The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favor of property with a great and manifest excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable.

Credibility of St. Paul.

(From "Horæ Paulinæ.")

Here we have a man of liberal attainments, and in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him in the prosecution of this purpose travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger; assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death.

We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and

appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry; the ocular witnesses — or pretending to be such — of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find the same person referring, in his letters, to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances — if all or any of them be true — render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles — strictly and properly so called; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion.

The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books. But is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonments, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what, if false, he must have known it to be so.

The World Made with a Benevolent Design.

(From "Natural Theology.")

It is a happy world, after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing; swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify the joy and exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon; its life appears to be all enjoyment. The whole insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every

variety of constitution gratified — and perhaps equally gratified — by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Suppose each individual to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure we have before our view.

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the uses of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk — or rather to run, which precedes walking — although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision — or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsider-

able degree, an equivalent for them all — perception of ease. Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degree of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigor of youth was to be stimulated to action by the impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age quietness and repose become positive gratifications.

In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. In the species with which we are best acquainted — namely, our own — I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season; much less the only happy one.

Distinctions of Civil Life Lost in Church.

(From "Moral and Political Philosophy.")

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities that occupy the whole field of the imagination will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church; if ever the rich man views him with respect it is there; and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

PALGRAVE, WILLIAM GIFFORD, an English traveller; born at Westminster, January 24, 1826; died at Montevideo, Uruguay, September 20, 1888. After graduation at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1846, he was appointed a lieutenant in the Bombay Infantry. He subsequently became connected with the Order of the Jesuits. He was sent to Syria and Palestine, where he acquired mastery over the Arabic language. In 1860 Napoleon III. summoned him to France to give an account of the Syrian disturbances and massacre, and in 1861 he returned to Palestine charged with the task of exploring Arabia in the service of the Emperor. Returning to England, he was sent out by the Government in 1865 on special service to release Consul Cameron and other prisoners in Abyssinia. From 1866 to 1876 he served as British Consul to several places, and as Consul-General to Bulgaria (1878) and to Siam (1880), and in 1884 was made minister-resident to Uruguay. He was a Fellow of several scientific and literary associations, including the Royal Geographical and Royal Asiatic Societies. His works are "Narrative of a Year's Journey Through Central and Eastern Arabia in 1862–63" (2 vols., 1865); "Essays on Eastern Questions" (1872); "Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative," a novel (2 vols., 1872), and "Dutch Guiana" (1876); "Ulysses: or Scenes and Studies in Many Lands" (1890); "A Vision of Life" (1891).

THE LAST MEETING.

(From "Hermann Agha.")

[The pursuit accomplished, Hermann Agha reaches at night the encampment of his rival, who is carrying away Zahra. As Hermann and his followers purpose an immediate attack and rescue, the young lover audaciously decides to steal to the tent in which his betrothed is lodged, to have a first interview with her, and perhaps to bring about by stealth an immediate flight, to the avoidance of a battle.]

WE reached the hollow. Not a sound was heard. Had the encampment been twenty miles away the quiet could not have been more complete. Softly we dismounted, — Moharib, Harith, Aman, and I; gave our horses and our spears in charge of

Doheym and Ja'ad; took off our cloaks and laid them on the sand; and in our undergarments, with no arms but sword and knife, prepared ourselves for the decisive attempt.

I did not think, I had no leisure to think, as we clambered up the loose bank, half earth, half sand; the position required the fullest attention every moment: an incautious movement, a slip, a sound, and the whole encampment would be on foot, to the forfeit not of my life, not of all our lives only, — that I should have reckoned a light thing, — but of my love also. One by one we reached the summit: before us stood the tents, just visible in dark outline; all around was open shadow; no moving figure broke its stillness, no voice or cry anywhere; nor did any light appear at first in the tents. The entire absence of precaution showed how unexpected was our visit: so far was well; my courage rose, my hope also.

Following the plan we had agreed on, we laid ourselves flat on the sand, and so dragged ourselves forward on and on, hardly lifting our heads a little to look round from time to time, till we found ourselves near the front tent furthest on the left. No one had stirred without, and the tent itself was silent as a grave. Round it, and round the tent that stood next behind it, we crawled slowly on, stopping now and then, and carefully avoiding the getting entangled among the pegs and outstretched ropes. Above all, we gave the widest berth possible to what appeared in the darkness like four or five blackish mounds on the sand, and which were in fact guards, wrapped up in their cloaks; and fortunately for us, fast asleep.

When he had arrived at the outside corner of the encampment, Harith stopped, and remained crouched on the ground where the shade was deepest; it was his place of watch. Twenty or twenty-five paces further on, Aman at my order did the same. Moharib accompanied me till, having fairly turned the camp, we came close behind Zahra's tent, in which I now observed for the first time that a light was burning. Here Moharib also stretched himself flat on his face, to await me when I should issue forth from among the curtains.

And now, as if on purpose to second our undertaking, arrived unsought-for the most efficacious help that we could have desired to our concealment. While crossing the sandy patch, I had felt on my face a light puff of air, unusually damp and chill. Looking up, I perceived a vapory wreath, as of thin smoke, blown along the ground. It was the mist; and accus-

tomed to the desert and its phenomena, I knew that in less than half an hour more the dense autumn fog would have set in, veiling earth and everything on it till sunrise. This time, however, the change in the atmosphere was quicker than usual; so that before I had got behind the tent range, the thickness of the air would hardly have allowed any object to be seen at a few yards' distance, even had it been daylight. As it was, the darkness was complete.

Creeping forward, I gradually loosened one of the side pegs that made the tent-wall between the ropes fast to the ground. Through the opened chink a yellow ray of light shot forth into the fog; the whole tent seemed to be lighted up within. Hastily I reclosed the space, while a sudden thrill of dread ran through me: some maid, some slave might be watching. Or what if I had been mistaken in the tent itself? What if not she but others were there? Still there was no help for it now; the time of deliberation had gone by; proceed I must and I would, whatever the consequences.

Once more I raised the goat's-hair hangings, and peeped in. I could see the light itself, a lamp placed on the floor in front, and burning: but nothing moved; no sound was heard. I crawled further on my hands and knees, till the whole interior of the tent came into view. It was partly covered with red strips of curtain, and the ground itself was covered with carpets. Near the light a low couch, formed by two mattresses one upon the other, had been spread; some one lay on it; — O God! *she* lay there!

The stillness of the night, the hour, the tent, of her sleep, her presence, her very unconsciousness, awed, overpowered me. For a moment I forgot my own purpose, everything. To venture in seemed profanation; to arouse her, brutal, impious. Yet how had I come, and for what? Then in sudden view all that had been since that last night of meeting at Diar-Bekr stood distinct before me; more yet, I saw my comrades on their watch outside, the horses in the hollow; I saw the morrow's sun shine bright on our haven of refuge, on our security of happiness. Self-possessed and resolute again, I armed myself with the conscience of pure love, with the memory and assurance of hers, and entered.

Letting the hangings drop behind me, I rose to my feet; my sword was unsheathed, my knife and dagger were ready in my belt; my pistols, more likely to prove dangerous than useful

at this stage of the enterprise, I had left below with my horse. Then, barefoot and on tiptoe, I gently approached the mattress couch. It was covered all over with a thin sheet of silken gauze; upon this a second somewhat thicker covering, also of silk, had been cast; and there, her head on a silken rose-colored pillow, she lay, quiet as a child.

I can see her now, — thus continued Hermann, gazing fixedly on the air before him, and speaking not as though to his friend but to some one far off, — I can see her even now. She was robed from head to foot in a light white dress, part silk, part cotton, and ungirdled; she rested half turning to her right side; her long black hair, loosened from its bands, spread in heavy masses of glossy waviness, some on her pillow, some on her naked arm and shoulder, ebony on ivory; one arm was folded under her head, the other hung loosely over the edge of the mattress, till the finger-tips almost touched the carpet. Her face was pale, — paler, I thought, than before; but her breathing came low, calm, and even, and she smiled in her sleep.

Standing thus by her side, I remained awhile without movement, and almost without breath. I could have been happy so to remain for ever. To be with her, even though she neither stirred nor spoke, was Paradise: I needed neither sign nor speech to tell me her thoughts; I knew them to be all of love for me, — love not rash nor hasty, but pure, deep, unaltered, unalterable as the stars in heaven. It was enough: could this last, I had no more to seek. But a slight noise outside the tent, as if of some one walking about the camp, roused me to the sense of where I was, and what was next to be done. I must awaken her; yet how could I do so without startling or alarming her?

Kneeling softly by the couch, I took in mine the hand that even in sleep seemed as if offered to me, gently raised it to my lips, and kissed it. She slumbered quietly on. I pressed her fingers, and kissed them again and yet again with increasing warmth and earnestness. Then at last becoming conscious, she made a slight movement, opened her eyes, and awoke.

"What! you, Ahmed!" she said, half rising from the bed: "I was just now dreaming about you. Is it really you? and how came you here? — who is with you? — are you alone?" These words she accompanied with a look of love full as intense as my own; but not unmixed with anxiety, as she glanced quickly round the tent.

"Dearest Zahra! sister! my heart! my life!" I whispered, and at once caught her in my arms. For a moment she rested in my embrace; then recollecting herself, the place, the time, drew herself free again.

"Did you not expect me, Zahra?" I added; "had you no foreknowledge, no anticipation, of this meeting? or could you think that I should so easily resign you to another?"

The tears stood in her eyes. "Not so," she answered; "but I thought, I had intended, that the risk should be all my own. I knew you were on our track, but did not imagine you so near; none else in the caravan guessed anything. You have anticipated me by a night, one night only; and — O God! — at what peril to yourself! Are you aware that sixty chosen swordsmen of Benoo-Sheyban are at this moment around the tent? O Ahmed! O my brother! What have you ventured? Where are you come?"

In a few words, as few as possible, I strove to allay her fears. I explained all to her: told her of the measures we had taken, the preparations we had made, the horse waiting, the arms ready to escort and defend her; and implored her to avail herself of them without delay.

Calmly she listened; then, blushing deeply, "It is well, my brother," she said; "I am ready." Thus saying, she caught up her girdle from the couch, and began to gather her loosened garments about her, and to fasten them for the journey. No sign of hesitation now appeared, hardly even of haste. Her eye was bright, but steady; her color heightened; her hand free from tremor.

But even as she stooped to gather up her veil from the pillow on which had laid it, and prepared to cast it over her head, she suddenly started, hearkened, raised herself upright, stood still an instant, and then, putting her hand on my arm, whispered, "We are betrayed: listen!"

Before she had finished speaking I heard a rustle outside, a sound of steps, as of three or four persons, barefoot and cautious in their advance, coming towards the front of the tent. I looked at Zahra; she had now turned deadly pale; her eyes were fixed on the curtained entrance: yet in her look I read no fear, only settled, almost desperate resolution. My face was, I do not doubt, paler even than hers; my blood chilled in my veins. Instinctively we each made to the other a sign for silence — a sign indeed superfluous in such circumstances —

and remained attentive to the noise without. The steps drew nearer; we could even distinguish the murmur of voices, apparently as of several people talking together in an undertone, though not the words themselves. When just before the entrance of the tent, the footfall ceased; silence followed. The curtains which formed the door were drawn together, one a little overlapping the other, so as to preclude all view from the outside; but they were in no way fastened within; and to have attempted thus to close them at that moment would have been worse than useless.

Zahra and I threw our arms, she round me, I round her; and our lips met in the mute assurance that whatever was to be the fate of one should also be the fate of the other. But she blushed more deeply than ever, crimson-red. I could see that by the light of the lamp which we longed to, but at that moment dared not, extinguish. Its ray fell on the door-hangings, outside which stood those whom their entire silence, more eloquent then than words, proclaimed to be listeners and spies. Who they were, and what precisely had brought them there, and with what intent they waited, we could not tell.

Half a minute — it could not have been more — passed thus in breathless stillness; it was a long half-minute to Zahra and me. At last we heard a sort of movement taking place in the group without: it seemed as though they first made a step or two forwards; then returned again, talking all the while among themselves in the same undertone; then slowly moved away towards the line of tents in front. No further sound was heard: all was hushed. Zahra and I loosed our hold, and stood looking at each other. How much had been guessed, how much actually detected, I could not tell; she however knew.

"Fly, Ahmed," she whispered; "fly! That was the Emeer himself. They are on the alert; you are almost discovered; in a few minutes more the alarm will be given throughout the camp. For your life, fly!"

I stood there like one entranced; the horror of that moment had numbed me, brain and limb. And how could I go? Her voice, her face, her presence were, God knows, all on earth to me. How then could I leave them to save a life valueless to me without them?

"In God's name," she urged, "haste. Your only hope, brother, lies in getting away from here quickly and unperceived: in the darkness you can yet manage it: tell me, how is it outside?"

"Thick mist," I answered: "it was coming on before I reached the tent."

"Thank God!" she said with a half-sob of relief, and a tone the like of which I never heard before or after: "that it is has saved you; that has prevented your companions from being discovered. Dearest Ahmed," she continued, kissing me in her earnestness, "as you love me, for my sake, for your own sake, for both of us, fly, — it is the only chance left."

"Fly, Zahra! Zahra, my life!" I answered, almost with a laugh; "fly, and leave you here behind? Never!"

"As you have any love for me, Ahmed," she replied in a low, hurried, choking voice; "as you would not expose me to certain dishonor and death; as you hope ever to meet me again; — O Ahmed! my brother, my only love! it is their reluctance alone to shame me by their haste while yet a doubt remains, that has screened you thus far; but they will return. Alone, I shall be able to extricate myself; I shall have time and means: but you — oh, save yourself, my love — save me!"

"Dearest Zahra," replied I, pressing her to my breast, "and you — what will you do?"

"Fear not for me," she answered, her eye sparkling as she spoke. "I am Sheykh Asa'ad's daughter; and all the Emeers in Arabia, with all Sheyban to aid, cannot detain me a prisoner, or put force on my will. God lives, and we shall meet again; till then take and keep this token." She drew a ring from her finger, and gave it to me. "By this ring, and God to witness, I am yours, Ahmed, yours only, yours forever. Now ask no more: fly."

"One kiss, Zahra." One — many; she was in tears; then, forcing a smile to give me courage, — "Under the protection of the best Protector," she said, "to Him I commit you in pledge: Ahmed, brother, love, go in safety."

What could I do but obey? As I slipped out between the curtains, I gave one backward look: I saw her face turned towards me, her eye fixed on me with an expression that not even in death can I forget; it was love stronger than any death. An instant more, and I was without the tent. That moment the light within it disappeared.

Hermann dropped his voice, and put his hand up to his face. As he did so, the moonlight glittered on an emerald, set in a gold ring, on the little finger. Tantawee looked at it.

"That is the ring, I suppose, Ahmed Beg," he said. "I have

often noticed it before; and she, I hope, will see it yet again one day, and know it for your sake; so take heart, brother, — perhaps the day is nearer than you think."

"She will recognize it on me," answered Hermann in a low sad voice, "either alive or dead; it will remain with me to the last, though if there be hope in it, I know not." Then he added, "She has no like token from me: I did not think of offering any; nor did she ask; there was no need."

Issuing from the tent, I came at once into the dense mist; through its pitchy darkness no shape could be discerned at ten yards of distance. Instinctively, for I was scarcely aware of my own movements, I crept to where Moharib lay crouched on the ground, and touched him; he looked up, half rose and followed. Passing Aman and Harith, we roused them too in their turn; there was no time for question or explanation then; all knew that something had gone wrong, but no one said a word. Nor was there yet any sign around us that our attempt had been perceived; no one seemed to be on the alert or moving. I began almost to hope that the sounds heard while in the tent might have been imaginary, or at least that suspicion, if awakened, had by this time been quieted again.

But only a few paces before we reached the brink of the hollow, something dark started up between it and us, and I felt myself touched by a hand. I leaped to my feet; and while I did so a blow was aimed at me, I think with a knife. It missed its intent, but ripped my sleeve open from shoulder to elbow, and slightly scratched my arm. At the same moment Harith's sword came down on the head of the figure now close beside me; it uttered a cry and fell.

Instantly that cry was repeated and echoed on every side, as if the whole night had burst out at once into voice and fury. We ran towards the hollow. When on its verge, I turned to look back a moment; and even through the thick mist could see the hurry and confusion of dark shapes; while the shout, "Sheyban!" "Help, Sheyban!" "Help, Rabee'ah!" rose behind, around, coming nearer and nearer, mixed with the tramp of feet. "Quick! quick!" exclaimed Harith: we rolled down rather than descended into the hollow; there stood Ja'ad and Doheym, ready by the horses, who, conscious of danger, neighed and stamped violently; but before we could mount and ride, the enemy was upon us.

RAY PALMER.

PALMER, RAY, an American hymnologist; born in Little Compton, R. I., November 12, 1808; died in Newark, N. J., March 29, 1887. After graduation at Yale in 1830, he taught in New York and in New Haven. He was licensed to preach in 1832, ordained in 1835, and settled in Bath, Me. In 1850 he removed to Albany, N. Y., where he preached for sixteen years. In 1866 he became secretary of the Congregational Union, holding this post until 1878. The degree of D.D. was given to him by Union College in 1852. He contributed to religious periodicals and journals, and published several books, including "Spiritual Improvement, or Aid to Growth in Grace" (1839), republished as "Closet Hours" (1851); "Remember Me" (1855); "Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions" (1860); "Hymns and Sacred Pieces" (1865); "Hymns of My Holy Hours" (1866); "Home, or the Unlost Paradise" (1868); "Earnest Words on True Success in Life" (1873); "Complete Poetical Works" (1876), and "Voices of Hope and Gladness" (1880). Dr. Palmer ranks among the best of American hymn-writers.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove!
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Jesus! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus — what it is
None but his loved ones know.

The Soul's Cry.

"I cry unto thee daily." — Psalms, lxxxvi. 3.

Oh, ever from the deeps
Within my soul, oft as I muse alone,
Comes forth a voice that pleads in tender tone;

As when one long unblest
Sighs ever after rest;
Or as the wind perpetual murmuring keeps.

I hear it when the day
Fades o'er the hills, or 'cross the shimmering sea;
In the soft twilight, as is wont to be,
Without my wish or will,
While all is hushed and still,
Like a sad, plaintive cry heard far away.

Not even the noisy crowd,
That, like some mighty torrent rushing down,
Sweeps clamoring on, this cry of want can drown;
But ever in my heart
Afresh the echoes start:
I hear them still amidst the tumult loud.

Each waking morn anew
The sense of many a need returns again;
I feel myself a child, helpless as when
I watched my mother's eye,
As the slow hours went by,
And from her glance my being took its hue.

I cannot shape my way
Where nameless perils ever may betide,
O'er slippery steeps whereon my feet may slide;
Some mighty hand I crave,
To hold and help and save,
And guide me ever when my steps would stray.

There is but One, I know,
That all my hourly, endless wants can meet;
Can shield from harm, recall my wandering feet:
My God, thy hand can feed
And day by day can lead
Where the sweet streams of peace and safety flow.

I Saw Thee.

"When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee."

I saw thee, when as twilight fell,
And evening lit her fairest star,
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung
Thy still retreat, to all unknown,
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound
Of bleating flock or woodland bird,
Kneeling as if on holy ground,
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,
And marked the heaving of thy breast,
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face
Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,
As if, within, celestial grace
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw — what thou didst not — above
Thy lowly head an open heaven;
And tokens of thy Father's love
With smiles to thy rapt soul given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
With firm and peaceful spirit depart;
I, Jesus, saw thee — doubt it not —
And read the secrets of thy heart.

JULIA PARDOE.

PARDOE, JULIA, an English miscellaneous writer; born at Beverley, Yorkshire, in 1806; died at London, November 26, 1862. She put forth a volume of poems at the age of fourteen, and a novel two years later. She wrote voluminously in many departments of literature. Among her works of travel are "The City of the Sultan" (1836); "The River and the Desert" (1838); "The Beauties of the Bosphorus" (1839), afterwards reprinted as "Picturesque Europe;" "The City of the Magyar" (1840). Among her novels are "The Mardyns and the Daventrys" (1835); "The Hungarian Castle" (1842); "Confessions of a Pretty Woman" (1846); "The Jealous Wife" (1847). Among her historical works are "Louis XIV. and the Court of France" (1847); "The Court and Reign of Francis I." (1849); "The Life of Marie de Medici" (1852); "Pilgrimages in Paris" (1857); "Episodes of French History During the Consulate and the Empire" (1859).

CHARACTER AND TRAINING OF LOUIS XIV.

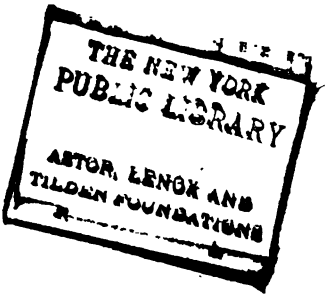
(From "Louis XIV. and the Court of France.")

FROM his earliest youth Louis XIV. exhibited great discernment, and gave evidences of that correct judgment which led him in after years to show favor to men who were distinguished for high and noble qualities, but even while he lauded and appreciated the courage or the intellect which must hereafter tend to illustrate his reign, he began, even while yet a boy, to show himself jealous of those social qualifications in which he believed himself capable of excelling, and wherein he was aware that he could not brook any rivalry. Reared in the conviction that he would be the handsomest man of his court, and without dispute the most idolized, he, as a natural consequence, soon learned to distrust and dislike all those who, by their personal beauty, their wit, or their intellect, threatened him with even a far-off competition. Nor was this weakness combated by Anne of Austria, who, far from seeking to teach him contempt for so ignoble a feeling, shared it with him to its fullest extent, and



LOUIS THE XIV

From a Painting by H. Rigaud


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soon looked chillingly upon such of the young nobles about her son as appeared likely to become his rivals.

The greatest misfortune attached to a regency is the effort made by those in authority to prolong to its utmost extent the infancy and helplessness of the royal minor. The least guilty of these exalted guardians content themselves by maintaining their charge in a perfect state of ignorance concerning those duties whose knowledge is imperative to individuals hereafter to be intrusted with the government of a state and the welfare of a people; and in order to carry this point they are not only careful to avoid every opportunity of mooting questions likely to lead to such a knowledge, but also to remove from about the persons of their royal pupils all such companions as are likely to inspire a taste for study and inquiry.

This was precisely the position of Louis XIV. With the exception of his devotional exercises, sufficient military skill to review his troops, and a perfect familiarity with court etiquette, the young monarch, when he took possession of the throne of France, was utterly ignorant, and could not have competed with the most shallow school-boy of his age. This effect the Regent and her Minister had been anxious to accomplish. Louis, as we have elsewhere said, "enacted the king" to perfection; his personal grace entranced the populace; his polished self-possession was the proverb of the court; and his innate pride prevented all assumption of equality on the part of his customary associates; while in every question of state he was a cipher, helpless and dependent upon the intellect and energy of others; and, although possessed of a strong will, which under other circumstances might have enabled him to throw off with a bound the shackles that had been wound about him, so conscious of his own deficiencies that he could not command sufficient courage to trust in his mental resources, such as they were.

The Beacon-Light.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
 And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
 Her masts and cordage gone.
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
 Each looked but for the grave,
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
 Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
 Of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm about,
 And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
 And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
 Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
 When they were safe on shore:
How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
 Amid the billows' roar,
When not a star had shone from far,
 By its pale light to save;
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
 Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
 When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illume,
 And comforts all depart;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's Star,
 With cheering light to save;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
 Comes streaming o'er the grave.

GILBERT PARKER.

GILBERT PARKER, a Canadian novelist, now living in New York. He was born in Ontario, Nov. 23, 1861; his father being an English officer in the Artillery. From his childhood he was devoted to reading and study. His parents wishing him to enter the church, he began theological studies at the University of Toronto; he became a lecturer in Trinity College, and continued to hold this position until, his health failing, he was ordered to the South Sea. In Australia he resumed his lectures: the reputation gained by them influenced the editor of a Sydney newspaper to invite him to write a series of articles on his impressions of the country. From that time he gave himself up to literary work; in which he has been uniformly successful. Among his works are: "Pierre and his People"; "Tales of the Far North"; "An Adventurer of the North"; "A Romany of the Snows"; "The Trespasser" (1893); "A Lover's Diary" (1894); "The Trail of the Sword" (1894); "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" (1895); "The Seats of the Mighty" (1896); "The Pomp of the Lavilettes" (1897); "The Battle of the Strong."

THE BRITISH FLAG.

(From "The Pomp of the Lavilettes.")[1]

THE village had no thought or care for anything except the Rebellion and news of it, and for several days Ferrol and Christine lived their new life unobserved by the people of the village, even by the household of Manor Casimbault.

It almost seemed that Ferrol's prophecy regarding himself was coming true, for his cheek took on a heightened color, his step a greater elasticity, and he flung his shoulders out with a little of the old military swagger; cheerful, forgetful of all the world, and buoyant in what he thought to be his new-found health and permanent happiness.

Vague reports came to the village concerning the Rebellion. There were not a dozen people in the village who espoused the

[1] Copyright, 1896, by Lamson, Wolffe & Company. Quoted by their courteous permission.

British cause, but these few were silent. For the moment the Lavilettes were popular. Nicolas had made for them a sort of *grand coup*. He had for the moment redeemed the snobbishness of two generations.

After his secret marriage Ferrol was not seen in the village for some days, and his presence and nationality were almost forgotten by the people; they only thought of what was actively before their eyes. On the fifth day after his marriage, which was Saturday, he walked down to the village, attracted by shouting and unusual excitement. When he saw the cause of the demonstration he had a sudden flush of anger. A flagstaff had been erected in the center of the village, and upon it had been run up the French tricolor. He stood and looked at the shouting crowd a moment, then swung round and went to the office of the Regimental Surgeon, who met him at the door. When he came out again he carried a little bundle under his left arm. He made straight for the crowd which was scattered in groups, and pushed or threaded his way to the flagstaff. He was at least a head taller than any man there, and though he was not so upright as he had been, the lines of his figure were still those of a commanding personality.

A sort of platform had been erected upon the flagstaff, and on it a drunken little habitant was talking treason. Without a word, Ferrol stepped upon the platform, and, loosening the rope, dropped the tricolor halfway down the staff before his action was quite comprehended by the crowd. Presently a hoarse shout proclaimed the anger and consternation of the habitants.

"Leave that flag alone," shouted a dozen voices. "Leave it where it was," others repeated with oaths.

He dropped it the full length of the staff, whipped it off the string, and put his foot upon it. Then he unrolled the bundle which he had carried under his arm. It was the British flag. He slipped it upon the string, and was about to haul it up, when the drunken orator on the platform caught him by the arm with fiery courage.

"Here, you leave that alone; that's not our flag, and if you string it up, we'll string you up, bagosh!" he roared.

Ferrol's heavy walking-stick was in his right hand.

"Let go my arm — quick!" he said quietly.

He was no coward, and these people were, and he knew it. The habitant drew back.

"Get off the platform," he said with quiet menace.

He turned quickly to the crowd, for some had sprung towards the platform to pull him off. Raising his voice, he said:

"Stand back, and hear what I've got to say. You're fifty to one, you can probably kill me; but before you do that I shall kill three or four of you — I've had to do with rioters before. You little handful of people here — little more than half a million — imagine that you can defeat thirty-five millions, with an army of half a million, a hundred battle-ships, a thousand cannon, and a million rifles. Come now, don't be fools. The Governor alone up there in Montreal has enough men to drive you all into the hills of Maine in a week. You think you've got the start of Colborne? Why, he has known every movement of Papineau and your rebels for the last two months. You can bluster and riot to-day, but look out for to-morrow. I am the only Englishman here among you. Kill me, but watch what your end will be! For every hair of my head there will be one less habitant in this Province. You haul down the British flag, and string up your tricolor in this British village while there is one Britisher to say, 'Put up that flag again!' You fools!"

He suddenly gave the rope a pull, and the flag ran up halfway; but as he did so, a stone was thrown. It flew past his head, grazing his temple. A sharp point lacerated the flesh, and the blood flowed down his cheek. He ran the flag up to its full height, swiftly knotted the cord, and put his back against the pole. Grasping his stick, he prepared himself for an attack.

"Mind what I say," he cried. "The first man that comes will get what for!"

There was a commotion in the crowd, consternation and dismay behind Ferrol, and excitement and anger in front of him. Three men were pushing their way through to him. Two of them were armed. They reached the platform and mounted it. It was the Regimental Surgeon and two British soldiers. The Regimental Surgeon held a paper in his hand.

"I have here," he said to the crowd, "a proclamation by Sir John Colborne. The rebels have been defeated at three points, and half of the men from Bonaventure who joined Papineau have been killed. The ringleader, Nicolas Lavilette, when found will be put on trial for his life. Now disperse to your homes, or every man of you will be arrested and tried by court-martial."

The crowd melted away like snow, and they hurried not the less because the stone which some one had thrown at Ferrol had

struck a lad in the head, and brought him senseless and bleeding to the ground.

Ferrol picked up the tricolor and handed it to the Regimental Surgeon.

"I could have done it alone, I believe," he said; "and upon my soul I'm sorry for the poor devils. Suppose we were Englishmen in France, eh!"

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Expiation.

That night the British soldiers camped in the village. All over the country the rebels had been scattered and beaten, and Bonaventure had been humbled and injured. After the blind injustice of the cowardly and the beaten, Nicolas Lavilette and his family were blamed for the miseries which had come upon the place. They had emerged from their isolation to tempt popular favor, had contrived many designs and ambitions, and in the midst of their largest hopes were humiliated, and were followed by resentment. The position was intolerable. In happy circumstances, Christine's marriage with Ferrol might have been a completion of their glory, but in reality it was the last blow to their progress.

In the dusk, Ferrol and Christine sat in his room; she, defiant, indignant, courageous; he hiding his real feelings, and knowing that all she now planned and arranged would come to naught. Three times that day he had had violent paroxysms of coughing; and at last had thrown himself on his bed, exhausted, helplessly wishing that something would end it all. Illusion had passed forever. He no longer had a cold, but a mortal trouble that was killing him inch by inch. He remembered how a brother officer of his, dying of an incurable disease, and abhorring suicide, had gone into a café, and slapped an unoffending bully and duelist in the face, inviting a combat. The end was sure, easy, and honorable. For himself — he looked at Christine. Not all her abounding vitality, her warm, healthy body, or her overwhelming love, could give him one extra day of life, not one day. What a fool he had been to think that she could do so! And she must sit and watch him — she, with her primitive fierceness of love, must watch him sinking, fading helplessly out of life, sight, and being.

A bottle of whisky was beside him. During the two hours just gone he had drunk a whole pint of it! He poured out another half-glass, filled it with milk, and drank it off slowly. At that moment a knock came to the door. Christine opened it, and admitted one of the fugitives of Nicolas' company of rebels. He saw Ferrol, and came straight to him.

"A letter for M'sieu' the Honorable," said he, "from M'sieu' le Capitaine Lavilette."

Ferrol opened the paper. It contained only a few lines. Nicolas was hiding in the storeroom of the vacant farmhouse, and Ferrol must assist him to escape to the State of New York.

He had stolen into the village from the north, and, afraid to trust any one except this faithful member of his company, had taken refuge in a place where, if the worst came to the worst, he could defend himself, for a time at least. Twenty rifles of the rebels had been stored in the farmhouse, and they were all loaded! Ferrol, of course, could go where he liked, being a Britisher, and nobody would notice him. Would he not try to get him away?

While Christine questioned the fugitive, Ferrol thought the matter over. One thing he knew: the solution of the great problem had come; and the means to the solution ran through his head like lightning. He rose to his feet, drank off a few mouthfuls of undiluted whisky, filled a flask, and put it in his pocket. Then he found his pistols, and put on his great-coat, muffler, and cap before he spoke a word.

Christine stood watching him intently.

"What are you going to do, Tom?" she said quietly.

"I am going to save your brother, if I can," was his reply, as he handed her Nic's letter.

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An hour later, he stood among a few companies of British soldiers in front of the massive stone storehouse of the Lavilette's abandoned farmhouse, with its thick shuttered windows and its solid oak doors. It was too late to attempt the fugitive's escape, save by strategy. Over half an hour Nic had kept them at bay. He had made loopholes in the shutters and the door, and from these he fired upon his assailants. Already he had wounded five and killed two.

Men had been sent for timber to batter down the door and

windows. Meanwhile, the troops stood at a respectful distance out of the range of Nic's firing, awaiting developments.

Ferrol consulted with the officers, advising a truce and parley, offering himself as mediator to induce Nic to surrender. To this the officers assented, but warned him that his life might pay the price of his temerity. He laughed at this. He had been talking with his head and throat well muffled, and the collar of his great coat drawn about his ears. Once or twice he coughed — a hacking, wrenching cough, which struck the ears of more than one of the officers painfully, for they had known him in his best and gayest days at Quebec.

It was arranged that he should advance, holding out a flag of truce. Before he went he drew aside one of the younger lieutenants, in whose home at Quebec his sister had always been a welcome visitor, and told him briefly the story of his marriage, of his wife, and of Nicolas. He sent Christine a message, that she should not forget to carry his *last token to his sister!* Then, turning, he muffled up his face against the crisp harsh air (there was design in this, also), and, waving a white handkerchief, advanced to the door of the storeroom.

The soldiers waited anxiously, fearing that Nic would fire, in spite of all; but presently a spot of white appeared at one of the loopholes, then the door was slowly opened, Ferrol entered, and it was closed again.

Nicolas Lavilette grasped his hand.

"I knew you wouldn't go back on me," said he; "I knew you were my friend! What the devil do they want out there?"

"I am more than your friend; I'm your brother," answered Ferrol, meaningly. Then, quickly taking off his great coat, cap, muffler, and boots, "Quick! On with these!" he said. "There's no time to lose!"

"What's all this?" asked Nic.

"Never mind; do exactly as I say, and there's a chance for you."

Nic put on the overcoat, Ferrol placed the cap on his head and muffled him up exactly as he himself had been, then made him put on his own top-boots.

"Now, see," he said, "everything depends upon how you do this thing. You are about my height. Pass yourself off for me. Walk loose and long as I do, and cough like me as you go."

There was no difficulty in showing him what the cough was like: he involuntarily offered an illustration as he spoke.

"As soon as I shut the door and you start forward, I'll fire on them. That'll divert their attention from you. They'll take you for me, and think I've failed in persuading you to give yourself up. Go straight on — don't hurry — coughing all the time, and if you can make the dark just beyond the soldiers by the garden bench, you'll find two men. They'll help you. Strike for the big tree on the Seigneury Road — you know: where you were robbed! There you'll find the fastest horse from your father's stables. Then ride, my boy, ride for your life to the State of New York!"

"And you — you?" asked Nicolas.

Ferrol laughed.

"You needn't worry about me, Nic; I'll get out of this all right; as right as rain! Are you ready? Steady now, steady. Let me hear you cough."

Nic coughed.

"No, that isn't it, listen and watch." Ferrol coughed. "Here," he said, taking something from his pocket, "open your mouth." He threw some salt and pepper down the other's throat. "Now try it."

Nic coughed almost convulsively.

"Yes, that's it, that's it! Just keep that up! Come along now. Quick, not a moment to lose! Steady! You're all right, my boy; you've got nerve, and that's the thing! Good-by, Nic, good luck to you!"

They grasped hands, the door opened swiftly, and Nic stepped outside. In an instant Ferrol was at the loophole. Raising a rifle, he fired, then again and again. Through the loophole he could see a half dozen men lift a log to advance on the door as Nic passed a couple of officers, coughing hard, and making spasmodic motions with his hand, as though exhausted and unable to speak.

He fired again, and a soldier fell. The lust of fighting was in him now. It was not a question of country or of race, but only a man crowding the power of old instincts into the last moments of his life. The vigor and valor of a reconquered youth seemed to inspire him; he felt as he did when a mere boy fighting on the Danube. His blood rioted in his veins; his eyes flashed. He lifted the flask of whisky and gulped down great mouthfuls of it, and fired again and again, laughing madly.

"Let them come on, let them come on," he cried. "By God, I'll settle them!" The frenzy of war possessed him. He heard the timber crash against the door, once, twice, thrice, and then give way. He swung round and saw men's faces blazing in the light of the fire, and then another face shot in before the others — that of Vanne Castine!

With a cry of fury he ran forward into the doorway. Castine saw him at the same moment. With a similar instinct each sprang for the other's throat, Castine with a knife in his hand.

A cry of astonishment went up from the officers and the men without. They had expected to see Nic, but Nic was on his way to the horse beneath the great elm-tree, and from the elm-tree to the State of New York — and safety!

The men and the officers fell back as Castine and Ferrol clinched in a death struggle. Ferrol knew that his end had come. He had expected it, hoped for it. But before the end he wanted to kill this man, if he could. He caught Castine's head in his hands, and with a last effort twisted it back with a sudden jerk.

All at once blood spurted from his mouth into the face of his enemy. He shivered, tottered, and fell back, as Castine struck blindly into space. For a moment Ferrol swayed back and forth, stretched out his hands convulsively, and gasped, trying to speak, the blood welling from his lips. His eyes were wild, anxious, and yearning, his face deadly pale and covered with a cold sweat. Presently he collapsed like a loosened bundle upon the steps.

Castine, blinded with blood, turned round, and the light of the fire upon his open mouth made him appear to grin painfully — an involuntary grimace of terror.

At that instant a rifle shot rang out from among the shrubbery, and Castine sprang from the ground and fell at Ferrol's feet. Then with a contortive shudder he rolled over and over the steps, and lay face downward upon the ground, dead.

A girl ran forward from the shrubbery, with a cry, pushing her way through to Ferrol's body. Lifting up his head, she called to him in an agony of entreaty. But he made no answer.

"That's the woman who fired the shot!" said an officer, excitedly; "I saw her!"

"Shut up, you fool — it was his wife!" exclaimed the young lieutenant to whom Ferrol had given his last message for Christine.